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My flight from America occurred in 1888. My sister was by that time married and settled in London, and her barrister husband insisted with great emphasis that I should be transferred without delay to what was, in his opinion, the true focus of the civilization of Europe, the only nursing home of reasonable thought and noble ambition — in fact, to Balliol College. There the spirit of T. H. Green and of Arnold Toynbee was still potent, and there the great Benjamin Jowett still lived and reigned.

This had all been happily arranged, and the change from America to England, from a New York countinghouse to Oxford, seemed to me a piece of flawless good fortune. But there is a flaw, unlooked for, as Emerson pointed out, in everything God has made; and I am inclined to believe now, as I muse in retrospect on these events of fifty years ago, that two slight incidents, though I saw no significance in them at the time, might without superstition be regarded as the first faint foreshadowings of the tiny rift or flaw which was destined to blemish the felicity of my residence in England.

Both are trivial matters, both absurd in character, the first hardly worth mentioning at all. I had reached London in advance of my luggage; my father and I were to dine the evening of our arrival with Lord and Lady Mount Temple in their great house in Stanhope Gate, and I appeared in those stately halls, at what was my first London dinner party, in dress clothes hired for the evening. My second false step was one the gravity of which Oxford men will appreciate — indeed, I shrink from mentioning it, even at the distance of fifty years. I was to travel to Oxford the next day to interview Benjamin Jowett, and I performed the journey by the North-Western railway from Euston Station — an unheard-of method of approach, which is nevertheless given in the railway guide as an alternative to the swift and direct journey by the Great Western from Paddington. Since the distances and prices were identical, how was I to know the gigantic, the unspeakable error of the route I chose?

The great Jowett, who had of course no notion that I came from Euston, received me kindly; the entrance examination to Balliol was, I must think,

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made easy for me, and I was taken at once into the pleasant household of A. L. Smith, later the Master of Balliol, to prepare for that examination to the University, or 'Smalls,' which no personal favor could modify or make easy. The little smattering of Latin and Greek which I acquired in America had faded from my mind; I was forced to begin again with the Greek alphabet. But I was anxious to learn, my tutor had a real genius for teaching, and in about three months' time I acquired that minimum of classical learning which was then necessary for admission to the University, and took up my residence in Balliol.

II

I see myself as being at that time an easy, pleasant, well-meaning, plausible youth, older in years than my English comrades (for I was twenty-three), but in mind and education much cruder than almost any of them, though they were young and crude enough. I was the only or almost the only American in Oxford; for it was long before the great invasion had begun. I was liked, or, at any rate, I was kindly tolerated.

Jowett, as is well known, was the victim all his life of an absurd social shyness, a shyness he diffused about him like a kind of terror. To this I was, however, immune. I claim no credit for my lack of becoming awe; it was part of my American simplicity, and I can recall with a kind of amazement those dinner parties of his to which he would ask a few undergraduates to meet the distinguished guests who so often stayed with him. There, with their wives, were cabinet ministers who could face a howling House of Commons but could not face the Master; famous travelers who had looked at danger with unflinching eyes but who now were paralyzed with shyness — all were as frightened of the Master as he was terrified of them, all sat tongue-tied as in a nightmare.

It was very odd, but what seems to me

now the oddest feature of these occasions is the fact that there was I, an undergraduate, a clerk released not many months before from a New York office, monopolizing the conversation. Among all those eminent people the only words which were heard were often spoken in my transatlantic accent. But being young, and inexperienced in the world, I regarded situations as simple which were full in fact of complications; hating to see people uncomfortable and embarrassed, I wanted to help them to feel at ease. My host must have been grateful to me, as he kept asking me to his parties; I remember once, when I stood looking across the chasm which yawned in his drawing-room between his London guests and the undergraduates invited in after dinner, I saw some London acquaintances of mine and stepped across the gulf to greet them, and the Master gave me a little pat on the back and murmured, 'That's a brave young gentleman.'

But the state of society I am describing must, I think, have vanished long ago. Eminent Englishmen now meet (except, perhaps, in royal circles) without undue embarrassment or shyness; since the death of Lord Kitchener I doubt if there is anyone who can make them shake in their shoes; and certainly the American accent is familiar, if not too familiar, to them all.

Who were the eminent personages I met at the Master's dinner parties? That they were large is almost all I remember about them; I was too ignorant of contemporary life in England to attach much meaning to their names. They have faded from my memory with the exception of Lord Dufferin, of whom Harold Nicolson has just written a delightful portrait. I have a reason, somewhat beneath the dignity of history, to remember this ex-Viceroy of India, this ex-Governor-General of Canada, who was at the time, I believe, British Ambassador in France. On arriving at the Master's I was presented to him and to

his wife, who happened to make a gesture which struck me as rather odd. I paid, however, but little attention to it, as the Marquis immediately drew me aside and began talking to me in the manner full of fascination for which he was justly famous. I was naturally flattered by the way I had been singled out and drawn aside from the company upon which he turned his back, until I noticed that while he talked he was busy adjusting his costume. The odd gesture of the Marchioness had plainly been an agreed signal of a misplaced ambassadorial button which it was her high concern to put right.

III

Jowett not only asked me to his dinner parties, but invited me also to stay with him in his Malvern cottage. I only knew him, of course, in his old age; his work was over, he was enjoying a deserved repose after the efforts and battles of his earlier career, and the worldly, disillusioned old man was by no means an inspiration to earnest youth. He had known so many idealists; he had been an idealist himself, and the gospel he preached had changed by now into a gospel of wet blanket. Aspirations expressed in his hearing met with no encouragement. 'People are seldom better employed than in earning their own living' was a favorite aphorism of his.

I remember the experience of a Balliol contemporary of mine whose ambition it was to devote himself to the pursuit of truth. His mother, perplexed by this odd notion of her offspring, came to Oxford and took her son with her to consult the Master on the project. The youth stammered out with the enthusiasm of youth this ideal of a life dedicated, like Spinoza's, to the pursuit of truth; Jowett listened, looking like an old pink and white parrot. There was then a pause, in which mother and son waited anxiously for his verdict, which was 'You can get it up to £900 a year, perhaps, but no more than that.'

Taking essays to read to Jowett, as in groups of two or three we used to take them, was a terrifying but also a most amusing experience. He would listen with his head cocked on one side, ready to peck at any fine sentiments or fine writing; and it was his favorite device to pretend that he had not heard the offending passage. 'Read that again,' he would request, more than once, in his squeaky voice; and then would come his comment.

I remember once, when Macaulay was the subject of the week's essay, hearing a Scottish scholar of the college begin with a strong Scottish accent, 'It is strange that anyone should have read so much and thought so little. It is strange that anyone should have done so much and lived so little.' I thought this beginning full of promise, but Jowett, after insisting on its being read twice again, squeaked, 'That sentence has no meaning; I must ask you to write your essay again from the very beginning.'

But once, rumor said, the Master had been completely nonplused; an undergraduate had begun his essay with the words, 'All social reformers, from Socrates and Jesus Christ to Bradlaugh and Annie Besant' (who were best known at that time as advocates of atheism and birth control). 'Read that again,' snapped Jowett; it was read again, it was read three times, and then — the Master said nothing.

I grew really fond of Jowett, though he fell far short of my priggish approbation. Any earnest student who made the slightest slip was severely punished by him, while the drunken escapade of some rowdy aristocrat would meet with the mildest of reproofs. It was perhaps part of this mellow naughtiness of his that he seemed inclined to encourage my avowed intention to devote myself to the fine art of writing. It was an aspiration he had never before encountered; he ~~had~~ perhaps — who knows? — a secret sympathy with it, for he was a writer of admirable prose himself. Anyhow, he

knew that such an ideal was absolutely not catching, and I dare say he was aware that the Balliol dons who were entrusted with my education would be annoyed by any such notion, and Jowett did not in the least mind annoying the earnest dons of Balliol.

But these dons of Balliol, these 'Greats' tutors who supervised my work for the Schools, though they were infinitely courteous and painstaking, had much more serious reasons for disliking me (as I am sure they did dislike me) than any fantastic desire of mine to be a writer. My mind, though they may have dimly hoped at first that it could be coached to win first-class honors for the college, must have seemed to them sadly lacking, as indeed it was, in discipline and training. I think that by a kind of instinct they realized that I had come to Oxford from Euston, and that no subsequent drilling could repair the error of this North-Western journey.

Sir Walter Raleigh describes in one of his letters a paper read in his research class at Oxford by a Rhodes Scholar. 'It was empty, magniloquent, abstract, flatulent, pretentious, confused, and sub-human. I could have wept salt tears. But I could n't do anything else; the young man wanted a clean heart and a new spirit, not a little top-dressing.' All these adjectives would, I am sure, apply to the essays I used to read to these long-suffering tutors. They must have felt acutely my need of the clean heart and a new spirit, and so conscientiously did they attempt to supply me with them that now for the very first time in my life I was, as we say, 'up against it' — it was my first contact with real education, with the standards of real scholarship and thought.

IV

The Oxford School of *Litterae humaniores* — or 'Greats,' as it is called — seems to my mature judgment the best scheme of education that I have ever

heard of. It is based upon an accurate knowledge of Greek and Latin texts, especially the texts of Plato and Aristotle and Thucydides and Tacitus, and the subjects studied in it are the eternal problems of thought, of conduct, and of social organization. These are discussed, not by means of contemporary catchwords, but by translating them back into another world and another language.

Nor could anything be more profitable from the pupils' point of view than the way in which this scheme of education was carried on. The student would prepare a paper on some special subject and go with it, generally alone, and read it to his tutor, who would then discuss it and criticize it at length; or a group of two or three would meet in the tutor's room for a kind of Socratic discussion of some special point. These discussions were carried on much in the spirit of the Socratic dialogues; and the Socratic irony and assumed ignorance of the instructors, their deferential questions, as if the pupil were the teacher and they the learners, were a method which I found it hard at first to understand.

I remember, for instance, in reading a paper to Nettleship, I mentioned the distinction between form and matter. 'Excuse me for interrupting you,' Nettleship said, 'but this distinction you make, though it is no doubt most important, is one that I find a little difficult to grasp — if it is not troubling you too much, it would be a real kindness if you would try to explain it to me.'

'Oh, it's quite simple,' I answered patronizingly. 'There's the idea, say, in a poem, and there's the way in which it is expressed.'

Nettleship still seemed puzzled. 'Could you give me an instance?' he pleaded.

'Oh, nothing easier,' I answered. 'Take the lines, for instance, when Lovelace says,

I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

Now he might have said, "I could n't be nearly so fond of you, my dear, if I did n't care still more for my reputation." The form, you see, is very different in both these sentences, but the subject of them — what they mean — is exactly the same.'

Nettleship seemed greatly discouraged. 'I'm afraid,' he said, 'I can't see that the meaning of the two sentences is the same. I'm afraid I'm very stupid, but to me they seem to say quite different things.'

He was, I thought, curiously stupid, but in my patient attempt to make my meaning clearer to him a dim suspicion began to waken in me that perhaps it was not Nettleship but I myself who was playing the part of the fool in this dialogue.

V

The Oxford School of Greats and the Oxford tutorial system, which had been perfected by Jowett and which was seen at its very best in Balliol College, were exactly what I needed to knock out of me my pretentious superficiality; and if I have to any degree attained a 'clean heart and new spirit' I owe it to these years of careful tuition and personal guidance at Balliol. Yet I cannot but feel that this system of personal tuition involved an intolerable waste of fine material, and that it was a fantastic, almost a wicked thing that hours and hours of the time of men like Nettleship and Abbott and the other Greats tutors should have been devoted to the culture of an intellect so raw and crude as mine.

Nor can I believe that this patient, persistent instruction and spoon-feeding of individuals is the proper function of university teachers, or that, to the best minds already well grounded at school, such additional schoolmastering can be really beneficial. Universities should, it seems to me, be organized, not for the purpose of educating the second-rate and stupid, for transforming at infinite ex-

pense of labor the ears of sows into some poor semblance of silk purses, but for the enlightenment and development of the keenest intelligences, for the encouragement by example of original research. Daring and original minds are cramped and injured by being always led in strings and fed on pap which has been carefully prepared for them. They should be allowed to make their profitable mistakes; and, above all, their spirits should be kindled by contact with original scholars and masters of first-hand learning.

To any such ideal the hard-worked college tutor, who had generally begun tutoring the moment he had ceased to be a pupil, had, of course, no chance of attaining. Naturally he tended to depreciate those who had attempted to achieve this ideal, and he had not far to look for them.

There existed at Oxford, in a kind of shadowy world, a whole body of university professors, men of original learning and research, who were generally appointed from outside, and who lectured on the same subjects as the college tutors. But of all this I had not the slightest notion. My only intimation of it was when I was calling one day on the Regius Professor of History (whom I had met traveling in Sicily) and heard him tell his parlormaid to run over to his lecture room across St. Giles and see if there were any auditors assembled. In this case, the Professor told me, he would be compelled to attend himself. The maid soon brought back the accustomed news that the lecture room was completely empty, and so we were enabled to have our tea in peace.

My host's predecessor, the great historian Stubbs, had undergone much the same neglect when he came to lecture in Oxford. The trouble was that professors would lecture on things that interested them, rather than provide information which might prove useful in those examinations in which the colleges competed fiercely with each other, and

no college more fiercely than my own. Indeed, it might have easily happened in Oxford at this period (I don't know how it would be now) that the greatest authority in the world might give a lecture on his special subject and not one of those tutors who taught that subject, or those undergraduates who were engaged in its study, would find it worth his while to attend the lecture. Certainly any desire to do so would have been seriously frowned upon in Balliol, as being likely to interfere with that triumph of Balliol over other colleges which was held before our eyes as the highest and noblest of university aims.

Balliol College, drunk with its triumph in the university examinations, had made success of this kind its glory and ideal, and the immense importance of gaining a first and thus helping to defeat and disconcert and keep down all rival colleges was continually impressed upon us. I remember receiving a dim impression of this passion when I read an essay on some special point in Roman history to my tutor. I had taken an unusual interest in this subject, which I had chosen for myself, and I had read and thought with special thoroughness about it. I was proud of my essay, and my tutor gave it unusual praise, in which praise I was conscious of the mingling of a curious malease.

'Yes,' he said, 'this is an excellent piece of work, the best work of yours I have seen; if all your work were of this quality you might get a first, and do honor to your college. But I'm afraid that, after all, your time has been wasted. That question was asked by the examiners last year.'

This ideal of winning firsts in examinations for the glory of Balliol was so impressed upon me that though I have little college patriotism remaining, and an Oxford first has lost all its glory in my eyes, I still study in *The Times* the examination lists and count up the firsts achieved by the various colleges, and

rejoice when, as almost always happens, I find that Balliol still maintains its old preëminence.

All the same, this spirit of competition between one college and another seems to me now more schoolboyish and absurd than most forms of patriotic sentiment, and I find it difficult to understand how serious and noble men like the Balliol dons could have been inspired by such childish ambitions, and done all they could — and they could do much — to inspire others with them. Of course the rational, judicious hatred I entertain for our rival university, Cambridge, being founded, as it is, on reason and free from prejudice of any kind, is quite another matter, and should not be so much as mentioned here.

VI

The other ideal strongly impressed upon Balliol undergraduates was the duty of getting on in the world, and indeed triumph in examinations was above all praised as the first step on the path to more important triumphs. It has been said of Jowett that he united with high moral and religious seriousness the plain determination that his pupils should not fail of mundane distinction, and, naughty as he may have become in other ways, at worldly success he never mocked.

There was much glorification on college occasions of the Balliol men who had achieved high honors and positions. College gaudies were gaudy indeed with the litany of glorious names recited on these occasions — names of viceroys, archbishops, cabinet members, even prime ministers who were sons of Balliol, and who not infrequently would return as grateful sons to their alma mater and shed their lustre upon each other, and on the college whence they had first winged their flights. To tell the truth, I came in the end to find these entertainments rather cloying to my taste, and though the roll call of Balliol

names has grown with the years even more illustrious, I am inspired with no desire to listen to it. I am glad that members of my college have performed noble services in the world, and have been nobly rewarded by a grateful nation, but loud proclamations of these achievements and reiterated college boastings I find, to tell the truth, rather boring. I should more joyfully attend a gaudy for the black sheep of the college, the scapegraces and ne'er-do-wells; and if men of literary distinction like Matthew Arnold or Swinburne, or others famous for scholarly or literary research, had been praised on these occasions (which never happened) I should have listened with greater interest.

The word 'research' as a university ideal had, indeed, been ominously spoken in Oxford by that extremely cantankerous person, Mark Pattison, some years ago; but the notion of this ideal, threatening as it did to discredit the whole tutorial and examinational system which was making Oxford into the highest of high school for boys, was received then with anger and contempt. In Balliol, the birthplace and most illustrious home of this great system, it was regarded with especial scorn. If the prize fellowships and the fellowships at All Souls were to be no longer regarded as the legitimate reward of those who had won first classes in the Schools; if the means they provided were not to be spent in helping ambitious young men on the first rungs of the ladder of worldly success, but used, as Mark Pattison's ill-mannered supporters suggested, in the maintenance of young researchers, ambitious of the fame of scholars, would not the whole tutorial system be deprived of one of its important features, and the university endowments be seriously abused?

This ideal of endowment for research was particularly shocking to Benjamin Jowett, the great inventor of the whole system which it threatened. I remember once, when staying with him at Mal-

vern, inadvertently pronouncing the ill-omened word. 'Research!' the Master exclaimed. 'Research!' he said. 'A mere excuse for idleness; it has never achieved, and will never achieve, any results of the slightest value.'

At this sweeping statement I protested, whereupon I was peremptorily told, if I knew of any such results of value, to name them without delay. My ideas on the subject were by no means profound, and anyhow it is difficult to give definite instances of a general proposition at a moment's notice. The only thing that came into my head was the recent discovery, of which I had read somewhere, that on striking a patient's kneecap sharply he would give an involuntary kick, and that by the vigor or lack of vigor of this 'knee jerk,' as it is called, a judgment could be formed of his general state of health.

'I don't believe a word of it,' Jowett replied. 'Just give my knee a tap.'

I was extremely reluctant to perform this irreverent act upon his person, but the Master angrily insisted and the undergraduate could do nothing but obey. The little leg reacted with a vigor which almost alarmed me, and must, I think, have considerably disconcerted that elderly and eminent opponent of research.

VII

I fear that I have succumbed to my love of irony in writing of the tutorial system and Balliol and the Balliol dons. In all sincerity, however, I feel that I cannot be too grateful to those elderly courteous men, to Nettleship, Strachan Davidson, to Forbes and Abbott, for the unstinted trouble they took to give me the new heart I needed. For all the purposes they cared for I was almost certainly useless: I could not be expected to add to the glory of Balliol either in the Schools or in the world of great affairs, and yet hour after hour they tutored me and listened, I will not say unweariedly, but at any rate without any manifesta-

tion of weariness, to my essays. Though I feel sure they did not like me, no sign of this ever appeared in the beautiful courtesy with which I was always treated by them.

Balliol gave me much, gave me some elements of real education, some tincture of the classics; from the spirit of high endeavor fostered in the college I was stimulated to feel that life was an opportunity for achievement, that there were laurels to be gathered and garlands to be run for. But the civic garlands which were prized in Balliol were not really objects of my ambition; I still wished to cultivate the art of letters, and no such notion was encouraged in that college. Indeed, save for a mild appreciation of music, there was at that time no interest in any of the arts in Balliol. The Master and Fellows had destroyed almost all the antique beauty of the college, building upon its ruins a hideous castle of the Philistines; and it was in this castle, where young Philistines were being trained to go forth and conquer and rule the kingdoms of the world, it was in this castle that I dwelt — high up, in fact, in one of its battlemented towers.

But to me, dwelling thus among the children of this world, and toiling with them for that success which leads to worldly advancement; to me, enmeshed as I was in all the social, political, and philanthropic interests of my companions, there floated through the Oxford air, there drifted over the college walls, a voice, whispering, as in the delicate cadences of the Oxford bells, enchantments very unlike anything I heard in the college lecture rooms or chapel. If you would save your soul, the voice seemed to whisper, if you would discover that personal and peculiar sense of life which is your most precious endowment, you must practise and perfect a habit of discrimination; amid all you hear and see you must choose whatever is relevant and significant to you, and only that, rejecting with equal sincerity everything

that is not really yours — all the interests you catch from others, all the standards and beliefs and feelings which are imposed on you by the society and the age you live in. Watch above all, the voice admonished me in its grave accents, for those special moments of illumination within, or of visible delight from the world around you, which seem to set free the spirit for a moment. Not to discriminate these visitations of beauty, not thus to respond to them, is, the voice admonished me, on this short day of frost and sunshine, to sleep before evening.

Thus from not far off in space, but across a whole world, as it were, of thought, the voice of Walter Pater reached me, reached me perhaps alone among my companions. It was, however, only through his books that I knew him, for I never met this famous author, who was by no means famous in Oxford at this time, being disregarded there and held of no account. Edmund Gosse once told me that when the memorial to Shelley was installed in University College, and a great gathering of the famous writers and eminent intellectuals of the land were assembled to be present at the unveiling of this monument, he himself had gone to Oxford and had suggested that Walter Pater should give him luncheon. Pater entertained him with his usual grave amenity; and when luncheon was finished, and Gosse suggested that it was time to join the others who were to be present at the ceremony, Pater told him where to go, but said that he himself could not accompany him as he was not among those who had received an invitation to attend.

In Balliol, indeed, the name of Pater was known, but it was only mentioned with contempt. Pater had been an early pupil of Jowett's; they had read Plato together; and I have always believed, though I have no proofs to give, that it was Jowett who had advised Pater to give up the writing of verse, to which he

was greatly addicted, and try to become a writer of good prose. But when this effort resulted in the publication of Pater's *Renaissance*, Jowett took alarm at once.

While all melts under our feet we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems, by a lifted horizon, to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange flowers, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend.

To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.

So Pater chanted from Brasenose in his magic rhythms, but his view of things was not acceptable in Balliol. To maintain an ecstasy, to burn with a hard gem-like flame, was by no means the Balliol conception of triumphant achievement. To beat New College in the Schools, to maintain a good place on the river, to win All Souls Fellowships and brilliant places in the Civil Service and high official honors, was more consonant with their ideal. No doubt this was the wiser view; no doubt the efficiency, wisdom, and justice which on the whole rule the counsels of the British Empire are in no inconsiderable part due to the moral, manly influence of Balliol.

It is not surprising, therefore, that not long before I went to Balliol the Master had felt himself called upon to mark, in an almost public manner, his disapprobation of Pater and all his ways, and it was only much later, when Pater published his wise and beautiful book on *Plato and Platonism*, that Jowett modified the harshness of his earlier judgment.

VIII

For the rest, I shared in that Oxford life which, in its setting of old colleges and gardens and little rivers, is surely the happiest and most enchanting life that is possible to young mortals. A taste of Paradise, a bit of the old golden

world — so it seemed to me after my emancipation from that ogre's den in America. I had not known that life could hold such happiness, such enchanting talks and friendships, such kindness and good-fellowship — and I drank to the full from the enchanted cup.

My literary ambitions, if they could be called ambitions, though not forgotten, were in abeyance for the time; my business was to get an education, and though I was acquainted with the budding authors who were at Oxford with me, — Lionel Johnson, Laurence Binyon, and Max Beerbohm, — I did not become intimate with any of them; I was contented with the society I found in my own college. This society was made up, for the most part, of young men who belonged to the Whig political families, the Russells, the Carlisle Howards, and the Peels, who were destined to careers in the world of politics. I too became engaged in political activities; I used to speak at village meetings and work for Liberal candidates at by-elections; I joined the Oxford Charity Organization Committee; I organized meetings for temperance and social propaganda; and I think I was best known in Oxford as belonging to the not very estimable type of social reformer who combines extreme democratic views with no very pronounced dislike of the society of lords.

My political activities gave rise to at least one story which I should like to think still survives — I know that it did survive till very recently. During the election of 1892 a Balliol acquaintance of mine contested for Parliament and won the Woodstock division of Oxfordshire; and I, with several other enthusiastic Balliol Liberals, took lodgings in that rural district and canvassed and held meetings for our candidate. His opponent was an older Balliol man, — Lyttelton Gell, by name, — who had rooms in the college (in what capacity I don't remember) and also a handsome

residence on Headington Hill, above Oxford, where he dwelt in some state with his wife, a niece of George Brodrick, the Warden of Merton, and daughter of the Lord Midleton of the time. They were at home to Balliol men on Sundays, the first Sunday of the term being devoted, so the mocking Russells used to say, to members of the aristocracy, the second Sunday to the sons of gentlemen, and the third to Americans and Jews. On these third Sundays, I was sometimes a guest.

The Lyttelton Gells were friendly if somewhat pompous persons; the connection of Mrs. Gell with the peerage was, perhaps, somewhat overstressed in a place like Oxford, where such relationships are not frequent. Above all, her title of 'Honorable,' always a difficult title for the uninitiated to handle, — or rather to let alone, — presented certain possibilities of error into which I was supposed to have fallen. During the election it was related that I was seen in

glimpses like the Scholar Gypsy wandering at the head of a band of Balliol radicals, bearing a banner with the strange device: —

To Hell, to Hell
With the Honourable Gell.

Dining in Oxford not long ago, I heard this anecdote told by an elderly don who had no notion that I was the hero of it, and if this ghost of my undergraduate days still, like the Scholar Gypsy, survives, may I not boast *non omnis moriar*?

Should this story still run through Oxford halls, I shall owe to it, even without the aid of the grave Glanvill and the elegiac Matthew Arnold, a more enduring remembrance than any I might earn by a feat I had been long contemplating. I had reached Oxford by the untraveled route from Euston; my ambition all along had not been to win the rewards it offered — not to conquer Oxford, but to write a book about it.

THE HARNESS

BY JOHN STEINBECK

I

PETER RANDALL was one of the most highly respected farmers of Monterey County. Once, before he was to make a little speech at a Masonic convention, the brother who introduced him referred to him as an example for young Masons of California to emulate. He was nearing fifty; his manner was grave and restrained, and he wore a carefully tended beard. From every gathering he reaped the authority that belongs to the bearded man.

Peter's eyes were grave, too — blue and grave almost to the point of sorrowfulness. People knew there was force in him, but force held caged. Sometimes, for no apparent reason, his eyes grew sullen and mean, like the eyes of a bad dog; but that look soon passed, and the restraint and probity came back into his face. He was tall and broad. He held his shoulders back as though they were braced, and he sucked in his stomach like a soldier. Inasmuch as farmers are usually slouchy men, Peter gained an added respect because of his posture.

Concerning Peter's wife, Emma, people generally agreed that it was hard to see how such a little skin-and-bones woman could go on living, particularly when she was sick most of the time. She weighed eighty-seven pounds. At forty-five, her face was as wrinkled and brown as that of an old, old woman, but her dark eyes were feverish with a determination to live. She was a proud woman, who complained very little. Her father had been a thirty-third-degree

Mason and Worshipful Master of the Grand Lodge of California. Before he died he had taken a great deal of interest in Peter's Masonic career.

Once a year Peter went away for a week, leaving his wife alone on the farm. To neighbors who called to keep her company she invariably explained, 'He's away on a business trip.'

Each time Peter returned from a business trip, Emma was ailing for a month or two, and this was hard on Peter, for Emma did her own work and refused to hire a girl. When she was ill Peter had to do the housework.

The Randall ranch lay across the Salinas River, next to the foothills. It was an ideal balance of bottom and upland — forty-five acres of rich level soil brought from the cream of the county by the river in old times and spread out as flat as a board; and eighty acres of gentle upland for hay and orchard. The white farmhouse was as neat and restrained as its owners. The immediate yard was fenced, and in the garden, under Emma's direction, Peter raised button dahlias and immortelles, carnations and pinks.

From the front porch one could look down over the flat to the river with its sheath of willows and cottonwoods, and across the river to the beet fields, and past the fields to the bulbous dome of the Salinas courthouse. Often in the afternoon Emma sat in a rocking chair on the front porch, until the breeze drove her in. She knitted constantly,

looking up now and then to watch Peter working on the flat or in the orchard or on the slope below the house.

The Randall ranch was no more encumbered with mortgage than any of the others in the valley. The crops, judiciously chosen and carefully tended, paid the interest, made a reasonable living, and left a few hundred dollars every year toward paying off the principal. It was no wonder that Peter Randall was respected by his neighbors, and that his seldom-spoken words were given attention even when they were about the weather or the way things were going.

Let Peter say, 'I'm going to kill a pig Saturday,' and nearly every one of his hearers went home and killed a pig on Saturday. They did n't know why, but if Peter Randall was going to kill a pig it seemed like a good, safe, conservative thing to do.

Peter and Emma were married for twenty-one years. They collected a houseful of good furniture, a number of framed pictures, vases of all shapes, and books of a sturdy type. Emma had no children. The house was unscarred, uncarved, unchalked. On the front and back porches foot scrapers and thick coco-fibre mats kept dirt out of the house.

In the intervals between her illnesses, Emma saw to it that the house was kept up. The hinges of doors and cupboards were oiled, and no screws were gone from the catches. The furniture and woodwork were freshly varnished once a year. Repairs were usually made after Peter came home from his yearly business trips.

Whenever the word went around among the farms that Emma was sick again, the neighbors waylaid the doctor as he drove by on the river road.

'Oh, I guess she'll be all right,' he answered their questions. 'She'll have to stay in bed for a couple of weeks.'

The good neighbors took cakes to the

Randall farm, and they tiptoed into the sickroom, where the little skinny bird of a woman lay in a tremendous walnut bed. She looked at them with her bright little dark eyes.

'Would n't you like the curtains up a little, dear?' they asked.

'No, thank you. The light worries my eyes.'

'Is there anything we can do for you?'

'No, thank you. Peter does for me very well.'

'Just remember, if there's anything you think of —'

Emma was such a tight woman. There was nothing you could do for her when she was ill, except to take pies and cakes to Peter. Peter would be in the kitchen, wearing a neat, clean apron. He would be filling a hot-water bottle or making junket.

And so, one fall, when the news traveled that Emma was down, the farm wives baked for Peter and prepared to make their usual visits.

Mrs. Chappell, the next farm neighbor, stood in the river road when the doctor drove by. 'How's Emma Randall, Doctor?'

'I don't think she's so very well, Mrs. Chappell. I think she's a pretty sick woman.'

Because to Dr. Marn anyone who was n't actually a corpse was well on the road to recovery, the word went about among the farms that Emma Randall was going to die.

It was a long, terrible illness. Peter himself gave enemas and carried bedpans. The doctor's suggestion that a nurse be employed met only beady, fierce refusal in the eyes of the patient; and, ill as she was, her demands were respected. Peter fed her and bathed her, and made up the great walnut bed. The bedroom curtains remained drawn.

It was two months before the dark, sharp bird eyes veiled, and the sharp mind retired into unconsciousness. And

only then did a nurse come to the house. Peter was lean and sick himself, not far from collapse. The neighbors brought him cakes and pies, and found them uneaten in the kitchen when they called again.

Mrs. Chappell was in the house with Peter the afternoon Emma died. Peter went immediately hysterical. Mrs. Chappell telephoned the doctor, and then she called her husband to come and help her, for Peter was wailing like a crazy man, and beating his bearded cheeks with his fists. Ed Chappell was ashamed when he saw him, for it is horrible and shameful for a bearded man to conduct himself so.

Peter's beard was wet with his tears. His loud sobbing could be heard throughout the house. Sometimes he sat by the bed and covered his head with a pillow, and sometimes he paced the floor of the bedroom bellowing like a calf. When Ed Chappell self-consciously put a hand on his shoulder and said, 'Come on, Peter, come on, now,' in a helpless voice, Peter shook his hand off. The doctor drove out and signed the certificate.

When the undertaker came, they had a devil of a time with Peter. He was half mad. He fought them when they tried to take the body away. It was only after Ed Chappell and the undertaker held him down while the doctor stuck him with a hypodermic that they were able to remove Emma.

The morphine didn't put Peter to sleep. He sat hunched in the corner, breathing heavily and staring at the floor.

'Who's going to stay with him?' the doctor asked. 'Miss Jack?' — to the nurse.

'I could n't handle him, Doctor — not alone.'

'Will you stay, Chappell?'

'Sure, I'll stay.'

'Well, look. Here are some triple bromides. If he gets going again, give him one of these. And if they don't

work, here's some sodium amytal. One of these capsules will calm him down.'

Before they went away, they helped the stupefied Peter into the sitting room and laid him gently down on a sofa. Ed Chappell sat in an easy-chair and watched him. The bromides and a glass of water were on the table beside him.

II

The little sitting room was clean and dusted. Only that morning Peter had swept the floor with pieces of damp newspaper. Ed built a little fire in the grate, and put on a couple of pieces of oak when the flames were well started. The dark had come early. A light rain spattered against the windows when the wind drove it. Ed trimmed the kerosene lamps and turned the flames low. In the grate the blaze snapped and crackled and the flames curled like hair over the oak.

For a long time Ed sat in his easy-chair watching Peter where he lay drugged on the couch. At last Ed dozed off to sleep.

It was about ten o'clock when he awakened. He started up and looked toward the sofa. Peter was sitting up, looking at him. Ed's hand went out toward the bromide bottle, but Peter shook his head.

'No need to give me anything, Ed. I guess the doctor slugged me pretty hard, did n't he? I feel all right now — only a little dopey.'

'If you'll just take one of these, you'll get some sleep.'

'I don't want sleep.' He fingered his draggled beard and then stood up. 'I'll go out and wash my face, then I'll feel better.'

Ed heard him running water in the kitchen. In a moment he came back into the living room, still drying his face on a towel.

Peter was smiling curiously. It was an expression Ed had never seen on him before, a quizzical, wondering smile.

'I guess I kind of broke loose when she died, did n't I?' Peter said.

'Well — yes, you carried on some.'

'It seemed like something snapped inside of me,' Peter explained. 'Something like a suspender strap. It made me all come apart. I'm all right now, though.'

Ed looked down at the floor and saw a little brown spider crawling, and stretched out his foot and stomped it.

Peter asked suddenly, 'Do you believe in an afterlife?'

Ed Chappell squirmed. He did n't like to talk about such things, for to talk about them was to bring them up in his mind and think about them. 'Well, yes. I suppose if you come right down to it, I do.'

'Do you believe that somebody that's — passed on — can look down and see what we're doing?'

'Oh, I don't know as I'd go that far — I don't know.'

Peter went on as though he were talking to himself. 'Even if she could see me, and I did n't do what she wanted, she ought to feel good because I did it when she was here. It ought to please her that she made a good man of me. If I was n't a good man when she was n't here, that'd prove she did it all, would n't it? I was a good man, was n't I, Ed?'

'What do you mean, "was"?'

'Well, except for one week a year I was good. I don't know what I'll do now — ' his face grew angry — 'except one thing.' He stood up and stripped off his coat and his shirt. Over his underwear there was a web harness that pulled his shoulders back. He unhooked the harness and threw it off. Then he dropped his trousers, disclosing a wide elastic belt. He shucked this off over his feet, and then he scratched his stomach luxuriously before he put on his clothes again.

He smiled at Ed, the strange, wondering smile, again. 'I don't know how she got me to do things, but she did. She did n't seem to boss me, but she always

made me do things. You know, I don't think I believe in an afterlife. When she was alive, even when she was sick, I had to do things she wanted, but just the minute she died, it was — why, like that harness coming off! I could n't stand it. It was all over. I'm going to have to get used to going without that harness.' He shook his finger in Ed's direction. 'My stomach's going to stick out,' he said positively. 'I'm going to let it stick out. Why, I'm fifty years old.'

Ed did n't like that. He wanted to get away. This sort of thing was n't very decent. 'If you'll just take one of these, you'll get some sleep,' he said weakly.

Peter had not put his coat on. He was sitting on the sofa in an open shirt. 'I don't want to sleep. I want to talk. I guess I'll have to put that belt and harness on for the funeral, but after that I'm going to burn them. Listen, I've got a bottle of whiskey in the barn. I'll go get it.'

'Oh, no,' Ed protested quickly. 'I could n't drink now — not at a time like this.'

Peter stood up. 'Well, I could. You can sit and watch me if you want. I tell you, it's all over.' He went out the door, leaving Ed Chappell unhappy and scandalized. It was only a moment before he was back. He started talking as he came through the doorway with the whiskey. 'I only got one thing in my life — those trips. Emma was a pretty bright woman. She knew I'd've gone crazy if I did n't get away once a year. God, how she worked on my conscience when I came back!' His voice lowered confidentially. 'You know what I did on those trips?'

Ed's eyes were wide open now. Here was a man he did n't know, and he was becoming fascinated. He took the glass of whiskey when it was handed to him. 'No; what did you do?'

Peter gulped his drink and coughed, and wiped his mouth with his hand. 'I

got drunk,' he said. 'I went to fancy houses in San Francisco. I was drunk for a week, and I went to a fancy house every night.' He poured his glass full again. 'I guess Emma knew, but she never said anything. I'd've *busted* if I had n't got away.'

Ed Chappell sipped his whiskey gingerly. 'She always said you went on business.'

Peter looked at his glass and drank it, and poured it full again. His eyes had begun to shine. 'Drink your drink, Ed. I know you think it is n't right, — so soon, — but no one'll know but you and me. Kick up the fire. I'm not sad.'

Chappell went to the grate and stirred the glowing wood until lots of sparks flew up the chimney like little shining birds. Peter filled the glasses and retired to the sofa again. When Ed went back to the chair he sipped from his glass and pretended he did n't know it was filled up. His cheeks were flushing. It did n't seem so terrible, now, to be drinking. The afternoon and the death had receded into an indefinite past.

'Want some cake?' Peter asked. 'There's half a dozen cakes in the pantry.'

'No, I don't think I will thank you for some.'

'You know,' Peter confessed, 'I don't think I'll eat cake again. For ten years, every time Emma was sick, people sent cakes. It was nice of 'em, of course, only now cake means sickness to me. Drink your drink.'

Something happened in the room. Both men looked up, trying to discover what it was. The room was somehow different than it had been a moment before. Then Peter smiled sheepishly. 'It was that mantel clock stopped. I don't think I'll start it any more. I'll get a little quick alarm clock that ticks fast. That *clack — clack — clack* is too mournful.' He swallowed his whiskey. 'I guess you'll be telling around that I'm crazy, won't you?'

Ed looked up from his glass, and smiled and nodded. 'No, I will not. I can see pretty much how you feel about things. I did n't know you wore that harness and belt.'

'A man ought to stand up straight,' Peter said. 'I'm a natural sloucher.' Then he exploded: 'I'm a natural fool! For twenty years I've been pretending I was a wise, good man — except for that one week a year.' He said loudly, 'Things have been dribbled to me. My life's been dribbled out to me. Here, let me fill your glass. I've got another bottle out in the barn, way down under a pile of sacks.'

Ed held out his glass to be filled. Peter went on, 'I thought how it would be nice to have my whole river flat in sweet peas. Think how it'd be to sit on the front porch and see all those acres of blue and pink, just solid. And when the wind came up over them, think of the big smell. A big smell that would almost knock you over.'

'A lot of men have gone broke on sweet peas. Course you get a big price for the seed, but too many things can happen to your crop.'

'I don't give a damn!' Peter shouted. 'I want a lot of everything. I want forty acres of color and smell. I want fat women. I'm hungry, I tell you! I'm hungry for everything, for a lot of everything!'

Ed's face became grave under the shouting.

'If you'd just take one of these, you'd get some sleep.'

Peter looked ashamed. 'I'm all right. I did n't mean to yell like that. I'm not just thinking these things for the first time. I been thinking about them for years, the way a kid thinks of vacation. I was always afraid I'd be too old. Or that I'd go first and miss everything. But I'm only fifty — I've got plenty of vinegar left. I told Emma about the sweet peas, but she would n't let me. I don't know how she made me do things,' he said wonderingly. 'I can't remember.'

She had a way of doing it. But she's gone. I can feel she's gone just like that harness is gone. I'm going to slouch, Ed — slouch all over the place. I'm going to track dirt into the house. I'm going to get a big fat housekeeper — a big fat one from San Francisco. I'm going to have a bottle of brandy on the shelf all the time.'

Ed Chappell stood up and stretched his arms over his head. 'I guess I'll go home now, if you feel all right. I got to get some sleep. You better wind that clock, Peter. It don't do a clock any good to stand not running.'

III

The day after the funeral Peter Randall went to work on his farm. The Chappells, who lived on the next place, saw the lamp in his kitchen long before daylight, and they saw his lantern cross the yard to the barn half an hour before they even got up.

Peter pruned his orchard in three days. He worked from first light until he could n't see the twigs against the sky any more. Then he started to shape the big piece of river flat. He ploughed and rolled and harrowed. Two strange men dressed in boots and riding breeches came out and looked at his land. They felt the dirt with their fingers and ran a post-hole digger deep down under the surface, and when they went away they took little paper bags of the dirt with them.

Ordinarily, before planting time, the farmers did a good deal of visiting back and forth. They sat on their haunches, picking up handfuls of dirt and breaking little clods between their fingers. They discussed markets and crops, recalled other years when beans had done well in a good market, and other years when field peas did n't bring enough to pay for the seed hardly. After a great number of these discussions it usually happened that all the farmers planted the same things. There were certain men

whose ideas carried weight. If Peter Randall or Clark DeWitt thought he would put in pink beans and barley, most of the crops would turn out to be pink beans and barley that year; for, since such men were respected and fairly successful, it was conceded that their plans must be based on something besides chance choice. It was generally believed but never stated that Peter Randall and Clark DeWitt had extra reasoning powers and special prophetic knowledge.

When the usual visits started, it was seen that a change had taken place in Peter Randall. He sat on his plough and talked pleasantly enough. He said he had n't decided yet what to plant, but he said it in such a guilty way that it was plain he did n't intend to tell. When he had rebuffed a few inquiries, the visits to his place stopped and the farmers went over in a body to Clark DeWitt. Clark was putting in Chevalier barley. His decision dictated the major part of the planting in the vicinity.

But although the questions stopped, the interest did not. Men driving by the forty-five-acre flat of the Randall place studied the field to try to figure out from the type of work what the crop was going to be. When Peter drove the seeder back and forth across the land no one came in, for Peter had made it plain that his crop was a secret.

Ed Chappell did n't tell on him, either. Ed was a little ashamed when he thought of that night; ashamed of Peter for breaking down, and ashamed of himself for having sat there and listened. He watched Peter narrowly to see whether his vicious intentions were really there or whether the whole conversation had been the result of loss and hysteria. He did notice that Peter's shoulders were n't back and that his stomach stuck out a little. He went to Peter's house and was relieved when he saw no dirt on the floor and when he heard the mantel clock ticking away.

Mrs. Chappell spoke often of the

afternoon. 'You'd've thought he lost his mind the way he carried on. He just howled. Ed stayed with him part of the night, until he quieted down. Ed had to give him some whiskey to get him to sleep. But,' she said brightly, 'hard work is the thing to kill sorrow. Peter Randall is getting up at three o'clock every morning. I can see the light in his kitchen window from my bedroom.'

The pussywillows burst out in silver drops, and the little weeds sprouted up along the roadside. The Salinas River ran dark water, flowed for a month, and then subsided into green pools again. Peter Randall had shaped his land beautifully. It was smooth and black; no clod was larger than a small marble, and under the rains it looked purple with richness.

And then the little weak lines of green stretched out across the black field. In the dusk a neighbor crawled under the fence and pulled one of the tiny plants.

'Some kind of legume,' he told his friends. 'Field peas, I guess. What did he want to be so quiet about it for? I asked him right out what he was planting, and he would n't tell me.'

The word ran through the farms, 'It's sweet peas. The whole God-damn forty-five acres is in sweet peas!' Men called on Clark DeWitt then, to get his opinion.

His opinion was this: 'People think because you can get twenty to sixty cents a pound for sweet peas you can get rich on them. But it's the most ticklish crop in the world. If the bugs don't get it, it might do good. And then come a hot day and bust the pods and lose your crop on the ground. Or it might come up a little rain and spoil the whole caboodle. It's all right to put in a few acres and take a chance, but not the whole place. Peter's touched in the head since Emma died.'

This opinion was widely distributed. Every man used it as his own. Two

neighbors often said it to each other, each one repeating half of it. When too many people said it to Peter Randall he became angry. One day he cried, 'Say, whose land is this? If I want to go broke, I've got a damn good right to, have n't I?'

And that changed the whole feeling. Men remembered that Peter was a good farmer. Perhaps he had special knowledge. Why, that's who those two men in boots were — soil chemists! A good many of the farmers wished they'd put in a few acres of sweet peas.

They wished it particularly when the vines spread out, when they met each other across the rows and hid the dark earth from sight, when the buds began to form and it was seen the crop was rich. And then the blooms came — forty-five acres of color, forty-five acres of perfume. It was said that you could smell them in Salinas, four miles away. Buses brought the school children out to look at them. A group of men from a seed company spent all day looking at the vines and feeling the earth.

Peter Randall sat on his porch in a rocking chair every afternoon. He looked down on the great squares of pink and blue, and on the mad square of mixed colors. When the afternoon breeze came up, he inhaled deeply. His blue shirt was open at the throat, as though he wanted to get the perfume down next his skin.

Men called on Clark DeWitt to get his opinion now. He said, 'There's about ten things that can happen to spoil that crop. He's welcome to his sweet peas.'

But the men knew from Clark's irritation that he was a little jealous. They looked up over the fields of color to where Peter sat on his porch, and they felt a new admiration and respect for him.

Ed Chappell walked up the steps to him one afternoon. 'You got a crop there, mister.'

'Looks that way,' said Peter.

'I took a look. Pods are setting fine.'

Peter sighed. 'Blooming's nearly over,' he said. 'I'll hate to see the petals drop off.'

'Well, I'd be glad to see 'em drop. You'll make a lot of money, if nothing happens.'

Peter took out a bandanna handkerchief and wiped his nose, and jiggled it sideways to stop an itch. 'I'll be sorry when the smell stops,' he said.

Then Ed made his reference to the night of the death. One of his eyes drooped secretly. 'Found somebody to keep house for you?'

'I have n't looked,' said Peter. 'I have n't had time.' There were lines of worry about his eyes. But who would n't worry, Ed thought, when a single shower could ruin his whole year's crop.

If the year and the weather had been manufactured for sweet peas, they could n't have been better. The fog lay close to the ground in the mornings when the vines were pulled. When the great piles of vines lay safely on spread canvases, the hot sun shone down and crisped the pods for the threshers. The neighbors watched the long cotton sacks filling with round black seeds, and they went home and tried to figure out how much money Peter would make on his tremendous crop. Clark DeWitt lost a good part of his following. The men decided to find out what Peter was going to plant next year, if they had to follow him around. How did he know, for instance, that this year'd be good for sweet peas? He *must* have some kind of special knowledge.

IV

When a man from the upper Salinas Valley goes to San Francisco on business or for a vacation, he takes a room in the Ramona Hotel. This is a nice arrangement, for in the lobby he can usually find someone from home. They can sit

in the soft chairs of the lobby and talk about the Salinas Valley.

Ed Chappell went to San Francisco to meet his wife's cousin who was coming out from Ohio for a trip. The train was not due until the next morning. In the lobby of the Ramona, Ed looked for someone from the Salinas Valley, but he could see only strangers sitting in the soft chairs. He went out to a moving-picture show. When he returned, he looked again for someone from home, and still there were only strangers. For a moment he considered glancing over the register, but it was pretty late. He sat down to finish his cigar before he went to bed.

There was a commotion at the door. Ed saw the clerk motion with his hand. A bellhop ran out. Ed squirmed around in his chair to look. Outside a man was being helped out of a taxicab. The bellhop took him from the driver and guided him in the door. It was Peter Randall. His eyes were glassy, and his mouth open and wet. He had no hat on his mussed hair. Ed jumped up and strode over to him.

'Peter!'

Peter was batting helplessly at the bellhop. 'Let me alone,' he explained. 'I'm all right. You let me alone, and I'll give you two bits.'

Ed called again, 'Peter!'

The glassy eyes turned slowly to him, and then Peter fell into his arms. 'My old friend,' he cried. 'Ed Chappell, my old, good friend. What you doing here? Come up to my room and have a drink.'

Ed set him back on his feet. 'Sure I will,' he said. 'I'd like a little nightcap.'

'Nightcap hell! We'll go out and see a show, or something.'

Ed helped him into the elevator and got him to his room. Peter dropped heavily to the bed and struggled up to a sitting position. 'There's a bottle of whiskey in the bathroom. Bring me a drink, too.'

Ed brought out the bottle and the glasses. 'What you doing, Peter? Celebrating the crop? You must've made a pile of money.'

Peter put out his palm and tapped it impressively with a forefinger. 'Sure I made money — but it was n't a bit better than gambling. It was just like straight gambling.'

'But you got the money.'

Peter scowled thoughtfully. 'I might of lost my pants,' he said. 'The whole time, all the year, I been worrying. It was just like gambling.'

'Well, you got it, anyway.'

Peter changed the subject, then. 'I been sick,' he said. 'I been sick right in the taxicab. I just came from a fancy house on Van Ness Avenue.' He explained apologetically, 'I just had to come up to the city. I'd a busted if I had n't come up and got some of the vinegar out of my system.'

Ed looked at him curiously. Peter's head was hanging loosely between his shoulders. His beard was draggled and rough. 'Peter,' Ed began, 'the night

Emma — passed on, you said you was going to — change things.'

Peter's swaying head rose up slowly. He stared owlishly at Ed Chappell. 'She did n't die dead,' he said thickly. 'She won't let me do things. She's worried me all year about those peas.' His eyes were wondering. 'I don't know how she does it.' Then he frowned. His palm came out, and he tapped it again. 'But you mark, Ed Chappell, I won't wear that harness, and I damn well won't ever wear it. You remember that.' His head dropped forward again. But in a moment he looked up. 'I been drunk,' he said seriously. 'I been to fancy houses.' He edged out confidentially toward Ed. His voice dropped to a heavy whisper. 'But it's all right; I'll fix it. When I get back, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to put in electric lights. Emma always wanted electric lights.' He sagged sideways on the bed.

Ed Chappell stretched Peter out and undressed him before he went to his own room.

WOMEN MUST WEEP¹

— *Or Unite against War*

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

I

IN the remarkable letter in which you, as an educated man, ask the daughters of educated men for an opinion as to how to prevent war, you suggest certain practical measures by which we can help you to prevent war. These are, it appears, that we should sign a manifesto pledging ourselves to 'protect culture and intellectual liberty,' and that we should join a certain society, devoted to certain measures whose aim, needless to say, is to preserve peace — which society, like the other societies, is, needless to say, in need of funds.

We have given, so far as we are able, an opinion as to how, by the use of our influence upon education, upon the professions, we can help you to prevent war. Now we must consider how we can help you to prevent war by protecting culture and intellectual liberty, since you assure us that there is a connection between those rather abstract words and these very positive photographs from Spain — the photographs of dead bodies and ruined houses.

But if it was surprising to be asked for an opinion on how to prevent war, it is still more surprising to be asked to help you to protect culture and intellectual liberty. For have not the daughters of educated men paid into their brothers'

education fund from the year 1262 to the year 1870 all the money that was to educate themselves, barring such miserable sums as went to pay the governess, the German teacher, and the dancing master? Yet here comes your letter informing them that the whole of that vast, that fabulous sum — for, whether counted in cash or in things done without, the sum that lies behind their brothers' education fund is vast — has been wasted or wrongly applied. If the schools and universities, with their great wealth and elaborate machinery for mind training and body training, have failed, what reason is there to think that your society, sponsored though it is by distinguished names, is going to succeed, or that your manifesto, signed though it is by still more distinguished names, is going to convert?

To ask the daughters of educated men who have to earn their livings by reading and writing to sign your manifesto would be of no value to the cause of disinterested culture and intellectual liberty, because, directly they had signed it, they would have to be at the desk writing those books, lectures, and articles by which culture is prostituted and intellectual liberty is sold into slavery.

Thus, Sir, it becomes clear that we must make our appeal only to those daughters of educated men who have enough money to live upon. But what, such a woman may well ask, is meant by

¹ Readers should understand that the beginning of Mrs. Woolf's essay appeared in the *Atlantic* for May, although this concluding portion may be read independently with satisfaction. — EDITOR

this gentleman's 'disinterested' culture, and how am I to protect that and intellectual liberty in practice?

Let us refer her to the tradition which has long been honored in the private house — the tradition of chastity. 'We are asking you, Madam, to pledge yourself not to commit adultery of the brain, because it is a much more serious offense than the other.'

'Adultery of the brain,' she may reply, 'means writing what I do not want to write for the sake of money. Therefore you ask me to refuse all publishers, editors, lecture agents, and so on, who bribe me to write or to speak what I do not want to write or speak for the sake of money?'

'That is so, Madam; and we further ask that if you should receive proposals for such sales you will resent them and expose them as you would resent or expose such proposals for selling your body, both for your own sake and for the sake of others. But we would have you observe that the verb "to adulterate" means, according to the dictionary, "to falsify by admixture of baser ingredients." Advertisement and publicity are also adulterers. Thus, culture mixed with personal charm and culture mixed with advertisement and publicity are also adulterated forms of culture. We must ask you to abjure them; not to appear on public platforms; not to allow your private face to be published, or details of your private life; not to avail yourself, in short, of any of the forms of brain prostitution which are so insidiously suggested by the pimps and panders of the brain-selling trade. And medals, honors, degrees — all the baubles and labels by which brain merit is advertised and certified — we must ask you to refuse them absolutely, since they are all tokens that culture has been prostituted and intellectual liberty sold into captivity.

'The private printing press is an actual fact, and not beyond the reach of a moderate income. Typewriters and duplicators are actual facts and even

cheaper. By using these cheap and so far unforbidden instruments you can at once rid yourself of the pressure of boards, policies, and editors. They will speak your own mind, in your own words, at your own time, at your own length, at your own bidding. And that, we are agreed, is our definition of "intellectual liberty."

'But,' she may say, 'the public? How can that be reached without putting my own mind through the mincing machine and turning it into sausage?'

'The public, Madam,' we may assure her, 'is very like ourselves; it lives in rooms; it walks in streets, and is said, moreover, to be tired of sausage. Fling leaflets down basements; expose them on stalls; trundle them along streets on barrows to be sold for a penny or given away. Find out new ways of approaching the public; single it into separate people instead of massing it into one monster, gross in body, feeble in mind. And then reflect — since you have enough to live on; you have a room, not necessarily "cosy" or "handsome," but still silent, private; a room where, safe from publicity and its poison, you could, even asking a reasonable fee for the service, speak the truth to artists, to writers, about pictures, music, books, without fear of affecting their sales, which are exiguous, or wounding their vanity, which is notorious. Are not the best critics people, and is not spoken criticism the only criticism worth having?'

'Those, then, are some of the active ways in which you, as a writer of your own tongue, can put your opinion into practice. But if you are passive, — a reader, not a writer, — then you must adopt not active but passive methods of protecting culture and intellectual liberty.'

'And what may they be?' she will ask.

'To abstain, obviously. Not to subscribe to papers that encourage intellectual slavery; not to attend lectures that prostitute culture; for we are agreed that to write at the command of another

what you do not want to write is to be enslaved, and to mix culture with personal charm or advertisement is to prostitute culture. By these active and passive measures you would do all in your power to break the ring, the vicious circle, the dance round and round the mulberry tree — the poison tree of intellectual harlotry.

'The ring once broken, the captive would be freed. For who can doubt that, once writers had the chance of writing what they enjoy writing, they would find it so much more pleasurable that they would refuse to write on any other terms; and who can doubt that readers, once they had the chance of reading what writers enjoy writing, would find it so much more nourishing than what is written for money that they would refuse to be palmed off with the stale substitute any longer?'

II

Now, Sir, let us consider your final and inevitable request: that we should subscribe to the funds of your society. With your letter before us, we have your assurance that you are fighting with us, not against us. That fact is so inspiring that a celebration seems called for. What could be more fitting, now that we can bury the old word 'feminist,' than to write more dead words, corrupt words, obsolete words, upon sheets of paper and burn them — the words 'tyrant,' 'dictator,' for example? Alas, those words are not yet obsolete. We can still see traces of dictatorship revealed in newspapers, still smell a peculiar and unmistakable odor of masculine tyranny in the region of Whitehall and Westminster.

And abroad the Monster has come more openly to the surface. There is no mistaking him there. He has widened his scope. He is interfering now with your liberty; he is dictating how you shall live; he is making distinctions, not merely between the sexes, but between the

racess. You are feeling in your own persons what your mothers felt when they were shut out, when they were shut up, because they were women. Now you are being shut out, you are being shut up, because you are Jews, because you are democrats, because of race, because of religion.

It is not a photograph that you look upon any longer; there *you* go, traipsing along in the procession yourselves. And that makes a difference. The whole iniquity of dictatorship, whether in Oxford or Cambridge, in Whitehall or Downing Street, against Jews or against women, in England or in Germany, in Italy or in Spain, is now apparent to you. But now we are fighting together. That fact is so inspiring, even if no celebration is yet possible, that if this guinea you have requested could be multiplied a million times all those guineas should be at your service without any other conditions than those that you have imposed upon yourself. Take this one guinea, then, and use it to assert 'the rights of all — all men and women — to the respect in their persons of the great principles of Justice and Equality and Liberty.'

Only one further request of yours remains to be considered — it is that we should fill up a form and become members of your society. What can be simpler than to fill up a form and join the society to which this guinea has just been contributed? On the face of it, how easy, how simple; but in the depths, how difficult, how complicated. . . .

Society is far less satisfactory to us women, who have enjoyed, compared with you, so few of its goods, so many of its evils. Inevitably, therefore, we look upon society as an ill-fitting form which distorts the truth, deforms the mind, fetters the will. Inevitably we look upon societies as conspiracies and conglomerations which sink the private brother, whom many of us have reason to respect, and inflate in his stead a monstrous male, loud of voice, hard of fist, childish-

ly intent upon ruling the floor of the earth with chalk marks, going through mystic rites and enjoying the dubious pleasures of power and dominion, while we, 'his women,' are firmly locked in the private house within.

For these reasons, which are not pure reason but are part emotion and part memory, — for who shall analyze the complexity of the mind that now holds so deep a reservoir of time past within it? — it seems impossible to fill up your form and join your society. For by so doing we should merely merge ourselves in you; follow and repeat and score deeper the old worn ruts in which society, like a gramophone whose needle has stuck, is grinding out with intolerable unanimity 'three hundred millions spent upon arms.'

Let us, then, draw rapidly in outline the kind of society which the daughters of educated men might found and join, outside your society, but in coöperation with its ends. In the first place this new society, you will be relieved to learn, would have no Honorary Treasurer, for it would need no funds. It would have no office, no committee, no secretary, no note paper, even. It would call no meetings; it would hold no conferences. If name it must have, it could be called the Outsiders' Society. It would consist of educated men's daughters working in their own class — how, indeed, can they work in any other? — and by their own methods for liberty, equality, and peace.

Their first duty, to which they would not bind themselves by oath, would be, of course, not to fight with arms. This is easy for them to observe, for in fact, as the papers inform us, 'the Army Council have no intention of opening recruiting for any women's corps.' Next, they would refuse in the event of war to make munitions or to nurse the wounded. The third duty to which they would pledge themselves is one of considerable difficulty, and calls not only for courage and initiative, but for the special knowledge of the educated man's daughter.

It is, briefly, not to incite their brothers to fight, or to dissuade them, but to maintain an attitude of complete indifference. As fighting clearly is a sex characteristic which the woman cannot share, — the counterpart, some claim, of the maternal instinct which the man cannot share, — so is it an instinct which she cannot judge. The Outsider, therefore, must leave her brother free to deal with this instinct by himself.

But the Outsider will make it her duty to base her indifference not merely upon instinct, but upon reason and facts. And she will enforce it in her own case. As, in most countries, she loses her nationality upon marriage, she will insist that it is, on the whole, an advantage, since any form that brands nationality upon a free person is a stigma — a restriction, rather than a liberation. She will bind herself to take no part in patriotic demonstrations; to assent to no form of national self-praise; to make no part of any claue or audience that encourages war, absenting herself from military displays, tournaments, prize givings, and all such ceremonies as encourage the desire to impose 'our' civilization or 'our' dominion upon other people.

III

But there is another way in which the Outsiders can bind themselves to carry out this duty — a more positive, if a still more difficult way. And that is by earning their own livings; by continuing to earn those livings while the war is in progress. History is at hand to assure us that this method has a psychological influence, a strong dissuasive force upon war-makers. In the last war the daughters of workingmen proved it by showing that they could do their brother's work in his absence. They thus roused his jealousy and his anxiety lest his place should have been filled in his absence, and provided him with a strong incentive to end the war.

It follows that an Outsider must make

it her business to press for a living wage in all the professions now open to her sex; further, she must create new professions in which she can earn the right to an independent opinion. Therefore she must bind herself to press for a money wage for the unpaid worker in her own class — the daughters and sisters of educated men who are now paid on the truck system, with food, lodging, and a pittance of forty pounds a year. But above all she must press for a wage to be paid by the State legally to the mothers of educated men. It is the most effective way in which we can ensure that the married woman shall have a mind and a will of her own, with which, if his mind and will are good in her eyes, to support her husband, if bad to resist him — in any case to cease to be 'his woman,' and to be herself.

Consider, even at the risk of a digression, what effect this proposed wage for those whose profession is marriage and motherhood would have upon the birth rate, in the very class where the birth rate is falling, in the very class where births are desirable — the educated class. Just as the increase in the pay of soldiers has resulted, the papers say, in additional recruits to the force of arm-bearers, so the same inducement would serve to recruit the child-bearing force, which we can hardly deny to be as necessary and as honorable, but which, because of its poverty and its hardships, is now failing to attract recruits. If the State paid your wife a living wage for her work (which, sacred though it is, can scarcely be called more sacred than that of the clergyman; yet, as his work is paid for without derogation, so may hers be) — if this step were taken, your own slavery would be lightened. No longer need you go to the office at nine-thirty and stay there till six. No longer would you be the Saturday caller, the albatross on the neck of society, the sympathy addict, the deflated work slave calling for replenishment; or, as Herr Hitler

puts it, the hero requiring recreation, or, as Signor Mussolini puts it, the wounded warrior requiring female dependents to bandage his wounds. But since three hundred millions or so have to be spent upon the arm-bearers, such expenditure for wages to mothers is obviously, to use a convenient word applied by the politicians, 'impracticable,' and it is time to return to more feasible projects.

The Outsiders, then, would bind themselves, not only to earn their own livings, but to earn them so expertly that their refusal to earn them would be a matter of concern to the work master. Also, they would bind themselves to remain outside any profession hostile to freedom, such as the making or the improvement of the weapons of war. And they would bind themselves to refuse to take office or honor from any society which, while professing to respect liberty, restricts it, like the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. And in all this, and in much more than we have time to particularize, they would be helped, you will agree, by their position as Outsiders, that freedom from unreal loyalties, that freedom from interested motives, which are at present assured them by the State.

Broadly speaking, the main distinction between us who are outside society and you who are inside society must be that, whereas you will make use of the means provided by your position, — Leagues, Conferences, public campaigns, great names, and all such public measures as your wealth and political influence place within your reach, — we, remaining outside, will experiment, not with public means in public, but with private means in private.

IV

Let us examine three experiments only, in order that we may prove our statement that the Society of Outsiders is in being.

Speaking at a bazaar last week at the Plumstead Common Baptist Church, the mayoress [of Woolwich] said: . . . 'I myself would not

even do as much as darn a sock to help in a war.' These remarks are resented by the majority of the Woolwich public, who hold that the mayoress was, to say the least, rather tactless. Some 12,000 Woolwich electors are employed in Woolwich Arsenal on armament making.

Speaking of the work of the great voluntary associations for the playing of certain games, Miss Clarke [Miss E. R. Clarke of the Board of Education] referred to the women's organizations for hockey, lacrosse, netball, and cricket, and pointed out that under their rules there could be no cup or award of any kind to a successful team. The 'gates' for their matches might be a little smaller than for the men's games, but their players played the game for the love of it, and they seemed to be proving that cups and awards are not necessary to stimulate interest, for each year the number of players steadily continued to increase.

For our third example let us choose what we may call an experiment in passivity.

A remarkable change in the attitude of young women to the Church was discussed by Canon F. R. Barry, vicar of St. Mary the Virgin [the University Church] at Oxford last night. . . . The task before the Church, he said, was nothing less than to make civilization moral, and this was a great coöperative task which demanded all that Christians could bring to it. It simply could not be carried through by men alone. For a century, or a couple of centuries, women had predominated in the congregations in roughly the ratio of 75 per cent to 25 per cent. The whole situation was now changing, and what the keen observer would notice in almost any church in England was the paucity of young women. . . . Among the student population the young women were, on the whole, farther away from the Church of England and the Christian faith than the young men.

It is, as we have said, a passive experiment. For while the first example was an outspoken refusal to knit socks in order to discourage war, and the second was an attempt to stimulate non-competitive interest in games, the third is an attempt to prove what happens if the daughters of educated men absent them-

selves from church. Without being in itself more valuable than the others, it is of more practical interest because it is obviously the kind of experiment that great numbers of Outsiders can practise with very little difficulty or danger to themselves. (What light this throws upon the power of Outsiders to abolish or modify other institutions of which they disapprove; whether, if they ceased to attend public dinners, public dinners would cease to be eaten; whether, if they refused honors, your sex would refuse them too; whether, if they absented themselves from lectures upon English literature, such lectures would cease and English literature would spring into a new vitality, are questions, frivolous questions, that may well amuse our leisure and stimulate our curiosity.)

The results of one such experiment are positive and they are encouraging: there can be no doubt that the Church is becoming concerned about the attitude to the Church of educated men's daughters at the universities. There is the report of the Archbishops' Commission on the Ministry of Women to prove it.

When, in the year 1935, the daughters of educated men said that they wished to have the profession of religion opened to them, the priests of that profession, who correspond roughly to the doctors and barristers in the other professions, were forced to give psychological as well as theological grounds for their refusal to admit women. They therefore called in Professor Grensted, D. D., the Nolloth Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion in the University of Oxford, and asked him to indicate the psychological grounds for the opinions and recommendations put forward by the Commission, favoring the 'continuous tradition of male priesthood.' This was the first fact that he investigated.

It is clearly a fact of the very greatest practical importance that strong feeling is aroused by any suggestion that women should be admitted to the status and func-

tions of the threefold Order of the Ministry. The evidence before the Commission went to show that this feeling is predominantly hostile to such proposals. . . . This strength of feeling, conjoined with a wide variety of rational explanations, is clear evidence of the presence of powerful and widespread subconscious motive. In the absence of detailed analytical material, of which there seems to be no record in this particular connection, it nevertheless remains clear that infantile fixation plays a predominant part in determining the strong emotion with which this whole subject is commonly approached.

The exact nature of this fixation must necessarily differ with different individuals, and suggestions which can be made as to its origin can only be general in character. But, whatever be the exact value and interpretation of the material upon which theories of the 'Œdipus complex' and the 'castration complex' have been founded, it is clear that the general acceptance of male dominance, and still more of feminine inferiority, resting upon subconscious ideas of woman as '*man manqué*,' has its background in infantile conceptions of this type. These commonly, and even usually, survive in the adult, despite the irrationality, and betray their presence, below the level of conscious thought, by the strength of the emotions to which they give rise. It is strongly in support of this view that the admission of women to Holy Orders, and especially to the ministry of the sanctuary, is so commonly regarded as something shameful. This sense of shame cannot be regarded in any other light than as a non-rational sex-taboo.

As Professor Grensted gave his evidence, we, the daughters of educated men, seemed to be watching a surgeon at work — an impartial and scientific operator, who, as he dissected the human mind, by human means laid bare for all to see what cause, what root, lies at the bottom of our fear. It is an egg. Its scientific name is 'infantile fixation.' We, being unscientific, have named it wrongly. An egg we called it; a germ. We smelt it in the atmosphere; we detected its presence in Whitehall, in the Universities, in the Church. Now undoubtedly the Professor has defined it and named it and described it so accu-

rately that no daughter of an educated man, however uneducated she may be, can miscall it or misinterpret it in the future. It is possible that she has suspected it for two thousand years at least; but now the familiar feeling is named.

V

Let us examine this 'infantile fixation' in order that we may see what bearing it has upon the question you have put us. There are so many cases of infantile fixation, as defined by Professor Grensted, in Victorian biography that we scarcely know which to choose. The case of Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street is perhaps the most famous and the best authenticated. But let us choose one that is less well-known. There is the case of Mr. Jex Blake. Here we have a father who is not confronted with his daughter's marriage but with his daughter's wish to earn her living. That wish also would seem to have aroused in the father a very strong emotion, and an emotion which also seems to have its origin in the levels below conscious thought. Again, with your leave, we will call it a case of infantile fixation.

The daughter, Sophia, was offered a small sum for teaching mathematics; and she asked her father's permission to take it. That permission was instantly and heatedly refused. 'Dearest, I have only this moment heard that you contemplate being *paid* for the tutorship. It would be quite beneath you, darling, and I *cannot consent* to it.' (The italics are the father's.) 'Take the post as one of honor and usefulness, and I shall be glad. But to be *paid* for the work would be to alter the thing *completely* and would lower you sadly in the eyes of almost everybody.'

Why was it beneath her, she asked, why should it lower her? Taking money for work did not lower Tom in anybody's eyes. That, Mr. Jex Blake explained, was quite a different matter: Tom was a man; Tom had a family to support; Tom

had therefore taken 'the *plain path* of duty.'

Still Sophia was not satisfied. She argued — not only was she poor and wanted the money, but also she felt strongly 'the honest, and I believe perfectly justifiable, pride of earning.' Thus pressed, Mr. Jex Blake at last gave, under a semi-transparent cover, the real reason why he objected to her taking money. He offered to give her the money himself if she would refuse to take it from the college. It was plain, therefore, that he did not object to her taking money; what he objected to was her taking money from another man.

We can have no doubt concerning what emotion was at the root of this objection. He wished to keep his daughter in his own power. If she took money from him, she remained in his power; if she took it from another man, not only was she becoming independent of Mr. Jex Blake — she was becoming dependent upon another man. That he wished her to depend upon him, and felt obscurely that this desirable dependence could only be secured by financial dependence, is proved indirectly by another of his veiled statements. 'If you married to-morrow to my liking — and I don't believe you would ever marry otherwise — I should give you a good fortune.' If she became a wage earner, she could dispense with the fortune and marry whom she liked.

The case of Mr. Jex Blake is very easily diagnosed, but it is a very important case because it is a normal, a typical case. Mr. Jex Blake was no monster of Wimpole Street; he was an ordinary father, doing what thousands of other Victorian fathers, whose cases remain unpublished, were doing daily. It is a case, therefore, that explains much that lies at the root of Victorian psychology — that psychology of the sexes which is still, Professor Grensted tells us, so obscure. The daughter's desire to earn her living rouses two different forms of jealousy. Each is strong separately; to-

gether they are very strong. It is further significant that in order to justify this very strong emotion, which has its origin below the levels of conscious thought, Mr. Jex Blake had recourse to one of the commonest of all evasions — the argument which is not an argument, but an appeal to the emotions. He appealed to her womanhood.

There can be no question — the infantile fixation is powerful, even when a mother feels it. But when the father is infected it has a threefold power: he has nature to protect him, he has law to protect him, he has property to protect him. Thus protected, the Reverend Patrick Brontë could cause 'acute pain' to his daughter Charlotte for several months by making her promise not to marry when she wished and could steal several months of her short married happiness without incurring any censure from the society in which he practised the profession of a priest of the Church of England; though had he tortured a dog, or stolen a watch, that same society would have unfrocked him and cast him forth. Society, it seems, was a father, and afflicted with the infantile fixation too.

Ignorant as we are of human motives, and ill supplied with words, let us admit that no one word expresses the force which in the nineteenth century opposed itself to the force of the fathers. All we can safely say about that force is that it was a force of tremendous power. It forced open the doors of the private house. It opened Bond Street and Piccadilly; it opened cricket grounds and football grounds; it shriveled flounces and stays; it made the oldest profession in the world — so it is said, but Whitaker supplies no figures — unprofitable. The fathers, who had triumphed over the strongest emotions of strong men, had to yield.

VI

If that full stop were the end of the story, the final slam of the door, we could turn once more to your letter, Sir, and to

the form which you have asked us to fill up. But it was not the end; it was the beginning. Indeed, though we have used the past tense, we shall soon find ourselves using the present. The fathers in private, it is true, yielded; the door was forced open. But the fathers massed together outside, in societies, in professions, were even more subject, it would seem, to the disease of infantile fixation than the fathers in private life. That they were affected by the same disease would appear, if we compare the symptoms, to be indisputable.

One motive, the love motive, which is so easily apparent in the cases already quoted and so difficult for the daughters either to fight or to recognize, was absent, it is true. But the disease had acquired another motive which made it still more virulent. For now the fathers had to protect something that lay as deep in them as womanhood, as daughterhood, lay in their daughters: let us call it 'manhood' itself and have done with it. A man who could not earn his living had failed in the prime attribute of manliness — the ability to support a wife and family. It was that right which was now challenged. To protect that — and from women — gave and gives rise, it can scarcely be doubted, to an emotion below the levels of conscious thought and of the utmost violence. It is for this reason, to quote Professor Grensted, that 'the admission of women to Holy Orders' — or indeed to any profession, for they are all Holy Orders — 'is so commonly regarded as something shameful. This sense of shame cannot be regarded in any other light than as a non-rational sex-taboo.'

And if, Sir, pausing in England, we turn on the radio of the daily press, we shall hear what the fathers who are infected with infantile fixation are now saying: —

Homes are the real places of the women. . . . Let them go back to their homes. . . . The Government should give work to men. . . . A strong protest is to be made by the Ministry of Labor. . . . A woman has been

appointed. . . . Women must not rule over men. . . . There are two worlds, one for women, the other for men. . . . Women are tired of their freedom. . . . Let them learn to cook our dinners. . . . Women have failed. . . . They have failed at the Bar. . . . They have failed in medicine. . . . They have failed. . . . They have failed. . . . They have failed. . . .

Why, the clamor, the uproar, that infantile fixation is making at this very moment, Sir, is such that we can hardly hear ourselves speak; it takes the words out of our mouths; it makes us say what we have not said. As we listen to the voices we seem to hear an infant crying in the night, the black night that now covers Europe, and with no language but a cry, 'Ay, ay, ay, ay . . .' But it is not a new cry; it is a very old cry. We are looking at a picture again, the same picture of dead bodies and ruined houses that caused us, at the beginning of this letter, to feel the same emotions. You called them 'horror and disgust.' We called them 'horror and disgust.'

But that picture has changed as this letter proceeded; another picture has formed, as pictures will, on the top of that picture. A figure has imposed itself upon the foreground. It is the figure of a man. Some claim, others deny, that it is Man himself, the quintessence of virility, the perfect type of which all others are imperfect adumbrations. He is a man, certainly; there can be no doubt of that. His eyes are glazed; his eyes glare. His body, which is braced in an unnatural position, is tightly cased in a uniform. Upon the breast of that uniform are sewn several medals and mystic symbols. His hand is upon a sword. He is called, in German or Italian, *Führer* or *Duce* — in our own language, Tyrant or Dictator. And behind him lie ruined houses and dead bodies — women and children as well as men.

That is the picture that has imposed itself upon this letter. It would seem that it is the same picture that has imposed

itself upon your own letter — the same picture, but looked at inevitably from a different angle. We are both agreed that the picture is the picture of evil; we are both determined to do what we can, you by your methods, we by ours, to destroy the evil which that picture represents. And we may both be wrong, not only in the methods by which we attempt to destroy that evil, but in our judgment.

Many men of the highest education maintain that the picture is a picture, not of evil, but of good. War, it is argued, brings out the noblest qualities of mankind. The Dictator, it is claimed, is neither a menace nor a monster, but, on the contrary, the consummation of manhood. He is the embodiment of the State; the State is supreme; both men and women must obey its commands, whether they are just or unjust. Obedience is all.

On the other hand, some men also of the highest education maintain that the picture is the picture of evil. War is inhuman, horrible, unnatural, beastly. The Dictator is a monster. His commands must be disobeyed. The State is not supreme. The State is made of human beings — of free men and women, who must think for themselves.

What judge is there to decide which opinion is right, which wrong? There is no judge; there is no certainty in heaven above or on earth below. All we can do

is to examine that picture as clearly as sex and class allow; to bring to bear upon it such illumination as history, biography, and the daily paper put within our reach; and to examine both reasons and emotions as dispassionately as we can.

That is what we have attempted. The Society of Outsiders — to give it too pompous a name — is the result. The rules — to speak too pedantically — are an attempt to embody the findings of that inquiry. At length, then, we have reached what must serve, temporarily at least, for an answer to your question. Given our sex, our past, our education, our traditions, the best way in which we can help you to prevent war is to keep those rules. The best way in which we can help you to prevent war, as society is at present and as we are at present, is to remain outside your society. I have every confidence, Sir, that you will read those words aright, and therefore will not elaborate them further.

To return, finally, to the form which you have sent and ask us to fill up, we will leave it, for the reasons given above, unsigned. But in order to prove as substantially as possible that our aims are identical with your own, here is the guinea: a free gift, given freely to help you to assert 'the rights of all — all men and women — to the respect in their persons of the great principles of Justice and Equality and Liberty.'

GOLD!

BY WELLESLEY ATKINSON

I

I LOOK all right — thirty years old, medium build, with a frank, open countenance. Those with whom I carry on an ordinary conversation apparently accept me as normal. It is only when I start talking about gold that things happen. Things happen even within my family circle — in fact, especially within my family circle. No matter how solemnly I state that I have found some gold, that after two and one-half years of searching I learned where some of the stuff lives, my people smile at me and murmur softly, 'That's fine; we hope it's so.' Their complete incomprehension of my excitement is a dismaying thing.

So I find it best to keep silent. But I am going back as soon as I recover from a digestive disturbance brought on by a prolonged overemphasis on beans and flapjacks. To quit gold mining now is impossible. The virus has me. It is a game, the most strangely fascinating game I have ever played.

It has been an adventure only the more exciting in that the depression-driven amateur miner found the dice loaded against him. Consider first the story of my partners who preceded me to the gold fields by three months and bore the brunt of the initiation.

In March 1933, Joe and Eric Johnson roomed together in a small California town. They were cousins, about twenty-five years of age, full-blooded Swedes of magnificent physical strength. Leaving crowded homes on Kansas farms, they had sought work farther west.

For a year they had managed to keep going on chance jobs. In March they reached the end of their rope. Strangers in the town, they knew only a handful of people, acquaintances picked up in restaurants or on some job, men in the same straits as themselves. The only organizations they could have appealed to were various local charities, and these were frantically overcrowded. As a matter of fact, it never occurred to Joe and Eric to ask help from anyone.

The two held counsel to determine what they should do. It was clear enough that they must start traveling, or starve, but where should they go? The sensible thing, of course, was to hitch-hike back to their people in Kansas and work out their keep on the farm. They decided against it. Why increase the old folks' burden? And also, that was not the way to return home. Some day they would go back, but in a good car, dressed in decent clothes, and with money in their pockets. If they had to beg, let it be from strangers.

'Well,' said Joe, the younger of the two, 'is it the highway or the railroad? The railroad's faster, but if we ain't going anywhere, the highway's just as good.'

'Yeah,' said Eric, 'but we can always do that. There's one chance left—gold.'

In restaurants, poolrooms, and on street corners men were passing on reports from the northern gold country: —

'Men and women are packin' gravel fifty yards, ten hours a day, for two bits

to forty cents a day. If it was n't for a deer now and then, they'd starve.'

'The cream's all gone. You can't make it.'

'They say gold is goin' up, maybe as high as thirty dollars.'

'Well, this guy found a little bar in a canyon up on the Feather River, right near the highway. He had them lower him on a rope a hundred feet down into it. Just a hunch, but he panned out eighty dollars the first day. It's there, but you have to look for it. I'm tellin' you, the old boys could n't have got it all; it ain't reasonable.'

Eric owned a venerable touring car. They had a few pots and pans, a meagre carpentering and digging equipment, four blankets of a sort, a full tank of gasoline, and five dollars borrowed from a friend. The tank of gasoline was calculated to get them to the gold country; the five dollars would have to feed them until they found some gold. Eric had spent two weeks on a prospecting trip the preceding summer, which had been unsuccessful. That was the extent of their experience.

Someone had told them of a mild boom in a remote region of Northern California. The tank of fuel took them to the end of the road at a tiny village. Setting out up the deep, black gorge of the river, they worked their way from bar to bar, and took out ten cents' worth of dust a day in erratic, unskilled, but desperate panning.

The late rains of winter caught them with no tent and no rain clothing. Soaked to the skin all day, every day, they fought off the cold by keeping constantly on the move. Each night they sought out some cave in the canyon walls, dried out before a roaring fire, and cooked their meals.

Far up the river a rancher gave them the use of a cabin. At the end of two weeks their resources totaled a dollar and a half in gold, a few pounds of flour, and a little oatmeal.

Eric, as the leader of the expedition,

decided that the time had come to try another river. In one day's forced march over the pack trail that followed the rim of the canyon high above, they covered the eighteen miles back to their car.

The few grains of gold bought enough gasoline to carry them to a large river flowing through a deep canyon, a river that has been gouged and torn from end to end, its gravels washed and rewashed as waves of miners invaded it in the fifties, sixties, seventies, and again in the nineties. After the depression miners of the nineties had taken a last skimming from the already very thin milk, claims were abandoned, and in 1933, aside from scattered homesteaders, employees of the Forest Service, and an occasional sniper patiently turning over the gravels in the old bars, the river was deserted.

Now Joe and Eric got down to business. They talked with the snipers, copied their equipment, and asked questions. They discovered that what appeared to be hit-or-miss guesswork was in reality an operation involving exact calculation, great skill in the use of tools, and a long acquaintance with the habits of gold and the action of river currents.

Joe and Eric can shovel. They moved tons of gravel, working twelve hours a day, going to bed at dusk because they had no money for kerosene. Forty cents a day was their earnings — enough for food, not enough for a new pair of shoes.

One day they happened upon a spot where years before someone had dug a few feet into an overhanging bank. A pan of gravel out of the hole gave a good prospect. 'Now why,' they wondered, 'did this fellow stop digging?' A closer examination revealed the answer. Further excavation could very easily bring the overhang down on them.

But by this time they had learned that the collapse of a wall of tight gravel, provided the clay content is not too high, is always preceded by a tiny trickle of sand issuing from the opening cracks. Two men using the utmost care might be able to gouge a little deeper.

For two hours one man picked gently at the pay streak while the other kept his eye on the overhang. When they dared go no farther, the small pile of pay dirt was quickly run through the dip box, and they set out for the trading store. The heap of dust weighed out \$2.17; for that they had risked their lives. But that night they had scrambled eggs for supper. The régime of rice and oatmeal was over.

That was the turning point. They began to calculate formations more closely, and traced out the old miners' workings. By the middle of July they were taking out six dollars a week. Eric wrote to Carl, the unemployed carpenter who had lent them the five dollars, inviting him to join them. Carl showed me the letter. I was [out of a job; anything seemed better than that gnawing idleness.

We told each other that we were going for the prospective fifty cents a day. What we were really seeking, of course, was action, adventure, gold. . . .

II

We found our friends where the river, thick and sullen, and stained a dirty cocoa-brown by the silt from the mines far above, flows through a great forested canyon. In this canyon, a hundred feet from the river's edge, our two partners were running an open cut into a deep gravel bank. We discovered Joe seated on the edge of the cut beside a wheelbarrow. He was dressed in dilapidated shoes without socks, ancient corduroy trousers patched with canvas, a tiny felt 'dinky' cap he had filched from some schoolboy. He sat there, a hundred and seventy-five pounds of Kansas brawn, tanned from the belt upward a dull copper-brown, and grinned at us. Eric, he explained, was working out their cabin rent over at the owner's ranch.

We looked over the diggings. The pay dirt was wheeled out over the edge of the river on a wooden trestle, dumped on to a platform, and shoveled through a coarse

wire screen into the hopper of the sluice box. One man stood in the shallow water beside the box and poured dippers of water over the screened gravel as it ran out of the hopper into the sluice box. The gold settled at once to the bottom and was caught in burlap sacking held down by a heavy wire screen which served also as riffles.

That first day, Carl and I stood near the sluice box and watched in silence. I saw stretching ahead of us hard labor and long hours under that glowering July sun. It was to be a kind of slavery, no less arduous because there would be no master except the wolf-at-the-door.

The man at the box finished the day's run of gravel and began to clean up. We drew near to watch the bottom of the box as the water washed away the sand. Then we saw it — tiny flakes, pale yellow or red with rust — gold, unmistakable.

The burlap sacking was washed in a gold pan and the contents panned down until nothing but gold and black sand remained. After a thorough drying on the stove, this mixture was placed in a copper pan and the black sand, principally oxides of iron, removed with a magnet and by blowing with the breath. The very fine particles of gold remaining in the sand were recovered with mercury.

The tiny mound of dust that represented the day's run was poured into the pill bottle and duly measured.

'About two dollars to-day,' said Joe.

So that was two dollars. We stared at it. We forgot dollars. From that glass vial the Goddess smiled at us. Clean gold has an unreasonable beauty — a soft pervasive glow. I have watched a professional gold buyer weigh out gold for the ten-thousandth time, and heard him remark as he poured it on the scales, 'That's pretty gold you got there.' The finder of a nugget, be it a tiny four-bit piece or a ten-dollar slug, invariably carries it around in his wallet so that he can show it to everyone and have an opportunity to gloat over it whenever he opens the wallet.

'How many wheelbarrows in that?' we asked.

'Twenty. That's the day's run.'

'Then the four of us will have to run forty, two at the box and two getting out gravel. No, forty-five; we ought to gain something in efficiency.'

The next day we ran fifty-five loads and broke the wheelbarrow. But did we get the theoretical five dollars and fifty cents? We did not; our reward was three-fifty and a two-hour shutdown while the wheelbarrow was rebuilt.

When finished, the little push-wagon was an architectural perplexity, but it ran and was strong enough to carry two-hundred-pound boulders. The frame and handles were of rough-hewn oak cut from the woods, the wheel was a loan from our rancher-landlord, the rest was driftwood lumber reinforced with strips cut from tin cans. Give a Kansas farmer a hammer and a length of wire and he can repair a grand piano.

Daily our little hole in the bank grew deeper. The early hydraulic miners had left this bit of ground because a high rim of bedrock made drainage expensive. If we could go deep enough, and if the rim proved to be just where it ought to be, and if the rim should have a little fold or 'catch' in it just there, some nice gold was waiting for us.

Unexpectedly, we struck water. The ancient channel we were working in was deeper than we had calculated. We were helpless without machinery.

From the storekeeper we borrowed a tiny gasoline engine and an ancient pump. The two Kansans labored over this decrepit outfit for half a day, practically rebuilt it, and set it up. After two hours of terrific exertion, the little motor had the water lowered two feet. Frantically we shoveled out the gravel; there were four dollars in a half yard of pay dirt. We were getting into it.

And now the panting little engine expired. The lift was too great for it. We took the outfit back to the owner and sat in the store gloomily.

In that country anything for sale is posted in the grapevine newspaper, and the information conveyed for miles along the river. It is always strictly reliable. Ten miles down river, the storekeeper told us, a suitable pump outfit could be had for thirty-five dollars.

We had ten dollars. To be sure, we knew we were into dirt that could pay off the balance in a week; but there is no one more skeptical of a miner's optimism than another miner. A miner thinks nothing of putting in a whole day helping a friend; he will lend tools, time, and money, but when he is selling out his outfit he demands cash.

It is often a year before a new miner has saved enough to buy an engine, if indeed he ever does. Almost always he comes to the gold fields at the very end of his resources.

In the end, we applied to our people at home for a loan. Within a week we had the money order, and the pump. Down into that channel we fought our way, foot by foot. Huge boulders had to be pried loose, shattered with a sledge, and removed; the suction pipe had to be manœuvred constantly as the water was lowered. It was the hardest kind of labor, but a yard of that hard-won gravel turned the box yellow with gold in half a day. In five days we took out fifty dollars. The last day we cleaned up a full ounce — all 'scale-gold' small flakes about the size and color of cigarette tobacco. We added bacon and canned goods to our larder. Joe sent to a mail-order house for a pair of shoes.

We had struck squarely upon the rim we were seeking. Unfortunately our pit was so deep that the walls were endangered by seepage. The night after we abandoned the hole, one wall crumbled, burying what was left of the pay dirt under tons of worthless material. Down there somewhere was the bedrock with some sweet gold in the crevices, but we should never see it.

Our company went into executive session. Said Eric, 'There's a claim down

river that we can lease for running a drift [tunnel]. We've got the pump; Joe and I used to blast stumps on the farm; the rest is ordinary hammer and saw. There's nothing to it.' It was so ordered.

We set up our camp on a sandy, shaded bench by the river, and began work on the drift. The truth was, the thrill of the game we were playing was taking hold of us. We were working in the open, in a mountain region of complete and enveloping loveliness; there was no boss standing over us. We were free.

But it was the freedom of the castaway on his desert island. It was work or go hungry; every resource of equipment and knowledge must be used. As we got under way, problems of construction completely absorbed the three carpenters. They would growl and argue over chalk lines and timbering sets, but as a matter of fact they were having the time of their lives. We had got hold of an iron dumpcart from an abandoned coal mine, but there were no rails for it. We hewed out rails from native fir with a broadaxe, and built an inclined trestle from the drift out over the riverbank. The mine timbers came from far up the slope on the opposite side of the river. We studied old drifts for details of timbering. That part was easy. It was the actual excavation that was agonizingly slow. We were in heavy ground, boulders of all sizes wedged so tightly together that it required hours of prying with the bar and pounding with the sledge to gain two or three feet. The strength of the two Swedish farmers was always a source of wonder to me. Carl and I are of ordinary physique with a capacity for an average day's work. Our partners inherited a build that extends from the ground up, solid and symmetrical as an oak. Joe was a champion basketball player; Eric is a 155-pound Sandow. With them it was 'Can do,' and the boulders moved.

Most difficult was the hard-rock drilling. We encountered a few boulders so big that we had to blast our way through

them. We were days getting through five feet of rock. The fault lay in our drills; we could sharpen them reasonably well, but we could never get the temper just right. I am not going to forget the night Joe and I banged away from eight till two drilling one eighteen-inch hole in a tough black boulder.

Fifty, sixty feet we pushed that drift. The last three weeks we worked day and night in a race with our grocery credit. It was a good mine. The timbering was neat and sturdy; the railroad was a thing of beauty. We were proud of that mine. We are still proud of it.

But there was no gold connected with it. The rim was somewhere else. Our grubstake was gone, we were in debt at the store. The November rains had started; there would be snow soon. We needed winter clothes, blankets, and a cabin. A prolonged diet consisting mostly of flapjacks, rice, beans, and potatoes had resulted in a decline of physical strength and a sullen discouragement.

There was only one thing to do. We went to the man who had given us the lease and told him we were pulling our equipment out the next day. Without a change of expression he said, 'Sure; put your stuff on the barge and drop down to my claim across the river. There's a man and his wife there now makin' a dollar a day dippin' by hand. You ought to take out five dollars with your pump. I'll show you where to start; I've prospected all over that bar.' We had won friends; this man was the best prospector on the river.

The next evening we had five dollars in the treasury. In addition we bagged a fat young goose that had strayed from some flock in the fog of the night before. It seemed like manna from Heaven — it was the first and last goose I ever saw on that river.

The situation called for a celebration. The goose was roasted in the Dutch oven with all the trimmings. (There were no credit complications now.) Dinner was served by lamplight under our

canvas awning. Jason, the owner of the claim, was guest of honor and also chief cook.

Extending diagonally across the bar was a pay streak about fifty feet wide and a hundred feet long, with an average depth of four feet. We shoveled a swath back and forth across it, each day pouring tons of gravel through the sluice box. In our race against time, we had to develop efficiency. Within a week we had the outfit functioning like a factory, every man working at top speed, the pay dirt moving in a steady stream from gravel pit to screen, to sluice box, to tailing pile. Every night there was a third of an ounce of gold in the box.

And the same strangely working economic forces that had exiled us into the mountains now in a turn of the wheel tossed money into our laps. Gold went up! From the original \$17 (our price), it moved to \$20, to \$26, and became eventually pegged at \$29.

We moved into a cabin; there were new boots, flannel shirts, and bright new shovels. The future seemed secure; we could hunt deer and quail and rabbits and let the snows come. The long hours of labor in the open had engendered a certain dull tranquillity that was like contentment.

It was too good to last. In three weeks our ravenous four-man machine had devoured our entire pay streak. The other occupants of the bar, an old man and his wife who were laboriously working a hand outfit, offered to share with us the little pay area they had found. We declined the offer, with thanks. Said Eric, as we moved on to prospect for a new place to work, 'No wonder that old man's broke; I'll bet he's been giving things away all his life.'

III

Like all the new snipers, we were poor prospectors. Prospecting is a business not to be learned in a season or two. A two-foot excavation here, a pan or two

out of an old hole there, and our patience was exhausted. The four of us traveled dejectedly up and down that little bar, and at the end of a half day set out for new territory up the river. I was afterwards to learn that there was a vast amount of untouched pay dirt on that bar, lying snugly in the deep strata next to bedrock and all along the bank in the virgin ground just above high-water line.

We did not ask Jason to show us another pay streak. Our search had satisfied us that there was no gold left. In three weeks we had taken out \$175. We were prosperous miners now; we could do our own prospecting.

Each man with an independent outfit, — pick, shovel, and pan, — we worked slowly up the canyon. We dug so many holes that someone was bound to strike something. There came a sudden cold snap; the river dropped to an abnormal low, exposing ground usually covered by six inches of water. Eric chanced upon a pay streak that proved to be a hundred feet long, eighteen feet wide, and one foot deep. We took care of it in one week, and were thirty dollars richer.

We got by. There was plenty of food in the cabin as the snows came. One evening in January a neighbor dropped in to see us, one of the foremen of the near-by CCC camp.

'I've got a few vacancies,' he said. 'I watched you fellows at work on that drift when I went swimming with the boys last summer. Nice timber work. Our boys are husky and willing enough, but this last bunch are all from the city. If we start 'em out in the morning with sharp axes, by noon they've hit so many rocks the axe is a sledgehammer. We need local men. You can get in as local experienced woodsmen, \$30 a month, paid directly to you. An assistant leader gets \$36; a leader, \$45.'

Joe and Eric joined the camp. Eric is now leader of an axe gang; Joe has charge of the camp's wood supply.

Carl and I could not give up our freedom. To work when we pleased and go

where we pleased, when we pleased, was too comfortable, and mining was too interesting.

We had a nice setup in a large deposit of gravel, low-grade but consistent. The cleanup on Saturday always paid the grocery bill, with usually enough extra to take us to the dance thirty miles down river.

In April, Carl went home to look after the rental of a house he owns. Building had picked up; his former boss had a place for him.

I worked alone, boring into the riverbank in search of richer spots where the old channels crossed. Spring on the river is a brief, intense quiet, when the rains are suddenly over and the sun has not yet burned the life out of all that green glory.

One day as I was prospecting about, the point of my shovel dug into a stratum of strangely colored gravel — blue as indigo and heavy as iron sand. Now along the river there is a legend about blue gravel. The old storekeepers will give a miner credit 'if the bedrock's a-pitchin' and the gravel's turnin' blue.'

As I started to wash a pan of that gravel, I was shaking so that I could scarcely hold the pan. The stuff was hard to wash, too, heavy and sluggish. It was blank. In the next few hours I tried a dozen more samples; I followed the blue gravel down through three feet of water to bedrock. There was not a color in a yard of it.

I sought the opinion of my friend Jason. He studied the formation and gave his judgment: —

'When you hit it in blue gravel, you got somethin'. Wait for low water, then follow the bedrock in; if it's there it's goin' to be heavy gold and all in a heap at the bottom of the deposit. You may have nothin' or a thousand bucks within fifteen feet of you.'

Carefully, so that no trace of telltale blue stain could catch the eye of a wandering prospector, I filled in the test hole, and raked the top gravel over it.

The next day I left for a month's work with an electric power company far back in the hills.

When I returned I found my equipment placed in a neat pile just outside the claim. Next morning a man visited my camp. He introduced himself as the owner of the claim.

I said, 'O. K. We filed on the claim because we were told that you had left the country two years ago and we thought you had abandoned it. You had until the first of July to do your assessment work. You got here in time, so that's that. Would you consider selling all or a part of your claim?'

'No.'

'How about leasing?'

'No.'

After a while I wandered down to the diggings to look things over. From end to end the exposed formation had been gouged and sampled, but my blue gravel had escaped detection. I say 'my blue gravel.' The claim belonged to someone else, but I considered the discovery my own possession. The angle that worried me was the uncertainty. Was the gold there? I could buy that claim, somehow. With what? Risk other people's money in a wildcat gamble? I decided to forget it.

Jason was building a cabin. He has been, at various times in his forty-odd years, carpenter, auto mechanic, machinist, farmer, sailor, oil worker, and a few other things he has mentioned and I've forgotten. For the last eight years he has been intermittently a gold miner. He has a nose for gold, an intuition that is uncanny.

I said, 'I have an outfit and no ground. You've got claims and no motor. Suppose we go into partnership?'

Jason drove a dozen more nails. 'Yeah, I reckon,' he said. 'I'll be through here in two weeks. Move your stuff and start diggin' holes. Go over on that bar where you fellers quit and sink a hole every fifty feet. Pan every foot as you go down and don't stop for

nothin' but water or bedrock. It's some gold there somewhere. Look for a yellow mud streak; if the mud colors up the water while you're pannin', it's a good sign. Gold's got to have something to hold it, see? Pieces of iron and old square nails run with gold in second wash. Little rocks shaped like hot cakes and cookies follow a pay streak. Main thing is to get those holes deep.'

I dug holes. A pick is used for the first foot, then a digging bar. We used Model T drive shafts, sharpened to a curved chisel prying edge on one end and a straight point on the other.

The first week I got nothing but exercise. The second week I found a mud streak. In the first pan from it there were two bright little nuggets, worth about two cents each. With our outfit, that was wages gravel.

After working off the top to water level, we put the pump in the hole and went down to bedrock. It was good pay, but all second wash. The old boys had been there.

Jason was not satisfied. He scraped around on the bedrock nearest the river and brought up a small quantity of greenish-blue gravel. It was heavy and stuck to the point of his shovel like a lump of clay.

'Virgin ground,' said Jason. 'They drained this hole with the Chinese paddle-wheel pump and must a been shovelin' out of water or they would n't have left any gravel on the bottom. This is as deep as they went; we can handle more water than they could. I got an idea.'

He stood on the level sand next to our hole and studied the curve of the river and the slope of the gravel on the bar. Then with the point of a pick he marked out a rectangle in the sand, starting at the edge of the hole and extending down river some fifty feet. 'There's the coarse gold streak,' he said. 'If bedrock ain't deeper than it is here, we'll get second-wash scrapin's. If it's deeper, we'll get virgin ground. We'll take and dump the overburden in the river, makin'

a levee with our tailin's, and work out into the river.'

For several days we wheeled out the worthless top gravel, clearing our area down to water level. When all was ready, Jason drove a bar down through the gravel on the floor of our excavation. At two feet he struck something solid. He screwed out the bar with a three-foot Stillson and examined the point. It held traces of a blue shale-like substance.

'Bedrock,' he announced. 'We taken all this trouble for nothin'.'

We sat on the edge of the hole and looked at our week's work.

'Well,' said Jason, 'we got this hole stripped; just as well take it down to bedrock. There'll be a little color on it.'

From the first hole we followed the bedrock across the new excavation. There were twenty feet of fair second-wash scrapings. Abruptly, the bedrock dipped straight down. The gravel changed to a compact, sticky blue-black.

Jason stared at it a moment and spoke softly: —

'That was n't bedrock I fetched up on the bar. It was virgin ground. This—here's a pothole.'

IV

In the next month we took out five hundred dollars, pushing back the river with our levee until we were working far from the original bank and eight feet below the surface of the river. We bought a larger pump to take care of the water. At the farthest point reached we struck a layer of bright yellow clay just above the blue gravel, the concentrated wash from years of hydraulic mining above. It was rich in large nuggets, lost in the careless sixties and seventies.

It became evident that this section of the river had been too deep to wing-dam and that the entire main channel was untouched. We stared into the depths of the river, now crystal-clear, and became oppressed by visions of the gold-laden crevices and masses of rich concentrates that lay so near. No won-

der my people notice a peculiar gleam in my eye when I talk about gold.

It was growing late in the season. One good rain in the headwaters and our fragile levee would give way. As the rains began, we kept the pump going day and night, and put in a twenty-four-hour crew.

When the river fell after the first storm we gambled on another try, and again the river ran us out.

In November there was enough water to open the hydraulic season. Jason had a pipe and Giant on lease. After months with pick and shovel, it was a joy to stand beside the huge iron gun, swing the perfectly balanced barrel with a touch of the hand, send tons of water crashing into a gravel bank, and watch it churn the gravel into a red froth, then kick the boiling muck along the race and into the mouth of the sluice.

With those yards and yards of gravel roaring through the box, I looked for a rich deposit of values behind each wooden riffle. Jason grinned at me strangely and at the end of the day's run obligingly panned the contents of the first riffle. About ten cents!

'This is a tough game,' he said. 'The old-timers worked out all the pay they could find, and remember they had seventy years to hunt for it. Our only chance is to prospect with the Giant, cut into these chunks of gravel they left, and hope we strike somethin'.'

Again and again we moved our huge outfit, each time knocking down three hundred feet of pipe, packing the heavy joints hundreds of yards through rain and mud, and hammering them together again on some distant hillside. When we did strike a few days' pay, we spent the money hiring men to help us move the outfit to another prospect.

The winter dragged along. In March we had the worst luck of the season — two weeks of boring into an enormous bank of gravel, and two dollars and eighty cents to show for it.

One noon I had quit early and gone to

the cabin to cook dinner. Jason came in half an hour later. He stood in the doorway a moment and looked at me, saying nothing. Then he drew a folded wad of paper from his watch pocket and tossed it on the table.

'Well,' he said, 'I hit it. That's four pans out of the pay streak. There's a good two bucks there.'

It was coarse, rusty gold. I said, 'We were bound to hit it sometime, moving all that dirt.'

Jason laughed. 'That's the funny part of it. I did n't run into it with the Giant. This gravel was in plain sight all the time. The guys who worked that back channel had to cut a race through the front channel to get dump. This pay streak is in the front channel and only ten feet wide; they plumb overlooked it. I happened to look up at the bank while I was watchin' the sluice, and saw a clay streak that looked interestin', and there she was.'

All we had to do was to extend our pipe line a hundred feet and reset the Giant for a direct assault on the pay streak. A hundred feet! We had long since pressed into service every ancient, rusty joint that we could hammer into shape. In desperation we spent two precious days searching miles along the river for a few sections of pipe, or just fifty feet, or 'Please, mister, lend us two joints for one month?' The hydraulic boom was on, everything was tied up.

Very well, if we were unable to go around that mountain of gravel, we would cut a path through it and shorten our pipe line. A solid week we hammered at the hillside cutting a way through. We were ready to relay the pipe. Jason glanced up at the towering bank that loomed above us. Across the face of it was a huge perpendicular crack.

It looked safe enough to me. That bank was as dry and hard as an adobe wall. But Jason swung the Giant about and directed the stream squarely into the centre of the wall. 'We got to get a cave,' he explained, 'and bring that

overhang down. It might stay up there fifty years or ten minutes. Plenty of men been killed workin' in too close. Never trust a clay bank.'

One of us worked on the cave while the other stood at a distance and scanned the bank for the tiny trickle of gravel that would indicate a widening of the crack in the wall.

In three days we had a hole in the bank large enough to hold a couple of freight cars, and still the overhang held.

We looked at the snow cap on the ridge above us. It was fast disappearing. When the last of the snow vanished, our water would shut off like a faucet.

Jason called for the sledgehammer, digging bar, and all the dynamite we had. We ascended the cliff from the rear and planted the powder ten feet from the brow of the cliff. The fuse lit, we took up grandstand seats on a distant hillside.

The charge exploded with a satisfying subterranean tremor, but the bank held.

'It's workin' inside,' said Jason. 'Tomorrow about this time she'll fall.'

The next day the bank gave way, burying the pay streak and the entire race in an avalanche of trees, boulders, and gravel. The Giant itself was partially engulfed. We dug it out and trained it on the mountain of débris that lay across the race. The trees had to be cut up and thrown aside, the large boulders broken into eight-inch fragments that would go through the box.

In three days, working long hours, we had the race cleaned and the Giant reset as close to the pay streak as the pipe would reach. It was going to be a matter of a few feet, win or lose. While Jason wedged the base of the Giant snugly in place and reduced to the three-inch nozzle to give us greater range, I went over the mile and a half of ditch and flume, stopping small leaks to get another fraction of an inch of water. When I had finished I opened the head gate above the pipe line and came down ahead of the water.

We stood beside the Giant as the water

roared down the pipe, the leaky old joints hissing as the water backed up and increased the pressure. The column of water beat along the race, gradually lifting toward the pay streak. Then it was into it, with a force that sent the brown muck dancing along the bedrock and into the mouth of the sluice. We were going to get a few yards of pay dirt through anyhow. I hurried down to the mouth of the sluice, grabbed the sluice hook, and the mine went into production.

When we turned the Giant to one side after three hours' run, the riffles were rich with gold and here and there on the clean-swept bedrock lay the heavier nuggets, burnished to a gleaming yellow by the whirl of sand and water.

Three days of frenzied piping, and on the fourth day the water dropped off, chopping ten feet off our range. It might as well have been ten miles; for us the season was over. With the last of the water, Jason piped clay from the bank above down over the pay streak, completely hiding it.

When we cleaned up we had a nice bottle of heavy gold, enough to grubstake us for several months. I turned the bottle in my fingers, fascinated by the compact, gleaming mass. 'Jason,' I said, 'I'm going nuts. Why did n't we find that streak two months ago? Why did n't we have fifty feet more pipe?'

'Take it easy,' said Jason. 'You can't mine gold without you're a little bit crazy; or if you ain't, you will be. Forget it. That gold can't walk away; we'll get it next year. In the meantime, we got work to do. First, we file on this ground; it's been open for fifty years. Then we see what's here; maybe in six months we'll have a few acres prospected.'

Well, we're in partnership, the water will soon be roaring down hundreds of feet of new pipe, and we'll be off to a new season. Everyone has a right to be crazy about one thing. For mine, I'll take gold mining.

ONE DEMOCRACY TO ANOTHER

BY SIR HERBERT GEPP

[THE writer of this article, after nearly thirty years in manufacturing and metallurgical industries, was for ten years in the service of the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia as an economic adviser and investigator. For the past few years he has been managing director of the largest paper-manufacturing company in Australia, but is still serving the government as a director of the North Australian Aerial Geological and Geophysical Survey. He was a member of the delegation to the Imperial Conference in 1926 and has been a member of a number of royal commissions appointed by the Federal Government of Australia; during 1934-1935 he was chairman of the Royal Commission on the Industries of Wheat, Flour, and Bread. He was knighted by King George V in 1933 in recognition of public service. In 1915-1916 he was accredited to the Prime Minister of Canada by the Prime Minister of Australia in connection with the production of munitions; in 1924 he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Institution of Mining and Metallurgy of London for work in connection with improvements in the treatment of complex sulphide ores. — THE EDITOR]

I

WE of Australia and New Zealand, your English-speaking opposite numbers on the west shores of the Pacific Ocean, and particularly those of us who have had the privilege of knowing and therefore esteeming you of the United

States, have been watching with anxious sympathy your developments since 1932.

To few, if any, in Australia has the United States meant more than to me personally. Nothing but kindness has been shown to me during all my visits, and particularly during the long and anxious war years of 1915 and 1916. My wife and I and our children will always remember that with gratitude.

And so I am emboldened with all humility to write of my impressions during a strenuous two months' visit in North America, from Los Angeles through the South to Savannah, Georgia, stopping at numerous centres; to Washington, thence into Virginia, and thence to New York; to Boston, Montreal, Ottawa, and Detroit; to Hamilton and Middletown, Ohio; to Chicago; to Beloit, Wisconsin; to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and to Vancouver. At all these centres I had the opportunity and privilege of full discussion with many shades of opinions and knowledge. I hope that the comments in this article will perhaps make some slight contribution towards the restoration of stability and return of confidence which, all will admit, are needed in the United States to-day.

The problems of all democracies are the same. The difficulties vary according to the number of people and the complexity of each civilization, and are influenced greatly by many other circumstances and conditions. The homogeneity of the Australian people, the comparative poverty of the nation, the fact that Australia is a great export country and

depends upon its exports to maintain its financial integrity, are pertinent factors in the Australian picture. Again, Australia started to experiment with measures of social adjustment thirty years ago, the prime cause of this early action being the inherent feeling against the growing abuses of the industrial era. This feeling was strong in Australia because many of its people were sons and daughters, either of rebels against early nineteenth-century social conditions in Great Britain, or of adventurous spirits who flocked to the country in their thousands in the 1850's and 1860's, attracted by the lure of easily won gold.

I was in Great Britain and Germany in 1895 and 1896, and again in 1911 and 1912. I was impressed and somewhat saddened by the growing indications of social revolt against industrial conditions. Social adjustment of a major type or social revolution would probably have occurred in Great Britain before 1920 if the Great War had not intervened. Visiting the United States and Canada at intervals from 1896 onwards, and living for nearly two years in North America during 1915 and 1916, I viewed with growing concern the impact of the overintensive industrialization of this country, the dangerously rapid increase of wealth, and the absence of any national realization of the necessity for forethought and preparation against accumulating dangers of an out-of-balance social system — safe only when on the upgrade of prosperity.

And then, after more than twenty years of work as an industrial leader, for nearly ten years I served under various prime ministers of Australia in the study of national problems. Slowly, but to an ever-increasing extent, I came to wonder whither we were all drifting. I was brought almost daily into contact with conditions illustrative of the creaking and groaning financial and industrial system. With others, I began to realize that we were approaching the end of an era and that stronger and stronger

methods of adjustment in our democratic system were urgently necessary. Otherwise, so it seemed to us, the desperation of the majority, the almost inarticulate resentment against uncontrolled forces, would create conditions leading to the dictatorship of a well-organized, forceful minority. This minority would plan ahead, white-ant, and then capture the military organization of the country, and maintain its power through its control of armaments and, where necessary, its use of the machine gun. Such control would probably be welcomed by the desperate many as the only alternative to social chaos.

And so it has happened in many countries.

II

The economic blizzard struck Australia in 1930 with a force and suddenness unexampled. Australia had been spending annually for years approximately £40,000,000 of loan money obtained from overseas. The development of works financed by these loans came to an end because, almost without notice, Australia found that it could not borrow a penny overseas. Nearly 30 per cent of our people previously gainfully employed were suddenly thrown out of work. Confidence was destroyed; all expenditure except that absolutely necessary ceased. No new houses were being built, and the overseas prices of our export products fell alarmingly. It was even thought that it might be necessary to declare a state of national emergency.

But slowly the nation began to face its facts. The great majority determined to assist in every way to avoid repudiation of payments for interest and services overseas even to the extent of heavy sacrifices internally. Over £30,000,000 annually was required to meet these charges overseas. The Commonwealth and state governments coöperated to a marked degree and were assisted by many of us (irrespective of class or

section) in business and industry. An almost unanimous individual approval was obtained for the government's proposal of a $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent reduction of interest on all Australian bonds held in Australia, amounting to approximately £500,000,000. Legislation enforced a similar reduction on preference shares and debentures and other fixed-interest stocks. Following upon this contribution by the rentier, the Federal Arbitration Court decreed a 10 per cent reduction in the basic wage of all wage earners within the Court's jurisdiction, and this was in general applied throughout the Commonwealth.

This action, taken by the Court after a long, patient hearing, was decided upon with sincere regret, because of the realization that the reduction in purchasing power of the great mass of the people was inadvisable under normal circumstances. It was felt, however, that every step to restore confidence and thereby to restore employment was essential. Again, a minimum cost of production of our main exports was important as a contribution towards meeting our overseas obligations. The decision of the Court was loyally accepted by the people of Australia as a regrettable necessity, and no serious industrial disturbance took place.

The Commonwealth Bank, acting to a certain extent as a Federal Reserve Bank and with the support of the governments in general, depreciated the currency by 25 per cent in relation to sterling. The depreciation of the currency raised the price of all primary produce, including gold, other metals, wool, wheat, and fruit, so that the producers received for such articles, the value of which was determined by overseas prices, 25 per cent more in Australian currency. The states applied special unemployment taxation and the Commonwealth assisted the states in many ways to carry on and to help industry. For instance, it granted a sum of £500,000, distributed by a

special committee to the various states, to revive the gold-mining industry, which had fallen from its high estate during years of prosperity when costs were high and the price of gold was low. In 1929 the output of gold had fallen to 432,000 ounces; the output in 1937 was nearly 1,400,000 ounces.

Relief works were organized, moratoria were declared to protect the honest, distressed debtor, and primary producers, such as wheat growers, were assisted for some years by the Federal Treasury through the state governments to the extent of millions of pounds. For instance, the direct assistance given by the Federal Government to keep the wheat farmer on the land was over £14,000,000. Together with the assistance, direct and indirect, given by the state governments and by private creditors, the total was well over £20,000,000. Of these facts I am well aware, because I was chairman of the Royal Commission on the Wheat, Flour, and Bread Industries, which established during 1934 and 1935 the economic facts applying to these industries.

Australia had many trials and tribulations during this stressful period of years. There was not complete unanimity between all the governments, but the adjustments were finally achieved. When Mr. S. M. Bruce was Prime Minister, prior to 1930, he had arranged with the states to consolidate all government loans and establish a Central Government Authority — the Loan Council, to control all government borrowing and to guarantee jointly the financial integrity of all states. This agreement, supported by the strong action of the Central Commonwealth Bank, enforced finally the financial adjustments desired by the majority of the governments.

The Commonwealth Bank assisted materially to tide over the financial troubles by issuing Treasury Bills in order to finance the deficits of various state governments. Slowly, since then,

the finances of the governments have improved, until to-day collectively the deficits have been eliminated. Another great problem has arisen, however, owing to the enormous increase in the estimates and expenditure for defense — approximately £40,000,000 spread over three or four years. But that is another story not directly connected with the theme or purpose of this article.

When I left Australia early in February last, economic conditions were fairly good. Unemployment was less serious, confidence was good, and the national feeling was steadier and more consolidated than I had known it for years. True, the nervousness about the future of international affairs in the Pacific Ocean area was a distinct factor in steadying the nation. Taxation is heavy, but is more or less cheerfully borne. The reduction in the basic wage of the wage earners had been restored, and a prosperity bonus of 6s. 6d. per week (say \$1.50) had been added, subject to review from time to time.

But we are still concerned about two great problems: (1) the threat to world peace due to the population pressure of three great virile 'dictatorship' nations; (2) the comparative absence of study leading to solution of the world-wide problem of the adjustment between production and consumption.

None of us can or should forget that the two things that worry the average citizen of democratic, quasi-individualistic countries are the fear of sickness and the fear of unemployment. We must at long last swing more and more of our research work from material to social investigations. All great industries to-day have scientific research organizations — governmental and private. But shame on us, we have no research institutions for the social sciences — the science of mankind. The need is urgent, vital, imperative, and woe betide us if we delay.

We, the leaders of industry and commerce and finance, have never yet

realized our duty to society. We have thought too much and too long of financial results, of scientific material improvement. We have forgotten that democracy predicates and demands individual contribution toward social adjustment and security, and that the greater our job and our position, the greater our responsibility for social duty and performance. However much we may try to comfort ourselves by the repetition of the idea that the dictatorship form of government is inherently unsound and unstable, there is little evidence to support this pseudo-comforting thought when consideration is given to the ever-growing complexity of national life. By common consent, dictatorships are solving, temporarily at least, problems which democracies have failed to solve (I might almost say, have not attempted to solve) — namely, the increasing disparity between our abilities to produce and to spread the benefits of increased production. Governments are necessary to industry and commerce. Industry and commerce are necessary to governments. But the greater opportunities for service lie with industry and commerce.

I fear that the reverse has been applying of late years. And whose fault is it? Is it not a fact that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Neville Chamberlain, Anthony Eden, Léon Blum, John L. Lewis, Harry Bridges, Premier Aberhart of Alberta, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and indeed all of us, are products of certain sets of conditions? Are not conditions controllable if sufficient prevision and consequent action are applied?

III

And now I come to the impressions gathered during two intensive months in North America. I was alarmed by the first impact with the mental atmosphere in your great country. On the steamer from Australia and after I landed, discussions proceeded normally until the

President and the Federal Administration were mentioned — and then ‘the deluge.’ Normality disappeared and storms rose, and I could get no further. However, a little experience led to methods of approach which avoided this trouble, and then I found almost invariably a serious disquiet and much searching of heart and mind. There was a sincere desire to discuss the problem, and no effort to avoid plain facts and possible unpleasant eventualities — also always a request for an unvarnished and complete expression of my own views and impressions. And so I gained encouragement and hope.

Briefly one thing, and one thing only, alarms me in the United States to-day, and that is the ever-widening chasm between the two great buttresses of any democracy — the central government, on the one hand, and the leaders of the great organizations of industry, commerce, and finance on the other. And the social responsibility to the great mass of the nation is in danger of being more and more overlooked as the song of hate rises in intensity, as the chasm widens and deepens, and as the social structure shakes and trembles on the edge.

I think that at this time of writing that is not an exaggerated picture. At least I write as I feel, and I believe that my two years of active life in this country enable me to sense the atmosphere reasonably quickly and accurately. At any rate the survey I submit has the agreement and support of almost everyone I have met.

Realizing that the failure of your great nation to adjust on a democratic basis will mean the disappearance of democracies in our British Commonwealth of Nations, I have called up the courage to write as I find, with a prayer that my small contribution will help.

Things change quickly, and even before this article is published I believe the promise of improvement will have appeared. I have been more optimistic than many of the men and women with

whom I have conferred during the past two months. And this is so because I have found throughout the nation many people who are beginning to realize that they each individually must take a hand — that democracy is based upon the individual, and that the ‘inevitableness of gradualness’ must be adopted as the watchword of democratic adjustment.

I quote from the *New York Times* of Sunday, April 3, a portion of an article by Winthrop Case, ‘The Business Cycle Now at a Decisive Stage’: —

The problem seems to come back once more to the question of confidence. Revival in the all-important durable-goods industries and the reduction in their unemployment rest on the willingness of individual and corporate buyers to make purchases that necessarily tie up their resources for a considerable length of time. For the individual, this implies confidence in the job, and this in the end comes equally back to the confidence of industry’s leaders.

Fortunately, Congress is showing a more conciliatory attitude toward business. Whether business has or has not coöperated as much as it ought, whether or not the administration has shown itself vindictive or punitive, are beside the point. The fact remains that our economic system, for better or worse, must in the end be carried on by its individual leaders. The government may help or it may hinder, but it cannot drive.

The elastic limit of the nation has been sorely tested. Your nation has been trying to achieve in five years what we in Australia, under easier conditions and with a more homogeneous people, have partially achieved in thirty years.

The great mass of the people of any democratic country are content to wait *provided* they know that a policy of adjustment and amelioration is in progress, with the approval of the majority of the leaders of all sections of the community.

The great internal problem facing all of us is to find out how all sections of a democracy can live together in reasonable comfort — ever disputing, ever

striving for improvement, but with inherent mutual consideration and respect. If we fail — dictatorship comes, and then individualism lies only with the dictator and with regimentation of the whole nation.

To me the great tragedy of the present position is that the greatest and richest democracy in the world, which should be leading us in our struggle to avoid the danger of dictatorship, is to-day so torn with internal strife as to be impotent internationally — in this respect.

We in Australia are a small nation, internationally of little moment. Some of us are striving to assist by, for instance, directing the policy of our companies producing commodity goods towards minimum fair returns on a reasonable capitalization, with the purpose of maintaining internal price stability on the lowest possible level. In other words, we believe that industry can help by aiming at security and stability rather than at excessive fluctuating profits. This policy will help the maintenance of confidence and combination of the highest volume and velocity of currency circulation — and therefore maximum employment. Further, we are helping in the study of national economics, and are urging the importance of an economic general staff for the Commonwealth — a recognized and approved economic fact-finding body, staffed by the best brains, in whom the people have confidence.

The remaining democracies of the world must get closer together and help each other more to learn, know, and understand the steps which must be taken to adjust continuously toward a better and fuller life for everyone, including 'the forgotten man.'

We have to realize and understand the increasing tempo of change. We must actively remember that peoples of our race do not want dictatorial unified clique control. Rather do they subconsciously pray for security on some reasonable or even primarily a comparatively lower basis, so long as they have hope, and a chance for their children. They do not want to destroy private enterprise, and will respond so long as they understand and are coöperatively informed of affairs and the development of a policy of progressive adjustment.

Ignorance and suspicion are the main causes of industrial trouble. We none of us have yet brought ourselves to a full acceptance of the necessity for mental honesty in our comments and proposals on industrial and national affairs. We cannot too often tell ourselves that the real wealth of a nation — the only enduring worth-while wealth — is in the spiritual, mental, and physical health of the citizens, and that in a democracy we are all trustees.

While recognizing the difficulties of rival unions, I must say that the right of men (with only their labor to sell) to organize is fundamental, and our experience is that, when this is accepted, slowly but surely the unions develop leaders who are students of economics and moderate men who know that a quart cannot come out of a pint pot.

A spirit of compromise and coöperation will lead to an adjusted democracy if we will all help. This article sounds like a sermon, but it is at least based upon a long life of experience and observation, and an appreciation of an exceedingly critical and temporarily dangerous state of affairs.

SONG

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

FROM Portugal to Finland now
The full moon blesses all delight
And draws across the yielding brow
Her thrilling European night

And far beyond the Atlantic curve
The simple temperate hearts arise
Along whose harbors breaks the surf
And break the slow December skies

And in the dry dome-scattered east
The yellow wicks reclaim the land
And face to face like beast to beast
The unprophetic lovers stand

And somewhere still the aching past
Hides what no mortal heart may know
That loves all summer and at last
Flees northward through the howling snow.

THE PATRON SAINT OF ANDALUSIA

Being an Honest Recital of the Incredible

BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

ALL Nationalist Spain looks on General Franco as its savior. Queipo de Llano is its living legend. He has said the ineffable word; he has done the impossible deed; he has walked the impassable way. You can tell it by the look with which men touch their caps, while women smile and children follow him. In his heroic moods he is the incarnation of the Cid, but the Spanish heart needs more than heroism. It needs the support of shrewd and homely wit; and something of Sancho Panza's prudence, something of his humor, all of his devotion, have given General Queipo the common touch. He has saved the rich, and the poor love him. Of the new Spain he is the perfect common denominator.

It was at the Andalusian Palace Hotel in Seville that I saw him. He had asked us to lunch, and punctually at two he came. Cooks and maids came crowding to the pantry doors to catch a glimpse, and not one but was laughing broadly to see him. He might have been a great actor coming into his own. To me, the first impression of him was of the leader of men — tall, soldierly, and confident of the adoration that surrounds him. Suddenly in the crowd he caught sight of an old lady dressed in rusty black. Anyone who looked at her face would know she had seen good days, but Queipo was familiar with her story (there is not a Sevillian whose story he does not know)

— her husband shot by the Reds, her house burned over her head, and she surviving by the charity of friends. The General took her hand and kissed it in homage to all that she had suffered for Spain. Then he turned to his guests.

He was chuckling audibly as he came up and handed me the latest paper from Barcelona. On the first page was a large photograph picturing a number of workmen digging a trench. Below them stood three guards fingering their rifles with easy nonchalance, and beneath was the caption: 'Workers, this is the way Fascists make you toil. Will you stand it?' To me it seemed no laughing matter, but in an instant I saw the point, for General Queipo produced from his pocket another newspaper bearing a date just six years earlier. Its first page bore the identical photograph, but the caption was different: 'Workmen protected from violence during the late strike.' It was a neat riposte.

For a self-respecting Spaniard, four courses for lunch are a modicum, and it takes at least seven to fill the chinks of comfort. From two to five we sat, the staff doing its full duty, the general eating sparingly and drinking less. But almost ceaselessly he talked — talked with laughter and sudden seriousness of the capture of Seville, and then, in deadly earnest, of the necessity in the long war against the Reds of convincing the poor, not by words only, that in the

new Spain they should have new life and hope.

This, with details from many sources, is the story General Queipo told of the Miracle of Seville.

II

It was on the nineteenth of July, 1936, that the Revolution broke out. General Franco landed in the South. General Mola marched from the North. Between these two lay Andalusia, the essential link in the chain of victory. As Seville goes, so goes Andalusia, and the capture of this vital city was the imperious duty of the Inspector General of Carabineers, Queipo de Llano.

The Revolution was a race against time. Conspirators, French, Russian, and Spanish, had their plan perfected to rise in Red Revolution with Largo Caballero as their Stalin. Spain was to be ruled by Soviets, but General Franco started first. Such was the situation when Queipo, accompanied by his faithful aide-de-camp Lopez Guerrero, returning from an inspection tour in Huelva, put up, as was his custom, at the Hotel Simon in Seville. The zero hour was on him. His first visitor was the bullfighter, Pepe el Algabeno. Queipo was in mufti. The matador looked at him anxiously.

'Have you heard the news?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Queipo; 'it's do or die.'

'I'll tell my friends. I can give you fifteen hundred Falangistas. What will you do?'

'I,' said Queipo, like a true Spaniard, 'shall lunch. Then into my uniform and off to headquarters.'

Two officers dropped in, Air Captain Carrillo and Major Rementeria. These, with Staff Major Cuesta, who was at a meeting at Divisional Headquarters, were the only field officers to be absolutely depended upon. One or another of the friends mentioned an occasional captain or lieutenant as likely to go through with the business. It was an-

other Seven against Thebes, but these heroes had no army behind them. Hardly eight score men, at most, was an inadequate force to capture a great city, the headquarters of a division of the regular army reinforced by upwards of 50,000 union radicals supplied with small arms. But in the sequel, when, as the Red Terror collapsed, citizens everywhere rallied to the White cause, it was at least an adequate reply to those who maintain this to be a struggle with the whole army on one side and all the people on the other.

Speed was their only chance. At any moment the police might swoop down and arrest Queipo, just as all Franco's officers were at that very moment being rounded up in Madrid and Barcelona. The General dressed hastily that morning, and Captain Carrillo, in his smart little car, drove him to headquarters. Lopez Guerrero, the tried and true, was the third member of the revolutionary army. At headquarters, Captain Escibano was waiting with news.

'The General is adamant, sir. I cannot persuade him; perhaps you can.'

'Right,' said Queipo, and together they entered the central patio, where the general of division, Villa Abrille, was talking with his second in command, General Lopez Viota. A group of officers stood about. When he saw Queipo in uniform, General Villa looked at him narrowly.

'What are you doing here?'

'I am here,' replied Queipo, 'to tell you that the time has come when minds must be made up. You must choose between the gang that is running this country and your brother officers.'

'I shall always be on the side of the Government.'

'Well, my orders are to blow your brains out. But we are old friends and I don't want to go too far.'

'I am on the side of the Government.'

'Then I've got either to shoot you or to lock you up. So I'll lock you up. Go to your room.'

'I'll go; but note, gentlemen,' Villa turned to the others, 'I act under compulsion.'

'Compulsion or not is the same to me,' said Queipo, and in describing the scene afterwards he remarked sagely, 'I must admit he acted with discretion. If he had shown one trace of resistance, I'd have shot him in his tracks.'

Then up spoke General Lopez Viotá. 'I also wish to be taken prisoner.'

'Right,' grunted Queipo.

'I, too,' said Staff Major Hidalgo.

'Permission granted.'

So the group, all except Cuesta and Gutierrez Flores, were shoved into the inner office. Queipo started to lock the door. Nobody interfered, but there was no key. He called the corporal of the guard. 'Take two men,' he ordered, 'and watch that door. If anyone attempts to come out, shoot him.' Two minutes before that the corporal would have taken orders from General Villa alone. But in those few minutes the world had changed. Hardly had the door slammed when Queipo wrenched the telephone wires loose. The Revolution had begun.

In the first moments of the campaign, General Queipo had won the *spolia opima*. He had conquered the general opposing him in single combat. But he had conquered very little else. Time was flying. Cuesta sat down to draw up the proclamation of martial law. Queipo, the valiant Lopez Guerrero at his heels, went to address the Granada regiment, whose barracks were close by. Its support was essential. The commander, Colonel Allanegui, had a good reputation as a soldier and a patriot. Queipo could not doubt his heart was in the right place.

It was no pleasant surprise, then, to find the guard drawn up under arms, and the colonel, instead of walking forward to receive his distinguished visitor, standing stiff as a ramrod beside his lieutenant colonel and the other regimental officers. The atmosphere was chill, and Queipo took the offensive.

'I have come, Colonel,' said he, 'to congratulate you on taking your stand beside your brother officers in the service of your country.'

The reply was curt. 'I take orders only from General Villa Abrille.'

Queipo was deadly calm. 'We will continue our conversation in private,' he said, in the clipped speech he can use on occasion. Then they all went into a little room in the corner of the barrack square. It was a box of a place, so small it would only hold the colonel, his lieutenant major, and a couple of captains crammed in for good measure. Queipo and Lopez Guerrero stood in the doorway and the others just without. 'So, in spite of the way country and army are being tricked by the Government, you take its side, do you?'

'I do,' replied the colonel a little unhappily.

'Then I deprive you of your command. Lieutenant Colonel, take command of the regiment.'

'I follow my Colonel.'

'Major Perez,' thundered Queipo, 'take command!'

'I follow my Colonel, too.'

The two captains gave the same reply. It looked like a crisis. Queipo turned to his aide. 'Fetch Major Cuesta,' he said. The aide obeyed, and Queipo was left absolutely alone with the hostile officers. But for some of them the strain was too much. Major Perez, tears pouring from his eyes, said that the group was with Queipo in their hearts, but, after the cruelties which had been inflicted following the fatal rising of August 1932, they dared not, for their families' sake, risk failure.

Queipo broke in with that ring of finality in his voice which so often wrung triumph from defeat. 'Failure is n't the alternative here. The alternatives are victory and death. There's no third way.' He followed with a brief harangue, and at a particularly opportune moment Lopez Guerrero returned with Major Cuesta.

Pistolng seemed the only way out, but Queipo tried once more. Turning to the officers outside, he called sharply, 'Is there no officer here capable of forming the men?' The silence was breathless. Then up spoke Captain Fernandez de Cordoba, and Queipo noticed he was smiling.

'I can, sir.'

'Then, sir, have the bugle sound "Fall in."'

It was too much for Colonel Allanegui. He tried to step out of his coop.

'Where are you going?' asked Queipo roughly.

'To talk to my men.'

'You force me to use violence,' said Queipo, seizing him by the arm and feeling for his revolver. 'Do you imagine I am not prepared?'

But, as Queipo tells the story, just as he was about to fire an inspiration came to him. Lowering his weapon, he cried out with ferocious energy, 'You are all prisoners! Follow me.'

Out they marched, past General Queipo, as if he had been a reviewing officer, past the guards, up the street into headquarters, where they were herded into the little back room like lambs with the sheep already in the fold — all except Major Perez, who had shown his true colors and was given command of the regiment.

Back Queipo went to the barrack square, confident that by this time at least a thousand men had lined up for Spain and victory. There were just 130 in the ranks. Concealing his dismay, he threw the whole energy of his nature into an impassioned harangue. He told the troops that Spain was theirs. Queipo is not the man to boggle at facts when facts must be transcended. Everywhere, he assured them, the risings were victorious. The God of Things as They Are must have smiled at that. His peroration was on safer ground. They were heroes to live forever in the gratitude of the nation. Volley after volley of cheers told the orator that the fight was his. A hun-

dred men were told off under Captain Ignacio Trasella to proclaim martial law through the city, leaving Queipo's own army thirty strong.

Crisis followed crisis like bullets from a machine gun. Trasella's detachment had not been gone two minutes when news came that three armored cars from headquarters were firing in the streets. Queipo knew his city. Instantly he had a light gun unlimbered and posted at the strategic corner where the restaurant Vinicola juts into the Calle O'Donnell. That done, he thought it prudent to have a look at his prisoners. Back to headquarters he went, and just as he strode through the patio there was the sharp report of a cannon. The first shot had been fired by his one-gun battery. It had missed the car, but so frightened its occupants that they scattered, leaving it empty in the streets, and Riding Master Captain Fuentes leapt to the controls.

The motorization of Queipo's army had begun. Fifteen minutes later its efficiency was doubled. A patrol from the Granada regiment met the second car. The corporal saw it coming, posted his men in a doorway, and as it passed fired a volley into the engine. The car was repaired and manned with Nationalists within an hour, but before it was running again the third car had been captured and put to use.

Queipo's force was increasing. Hatred of Red domination among the decent classes grew every hour. Little groups were gathering. One of the General's first orders was to seize the Artillery Park. Twenty-five thousand rifles and seven thousand carbines were stacked there. It was Saturday afternoon, and the munitions workers were off duty, so a handful of men under Captain Corretcher took possession of it. By this time the Government forces in the city were wide awake to their danger. The arsenal was a crucial point, and a series of violent attacks were made to regain it, but the game little garrison beat them back.

There were pleasant surprises as well as unpleasant. Major Nuñez of the Army Service Corps was a cousin of President Azaña. Suddenly he turned up at Divisional Headquarters, where Queipo was now installed, and asked for orders.

'Take the Telephone Building,' was the reply. 'I'll send a machine-gun company to help you.'

It was no easy assignment. The Telephone Building was a substantial edifice, crowded with Government soldiers. Seeing there was no chance of rushing it, Major Nuñez made a dextrous flank attack. Sweeping into the Town Hall and merely pausing in his stride to arrest the surprised councilors, he posted his machine gun in the window embrasures just opposite the Telefónica.

To Queipo's practised eye the attack was still doubtful. The Telephone System must be his. He rang up the colonel of the Artillery Corps. Now this was a delicate proceeding, for of all the officers of the corps the colonel alone had been put down in his mind as doubtful, or something worse. However, it was an ill time for lack of confidence, and Queipo allowed no hesitancy to creep into his voice.

'That you, Colonel? Send a battery immediately to Plaza de San Francisco, at the corner of Calle de Hernando Colon. Then drag the guns by man power to a point where they can fire at the Telefónica point-blank.'

'To whom have I the honor of speaking?'

'General Queipo de Llano — now in command of the Division.'

Queipo breathed again. The colonel was hesitating only on account of military difficulties.

'It is impossible to cross the Guadaira Bridge. Machine guns are posted to command it.'

'Have the battery knock them down. Then send another battery to protect the first.'

'I'll give the orders, General.'

The artillery captured, Queipo attacked the cavalry. The colonel had been a fellow cadet of his, so Queipo relied on his support. But when Queipo rang up, the answer was evasive. Soon it appeared that the colonel had sent a troop of horses to the assistance of the civil government, but fortunately its captain ordered his men into Queipo's ranks. Then the General knew his ground. He rang up Major Figuerola, a brilliant officer who had served as his lieutenant in Morocco. 'Take command of the regiment,' was his order, 'and send the colonel to me as a prisoner.'

But where were the 1500 Falangistas which Pepe the Bullfighter had promised him that morning? Not 1500, but 15 presented themselves. The rest, they told him, were not far away, but the roads were cut off and all the known Nationalists in the city were arrested and in prison. It was not until two o'clock on Sunday morning that Queipo could spare a couple of lorries and a file of soldiers to open one prison and let 65 of them out. Meantime the colonel of artillery had been bettering his reputation. He reported that at the first shot the Telefónica had surrendered.

'Government House next,' ordered Queipo. 'Fire a percussion shell at the Inglaterra Hotel and breach it so that Government House will be exposed.' The first shot produced its effect on the civilian garrison.

General Queipo's telephone rang. 'Who is it?'

'I am the Civil Governor. We are prepared to surrender on conditions.'

Queipo, as he said afterwards, could have hugged him, but there was terror in the Governor's voice, and the General played up to it.

'No conditions.'

'But spare our lives!'

'Yours — but no further promises. Order the police to stack their arms in the patio. I'll send the new governor promptly with a guard.'

Now Queipo was in a quandary. There

was n't a soldier to send. However, after an awkward interval, he did get hold of a corporal and three men, and to this imposing show of authority the Governor, his aides, the Provincial Council, the Town Council, and two hundred police surrendered. Nothing could show more patently the state of terror which had compelled obedience to the Red régime. Queipo admits he rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming.

The surrender came none too soon. There were still 400 police in the barracks distributing carbines, pistols, and ammunition among the mob, who celebrated the opportunity by assaults on several churches. But now, with the Civil Governor standing before him to re-enforce his orders, Queipo directed that the Chief of the Barracks for All Arms be locked up, that a carefully selected officer be placed in charge of the men, and that everybody else come at once as prisoners to Divisional Headquarters. The Chief of Police endorsed the order. It was obeyed, and within half an hour all the former officers were under arrest, while a group which had been dismissed by the Frente Popular were restored to their old commands. Thenceforth the corps was absolutely loyal.

The airdrome remained. Three machines had just arrived with orders to proceed to bomb Ceuta and Melilla, the Moroccan outposts where the Revolution had begun. Queipo turned to his redoubtable telephone, got the commandant, Major Esteve, on the line, and told him that if his command were not instantly relinquished in favor of Major Azaola, who Queipo knew was to be trusted, the airdrome would be destroyed. The prudent major capitulated on the spot.

The diary of twenty-four hours of a man's life was never packed with more adventure than this of Queipo's. It bettered D'Artagnan's record. But for three days longer danger threatened him from every quarter. The radical unions declared a general strike. The General

broke it in twenty-four hours. In Madrid the Reds triumphed, and a bombing squadron was dispatched to call Seville to account; the miners of Rio Tinto marched against the city with two lorries of dynamite to blow it up under orders of General Pozas, who raised the spirits of his mob by giving them permission to violate the wife and daughter of any man found in arms against the Government. Lust and rape are strong incentives.

Seville was wholly cut off from the 'Movement,' as it is always called, in the North and South. Every long-distance line was ruptured. It was absolutely essential that communication be re-established. The radio station was three miles away. How was it guarded, Queipo asked. 'Four men and a corporal,' was the reply. Instantly Queipo had his cavalry commander on the wire and ordered a squadron to ride there hell-for-leather. Ten minutes' delay would have lost them the station. Hardly had it been occupied when an organized body of Reds attacked and was with difficulty dispersed. The news was radioed to the General. It filled him with enormous hope.

His friend, the distinguished lawyer Señor Cuellar, was by his side, as he had been at intervals all day (though what need the General had of legal advice history sayeth not). Cuellar said to him, 'Now you can talk to the people.'

'What shall I say?' queried the General.

'Tell them how the Movement is progressing.'

'Where,' asked Queipo, 'is the transmitting centre?'

'We can install it on your desk,' replied Cuellar.

'Do it now,' said Queipo, and within half an hour he began those talks which lasted for eighteen months and made him a radio artist of the first magnitude and the patron saint of Andalusia.

III

A Spanish poet, writing in French, puts it prettily. 'In the iconography of the Spanish War,' he writes, 'Don Gonzalo Queipo de Llano, seigneur of Andalusia, will be ever pictured with a microphone, like Saint Joseph with his spray of lilies, like Saint George with his sword. It is his sign manual, his authentic attribution.'

In our own Temple, in the niche dedicated to Mr. Roosevelt, our children's children will see him pictured before his famous fireside, waving with airy grace the slender holder of his cigarette, governing his people by the charm of his pleasant voice. But Don Gonzalo raises the radio to the level of a finer art. His evening talk is a serenade. He makes love to Andalusia, and Andalusia, listening behind her grille, flashes her response. He gives her comfort and confidence, strength and vast amusement. When she was in the grip of the Red Terror he laughed at her, cajoled her, told her stories so magnificent that in the face of every fact she believed them. For in her soul she knew that in Don Gonzalo truth is not fact that is, but fact that must and shall be.

As Inspector General of Carabineers he was familiar with the personnel of every garrison. He knew his fellow officers as gentlemen and brothers. When in Valencia and Madrid they failed him, it was they, not he, who sinned against the truth, and his assurances to the people of their loyalty and success grew with each defection to a new crescendo. When in the first terrible week, with half of Seville still in Red hands, a fleet of bombers left Madrid to destroy her, with no anti-aircraft guns to defend the city, he turned to the magnificent offensive of the microphone. 'Tetuan Street, San Francisco Place, the whole Red quarter must be brought under control,' he told his people. 'I have ordered up a squadron of bombing planes. Soon you will see them darkening the sky over

the city. Remember how uncertain is the aim of aircraft. Bombs may fall accidentally in your own quarter. Keep off the streets.'

When the civil governor of his own choosing, Señor Parias, who had remained all day in his office absolutely without protection and at the mercy of a squad of police who were nominally his prisoners, telephoned him imploring instant aid, Queipo, who had n't a solitary soldier to send, radioed his reply through the loud-speaker: 'A company is on its way.' Relief did come from Huelva, small but welcome. Queipo bundled the troops into lorries, switched them first in one direction, then in another, and paraded them through different quarters of the city, giving an impression of an army corps at the least. For all the while the radio was buzzing, ordering companies, battalions, regiments, this way and that — and, between orders enough to manipulate 100,000 men, news, exciting glamorous news, from every quarter. The Reds were running. Madrid was safe. Valencia had run up the Nationalist flag. The fleet, which had returned, was loyal to a man. Barcelona was safe. Franco was coming. Huzza! Huzza! The air hummed with victory.

In the midst of the hurly-burly, the corps of Moroccans, billed through the week for an overwhelming performance, arrived. They numbered precisely twelve. But switched from one lorry to another, appearing now here, now there, they became 12,000. The Andalusian is cousin-german to the Gascon. He revels in huge numbers and Gargantuan deeds. General Queipo whistled the very tune he wanted.

Within a week the tempest in Seville was stilled. Order was everywhere. The gap between General Mola and General Franco was closed. Still the radio talk went on, penetrating even to Red Barcelona. The General told me that twelve young men caught in the act of secretly 'listening in' there were summarily shot.

Don Gonzalo knows precisely how long the heroic mood should last. His talks were interspersed with laughter, satire, ridicule. He told stories such as Spaniards love, not wholly seemly, but by their innuendo irresistibly comic to the ears that heard them. Sometimes he skirted the further borders of decency in telling anecdotes of his 'friend Caballero' or 'that other friend of mine, Ignacio Prieto,' but would check himself with a quizzical grunt: 'Oh, you did n't believe that *I* meant *that!*' I have seen old ladies rocking themselves in a spasm of delight before the loud-speaker. The utterance was too rapid for me to attempt to follow, but from their expression there was a consciousness within me that it would be well for the old ladies if they could catch no more of the discourse than I.

As truth is to Don Gonzalo no more than emphasis on facts as they should be, so is his justice the dispensation, not of law, but of equity. In front of the old Palais de Justice stands a figure, gaunt and naked, representing The Law. Litigants used to look up at it and say, 'There is the likeness of a man who has won his suit — and lost his shirt.'

Times are changed. Within that hall now sits Don Gonzalo dispensing justice. In hot weather he uses a fan for a sceptre, and after the fashion of Haroun-al-Raschid he cuts through the intricacies of law to the heart of justice. Here is a judge who would hold Don Quixote harmless for freeing the galley slaves, and Jean Valjean for stealing the silver candlesticks.

Canonized or no, Don Gonzalo Queipo de Llano is ensconced as patron saint of Andalusia, firmly and finally as El Cid Campeador. For he is such another. The Devil's advocate may maintain that his truth is not that Eleventh Commandment which Christian Business has added to the Israelitish Ten. The military critic may insinuate that making love as he does is not a recognized method of making war; the legalist may attack decision where equity is secured at the expense of precedent; but as long as uninstructed people prefer the irregularities of Robin Hood to the virtues of the excellent Sheriff of Nottingham, so long will Queipo the Sinner be enshrined as Don Gonzalo the Saint in the hearts and minds of every free-born Andalusian.

NAPOLEON AND EFFICIENCY

BY JEAN PRÉVOST

IT is generally acknowledged that Napoleon was more than a military man, for his surviving works have to do with civil administration; and I believe it possible to distinguish among his personal precepts and systematic methods twelve principles, still vital, still applicable, perhaps, to an executive to-day.

The first four of these govern intimate acquaintance with affairs of the day. Napoleon regarded accurate information as the fundamental basis of progress.

(1) A leader has two means by which he must keep himself informed, one of which is worthless without the other: complete figures (*états*, or *records*, as Napoleon called them) and thorough investigation of any detail learned by chance.

(2) The alteration of a single figure in a record necessitates bringing the whole up to date. For example, if the Records of the Navy included a list of battleships in each port, it was not enough that the departure of two ships from Brest en route to La Rochelle should be reported to the Emperor by letter, to be placed in the files beside the preceding list — the old list had to be removed immediately, and replaced by another, giving full details.

(3) *Verification of detail must always be undertaken personally*, and can never be done too minutely. In order to check up on his household expenditures, Napoleon himself one day counted the pieces of sugar in the sugar bowl, weighed them, and surprised the grocer with a visit to verify the price of sugar: he knew

that day how much he had been cheated. When reviewing artillery, he customarily strode up to a battery chosen at random and felt the stuff of the men's uniforms; then, climbing on a gun carriage, he would lean over the spokes of the wheel and make sure that everything on the gun carriage conformed to regulations.

(4) In business, the balance in the bank is of the utmost importance (this is so easily forgotten!): it should always be at one's fingertips.

While Napoleon was in power, it was a constant practice of his to carry with him a notebook marked 'France' which contained, on different pages, the following notations: account with the Bank of France; personal account of the Emperor (he included here an unofficial war reserve); taxes received during the year and how much still in anticipation; sums payable by the state, and on what dates.

He always practised this maxim, although it did not originate with him: 'A messenger? If it is good news, let him wait; if it is bad news, show him in.'

The next four rules concern the transmission of orders.

(5) *The secretary of a chief must not in turn have his own undersecretary.* Napoleon had a difficult time with his secretary Bourrienne, who, in giving orders to undersecretaries, interpreted them to suit himself. He would disavow any responsibility for delay, would ensure anything but secrecy, and would assume too much importance. When Menneval became civil secretary, he made an excel-

lent one, but he was not allowed to have any help. Accuracy, promptness, secrecy, and the objectivity desirable in a secretary were the immediate result. Menneval, worn out, had to retire. He was replaced by a secretariat, with each person responsible for a special job; Baron Fain was entrusted with the most important tasks, but nobody was in full charge of the secretariat.

(6) Orders of the chief must be transmitted in two ways: the actual execution through the hierarchy of officers, but the information going directly to all ranks.

The chief must leave to each officer the carrying out of the details of his orders, since such details would be far too great a burden for him; but in apprising everyone of his general intentions he must be assured of close coöperation in the whole undertaking, thus avoiding loss of time.

This task Napoleon assigned to Berthier, his lieutenant general. The orders of Napoleon as commander in chief were relayed to his corps commanders. But each brigade commander also received, so far as possible, a note saying, 'My general plan is so-and-so; you will receive your actual orders from your superior officer.' This custom saved a great deal of time; the brigade generals, while awaiting orders, would take preparatory steps, and unified action was assured. At Waterloo, Napoleon no longer had Berthier, a poor general but an excellent secretary. It has since been asserted that if this dual system of transmitting orders could have been employed that day the outcome might well have been different.

(7) *A project which depends upon a series of successive budgets must be executed in units, each complete and independent in itself.*

This rule was applied to building construction, and held not only for state and city budgets but also for private organizations. It was especially appropriate for all enterprises which could not depend upon a fixed budget for the following year.

Napoleon himself supplies an example in the *Mémorial*: if a three-story château is to be built in four years, do not have the foundations built this year, the first story next year, and the second two years from now; have a wing at the end of the first year which is habitable and complete, another wing next year, then the centre, and finally the extras. If, on the one hand, it seems more economical to complete all work of one kind at once, nevertheless construction in sections has its advantages — with one part completed, mistakes may be seen quickly and corrected economically.

(8) *Always have a number of projects in mind, even if you are not ready to carry them out.*

This rule, in my opinion, has been badly misunderstood; Napoleon's many uncompleted projects have been attributed to his excess of imagination. But the plan for the campaign into Italy was put into written form by Bonaparte as a young officer with little chance that he would carry it out personally. When the day came, the plan was ready and it made history. Later, in camp at Boulogne, Napoleon realized the impossibility of invading England; but he was fortunate to have gathered together all the elements which permitted him to undertake the campaign of Ulm within a few hours — the most startling of all his campaigns. Once you begin a project, it becomes a combination of forces, united and in line. If the end in mind is revealed as impossible, why allow available strength to be dissipated? A new undertaking may perhaps be effected successfully.

Enterprises which succeed depend upon two things: carefully conceived plans, and the right opportunity. The more plans you have ready, the more chance you will have to find the right opportunity. Among uncompleted plans left by Napoleon, there was one for the conquering of Algiers: a competent reconnoitring officer had designated the point of debarkation, the method of at-

tack, the means of battering down the defense. Nine years after the death of Napoleon, the opportunity was presented; the plans were unearthed, and Algiers was taken. This posthumous success of one of Napoleon's superabundant plans led to the creation of the loveliest of the French colonies.

The last four rules are less technical, rather sentimental and moral in tone, but none the less practical. They have to do with the choice of men and methods of accomplishment.

(9) *Extended communication with a subordinate, even of lowest rank, must be preceded by thorough and objective investigation.*

Napoleon owed his immense popularity in large part to his observation of this rule. He did not ask his generals if they were pleased with a certain captain before talking with him. He had the captain's records brought to him and was able to say, 'In such-and-such a year you were in such-and-such a place doing so-and-so. . . . You earned your Cross at Austerlitz. . . .' The effect on the men was noticeable: to speak to a man regarding the opinion of his superiors toward him is to encourage him to pander to his superiors; to speak to him of his services is to encourage him to do well.

The following rule does not apply to private enterprise, but it should be remembered even though it has often been ignored in the 'public interest.'

(10) *The permanence of an undertaking is more important than the immediate return.*

Napoleon boasted that he never refused permission to build a bridge or dig a canal — even when the official reports were unfavorable and the failure of the enterprise was highly probable. 'It will contribute something,' he would say. In other words, in twenty years the immediate lack of return would be forgotten; but the bridge or canal would remain.

(11) The inspectors of an enterprise

must be unfamiliar, so far as possible, with the executive staff.

The importance of this rule was first brought home to Napoleon as a result of the graft among the functionaries of the Directoire. He followed it all his life; for instance, he entrusted the supervision of the household effects of the Crown to trustworthy General Duroc rather than to a professional expert. Also, he was accustomed to appoint members of his State Council to posts of inspection and supervision.

When a group of specialists have worked and grown up together, you cannot ask one of them to supervise another; even if he is honest, because of a certain *esprit de corps* he will tend to hide weakness rather than to point it out. Furthermore, accustomed to the difficulties of the profession which he is inspecting, he will be indulgent toward technical errors that he might have committed himself. Therefore, in dividing work, choose specialists for its execution, laymen for its supervision.

Finally, the Rule of Rules which Napoleon observed all his life: —

(12) *There are no unimportant details in executing any task ('Pas de détails dans l'exécution').*

Suppose, for example, that in carrying out a project several small details are neglected. Bonaparte, while planning the strategy of the campaign into Italy, thought neither of shoes nor of hay. But when it came to carrying out his plan he discovered that his troops were too badly shod even for the preliminary marches, and that the horses were improperly fed. He used the last available financial resources he had to furnish each man with a pair of shoes; he discovered that the feed was weighed on a false scale, and he took steps to remedy this abuse. The campaign might have failed for these reasons as well as through tactical errors.

Every great organizer has, at times, found it profitable to observe Napoleon's maxim: no details are unimportant.

THE GRADUATE APPROACH IN AN UNDERGRADUATE COLLEGE

BY CONSTANCE WARREN

ONE day soon after the opening of college, a new member of the faculty came into my office and sank into a chair.

'Well,' he said, 'I've just had an experience I never expected to encounter. My telephone rang and a girl's voice asked me if I could come around to 201 at three o'clock and meet some students. I went. There were six of them. They said they wanted a course in literary criticism and proceeded to map it out. Since that was my field, they asked me to take them on. I have a full schedule, but I can't let a thing like that go by.'

The instructor, who had been teaching in a large university, was excited and puzzled. It was an unheard-of experience for him — but an old story to us. He was being introduced to the practical results of placing the responsibility for learning in college on the shoulders of the students.

The young mind in college years is generally seeking a focus. Given thoughtful guidance, the student will establish his own educational objectives and reach out toward them without the imposed discipline of the undergraduate college. Let him discover significant objectives in his studies; self-discipline and the ability to do independent research — abilities commonly associated with the graduate student — will then develop in the undergraduate.

If each freshman, like each graduate student, is considered as a person with individual abilities and needs; if he is

trusted, after twelve years of preparatory work, to be ready both in maturity and in preparation to proceed with his own education; if he is given the time of sympathetic, intelligent faculty who will help him plan; if faculty will be less insistent on the logic of the approach and more observant of the logical or illogical way in which learning takes place in their own as well as other people's minds, a college situation may be developed in which freshmen may be trusted, in general, to want and pursue their own education.

Students come to college eager to learn, ready for new methods, seeking a test of their maturity. Any headmaster will tell you how often they revisit him, disillusioned.

'College is just like more prep school. "To-morrow's lesson will be from page 40 to 55 with a test on Thursday."'

Too often the college discounts completely rigid preparatory courses in high school, although insisting on them as prerequisites to admission. 'We would rather start freshmen all over again,' says the professor. And so the drudgery in literature or languages or science begins anew; and what is worse, drudgery in repetition. Marks are the whip.

Education must be taken on faith.

'You must take a science whether you want it or not. Every educated person should have that experience. Some day you will see why. Indeed, we hope you will want to major in this field.'

Some students do become interested enough to develop into scholars in the field; but I am inclined to think it is in spite of rather than because of the method.

Let me describe, on the other hand, an instance of what I call the graduate approach to the freshman.

An able student came to college definitely conditioned against mathematics but with a great interest in philosophy and excellent training in art and music. She was encouraged to work intensively in the fields of her choice. She wanted to know what philosophers had to say about the origins of life. We challenged her to a concern with what science had to say about that problem. She decided in her second year to study chemistry. Her instructor, aware of what her objective was, planned her work so that from the beginning her study was related to this subject. She became more enthusiastic, but soon found herself balked by the lack of proper mathematical tools. She then went to the director of education and asked that her schedule be changed to include some mathematics. The mathematics instructor, who also had been told of her objective, was able to point out to her the close connection between mathematics and philosophy. This interested her so much that she was loath to stop when she had acquired enough for her special needs. Meanwhile her instructors in art, music, philosophy, and literature each noted a distinct development in scope and comprehension in her work.

One Sunday in her senior year I was invited to dinner by her family, who lived near by. She did not come home for dinner. She was closeted in a dark room in the laboratory working over an apparatus which she had constructed with the help of her physics instructor, trying to measure the time it takes the eye to perceive different colors. She had worked for months on that unsolved problem — she and a student in Europe who was approaching it by a different route. She had traveled far from her

early interests, but each step had followed logically from the last. It was the logic of learning, not of teaching — the logic which leads the scholar to the final choice of a subject for intensive study. It had made the continuity of education convincing.

In general — and this is again merely a matter of following the paths psychology has pointed out to us — the student learns most easily and discovers the joy of learning when the point of departure is within his own experience.

Thus students who shuddered at the names of Euripides and Sophocles read the works of these men with zest after they had seen *Mourning Becomes Electra*. After reading *It Can't Happen Here* one student made a study of the dictator as an historical and literary figure, going back through the Napoleonic period, the French Revolution, the seventeenth-century political philosophers, to Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Machiavelli. Another, reading Sheean's *Personal History* and being challenged by his eyewitness accounts of revolution, made an extensive study of the French Revolution and completed her work by writing a paper on Mirabeau.

Nor is this approach useful only in opening up the past. As frequently the student discovers a world about him of whose meaning or even existence he was almost wholly unaware. Thus a group of students in social psychology who wished to 'understand people' approached their problem with the candid camera. Working with a psychologist in conferences, seminars, and field trips, and with a photography instructor, they made a two-months study of various juvenile and adult groups. Then each student undertook a project of her own planning, the results of which have been compiled into a class book on metropolitan culture with chapters on young children at different social levels, school children on play days, two young children in a nursery school, contemporary civilization in 125th Street, New York

City, the margin of life, and peddlers in New York City.

Another student of child psychology is at present making a study of all the children's theatres in the country and compiling a bibliography of plays presented in these theatres. With her observations in child psychology, she has joined a group of drama students studying play techniques, and is planning ultimately to write the kind of plays which will be psychologically valuable to children.

While explorations such as these are generally carried on in previously explored fields and mean only that the individual has discovered for himself new vitality and significance in his own world, the undergraduate occasionally penetrates into uncharted fields and makes an original contribution to man's store of knowledge.

A student in biology, becoming interested in the development of bone structure in the embryo chick and finding little written information, made an extended study, with the result that her findings were published by the American Anatomical Association.

In order to challenge the student to independent work, a curriculum must be provided which is both flexible and rich. It must be sufficiently flexible so that a student beginning work in one field may pursue a lead into another. A group of drama students is now working with an economics class, planning ultimately to write a play on a contemporary economic problem. Frequently problems in art lead to the biology or chemistry laboratory. Psychology students call on the instructors in natural science to discover the physical bases of psychological phenomena. Often, as in a course called 'Preparation for Marriage,' instructors from various departments contribute their specific data to a many-faceted subject. Knowledge is not divided, for purposes of convenient absorption, into compartments. It is perceived as a scholar perceives it to be, without bounds

or limits, having implications of which a lifetime is not long enough to do more than scratch the surface.

As to the richness of the curriculum, a few course descriptions, chosen at random, may illustrate.

Here is a course in 'Patterns of Living': 'A course to help students clarify and organize their experiences. . . . Reading lists will be drawn from the available literature in psychology, anthropology and social science, and from fiction, biography and poetry. Some of the simpler philosophic materials illustrative of the varieties of human experience will also be read. There will be frequent field trips designed to help the students become more closely acquainted with the different ways of living. The primary emphasis will be on the student's own life scheme.'

Here is another course: 'Field course, New York City. The student will investigate the economic activities by which the city maintains itself (shipping, banking, manufacturing, advertising, etc.); the population groups that it attracts (various immigrant groups and their cultures); the segregating and classifying process to which it subjects its populations (various districts such as Hell's Kitchen, Greenwich Village, Chinatown, the Upper West Side, Harlem, etc.); the emotional experiences to which it subjects its people and the maladjustments which it causes (destitution, crime, family troubles, mental maladjustments); and some attempts at adjustments such as housing developments, Father Divine's Mission, trade-unions and trade associations, charities, various political groups and movements.'

Many courses are, naturally, specific where these are general. They are broad but not vague — broad enough to challenge the student's interest at a number of points, but specific enough so that he can develop a definite objective within the outlines of the course.

Do the students study just what they want and avoid discipline where there is

so much latitude? Sometimes, but not often.

They are not working for marks, for there are no marks in this kind of college. They do not take notes on lectures and learn lessons out of textbooks for recitations and examinations. From their freshman year they are being trained to find their own material in the library; read, select, evaluate and digest it; and present and defend their own theses in long seminars. In weekly conferences with each of their instructors they plan, discuss, check their work, narrowing it when the scope is too broad, or vice versa, pursuing its ramifications into other fields when that is indicated. Thus is developed a kind of discipline which cannot be superimposed — the kind of self-discipline which the students most need in the world they are entering.

The instructors are no longer final authorities, but advisers, counselors, and companions in learning. The responsibility for learning is shifted entirely to the student, who is constrained to shape his own educational objectives and, with as much guidance as he needs, reach out toward them.

The complaint is frequently made that this kind of education is spotty; that it leaves great hiatuses in a student's basic knowledge. That is unquestionably true. But what kind of education for the young person can be complete? We can put a student through varied courses of study and he may pass examinations in all of them; but he will retain only part of what he has learned — only that part which has acquired significance for one reason or another, through his emotional set and through the cultural pressures which have surrounded him. So, in the end, he also has a spotty education, and he has missed the rich zest of intellectual exploration and discovery. I once heard a prominent educator say that he had gone to school for twenty years and received his education in four days — the days when his teachers,

through wisdom or happenstance, found the magic key which unlocked doors to great intellectual vistas. But we have not time in to-day's complexities to muddle so long. We need more illumination as we go.

Nor is there any greater fallacy than the assumption that an education can and must be crammed into four years. You cannot get an education in four or forty years. To be worthy of the name, education must be a lifelong pursuit. Better far a year of opening horizons and the joy of shaping one's own objectives than four — or twenty — years of resistance to other people's directions.

What are we in the liberal arts colleges trying to do? This is the nub of the question. Are we trying to teach subject matter only? Shall we be content with obedient performance of tasks, or at best with developing scholars? Or are we trying to develop in young people the ability to understand and live effectively in this complex world? If that is our object, we must have faith in their desire for such training. We must give them in college the kind of emotional and intellectual satisfaction which makes for their best adjustment as persons. We must see education as a way of living.

And above all we must trust them to be grown-up. A prolonged adolescence may be a sign of a maturing race, but if carried too far it may be a sign of decadence. The baby of three in the nursery school is expected to carry his dinner plate to the luncheon table without spilling the food. He quickly acquires a degree of independence and self-reliance in a predominantly adult world. May the liberal arts colleges not take a page from the books of the two extremes of education, the nursery school and the graduate school? May we not challenge our students to that maturity which they are so eager to test?

Several colleges established in the last ten years are doing this. They feel their faith is having its reward.

TIME AND THOMAS MANN

BY WILSON FOLLETT

THE story of Joseph, told in the Book of Genesis for all times and all peoples, contains that which makes it bear retelling for every new age. We are fortunate in that it is no lesser poet than the author of *The Magic Mountain* who dedicates a section of his mature life to retelling it for ours. Probably no man living could have read into it more of such special meanings as our troubled generation is able to use, while reading out of it so little of what is there from everlasting to everlasting.

From the stately opening volume of the saga as Thomas Mann is reconstituting it one observation keeps coming back with a specially momentous and increasing impact. That patriarchal prelude, first of the four volumes¹ now ours in the happy English of Mrs. H. T. Lowe-Porter, is centrally the story of Jacob through his sons' treacherous massacre of the Shechemites, the fraternal reunion with Esau, and Reuben's adultery with Bilhah, his father's concubine; and the observation that takes on this peculiar potency occurs in connection with the patient tenacity of Jacob's service to Laban for Rachel. The thought conveyed is one possible only to those who live on profoundly intimate terms with spacious inward experiences, outside the tumultuous hastes and pressures of this time-hounded age. Briefly, what Thomas Mann there suggests is that the tempo at which an individual life is lived

is the outward response to a silent, calm, obscurely imperious monitor within, and that this monitor is nothing other than our secret foreknowledge of how long we have to live.

Every soul has, then, its own time-sense, which dictates unanswerably how much or how little of our span we can allot to this or that present one of a life's necessities without theft from its future necessities. Because this time-sense is of all human realities the most mysteriously personal, the least communicable, what might be idle temporizing or wanton waste in one man's life may in another's be steadfast obedience to a deep, occult law of individual growth. Many must spend their days with one eye on the sundial that says 'It is later than you think'; these now commonly think of themselves as the 'moderns,' and so Mann lets them think of themselves in the Egypt of the Pharaohs. To the few, the ones born knowing that their days shall be long in the land and that it is theirs to make haste slowly, all hurry is a form, an anticipation, of death. So it is to Mann's Joseph, who in this supreme trait is identical with his Biblical prototype. His time-sense is of the most leisurely; and his time-sense is the most important fact about him.

Joseph in Egypt begins with his resurrection from the pit into which (as *Young Joseph*, the preceding volume, relates) his jealous brothers cast him, not without occasion, at seventeen. It ends when, at twenty-seven (and also not without occasion), he is cast into that second pit,

¹*Joseph and His Brothers: Joseph and His Brothers* (1934); *Young Joseph* (1935); *Joseph in Egypt* (2 vols., 1938). — AUTHOR

Potiphar's dungeon on an island of the Nile. Between the two episodes his life is a recurrent, almost a perpetual 'Not yet.' The caravan of Ishmaelites that takes him as a valuable chattel toward Egypt, for sale there, plods on at the dreaming gait of serene immortals with eternity in their drawing account, but Joseph feels no great impatience. At one point he knows that he could easily slip away and go straight to his father Jacob in Hebron; but the strong time-sense in him, which is one with his sense of destiny, forbids. He is truly to see his father again, but only in the fullness of time.

He is Joseph now no longer, but Osarsiph. For a sin of overweening conceit he has died to his former life and identity, and his new self is to be son only to a succession of transient fathers — the elderly Ishmaelite who has bought him, and then Mont-Kaw, the dying steward of Petepre's (Potiphar's) household, and finally Petepre himself. Stronger than any other force in the new Osarsiph, strong enough to stamp itself on his racial pride, his shrewdness, his wit, his worldly polish, his very dedication to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is his serene inner knowledge that there is time enough and that he is not the man who must take destiny by storm.

It is, above everything else, just this knowledge that keeps him chaste through the three years (and the three hundred vivid pages) of his exposure to the beauty and the blandishments of Petepre's chief wife, Mut-em-enet the radiant, who is here conceived as an incomparably more potent temptress than the strumpet of Genesis. She is a virgin, a priestess of Amun, and the wife of a courtier-eunuch to whom she was given as a child-bride in a marriage purely expedient and ceremonial; and it takes the demands of her awakened womanhood three tortured years to trample her under the ultimate agonies and obscenities of balked lust. The godlike slave's difficult denial of her passion and of his own

is no denial of life, and assuredly it is no mere assertion of chastity *per se*, for already he understands that he too is an ancestor, a patriarch. Rather, here is the crowning assertion of Joseph's time-sense, his destiny. What he refuses is that for which he and the occasion are not ripe. Not procrastination, but opportunism, is such a man's thief of time. He knows beyond a peradventure that to snatch greedily and dishonorably at life now will be a loss of life.

It is through the time-sense, and quite without the expedients of ordinary symbolism, that Thomas Mann has contrived to make these latest volumes so rich in the haunting, dreamlike beauty of eternal recurrence, which is perhaps the most magical of all the effects open to very great fiction. He makes us live at Joseph's tempo, which is a gradually changing tempo as the chronicle progresses. Is it gradually slower? Is it faster? We are baffled and bemused for the answer, for it is somehow both and neither. To Joseph, as the years pass, it becomes perpetually more necessary to relive in every crucial moment the crucial moments of others, the giant figures of his racial and familial past. There is an eternity in every one of his great moments, and yet it is a racing eternity. Time folds and unfolds as a vast fan.

Joseph in his dilemma with Mut-em-enet might be, but for the grace of God, his eldest brother Reuben over again, unstable as water and doomed not to excel; but the grace of God has so patterned him that excellence is as indispensable as air. The sense of recurrence reaches not only backward through time, but likewise forward. In the Egypt that Mann slowly animates for us with his magnificent descriptive power — an Egypt already lapsing into *fin de siècle* decadence and constantly being adjured by volunteer preachers of the ancient virtues — we are shown more than foreshadowings of the Egypt of Moses, of Cleopatra, of the flight from Herod. And Joseph him-

self has curious visionary moments of beholding himself not only as a modern man confronting dilemma in the dissolute society of the Pharaohs, but also as a forerunner, a fabulous character in a tale already ancient.

In his grasp of how the tribal God of Abraham has evolved since Abraham's simple day, in his canny system of interpreting as the revealed will of God the things that he must do lest his own nature be thwarted and his ego starved, he is as near to us as modern liberalistic theology. We feel the last turn of the screw of recurrence in the wise and just eunuch's casual remark that Joseph on trial must be dumb 'as the sheep before its shearers is dumb' — words deemed to have been spoken as prophecy a thousand years after Joseph and fulfilled the better part of a thousand years after that. Joseph dies to his second self, after a second forfeit of sonship; and the three years of his awaiting resurrection in Potiphar's island pit prefigure the three days of Jesus in another Joseph's sepulchre.

A glacier has its gravel pockets, and there are spots even on the sun. Are there, too, flaws in this tremendous biography of mankind learning from its errors, slowly and painfully evolving its better from its worse, forever having to die that it may live again? Flaws of a sort there must be, for the biographer is trying to tell the story that cannot be told. Worthy of searching and prolonged thought is the unhappiness of one of the very keenest of Mann's readers — one who, though a penetrating writer, has never written a line about him for print — who finds between the lines of his every page the half-conscious torment of

a deeply hurt man torn between equal needs to contemplate and to act, between temperament and conscience, and thus doomed to partial mutilation whatever he chooses or does. A perverse obsession? A brilliant half-truth? Sheer divination? It would take a man of great courage or great folly to say to the public that he knows; and it is surely more desirable just now, as well as incomparably easier, to perceive the majestic onflow of the glacier, the animating light and warmth of the sun, than to extricate the gravel from the one or map the occulting spots on the other.

In Berlin — where, by the way, anti-Semitic fury is if anything a little more implacable than it was in Joseph-Osarsiph's Egypt — modern barbarism has already burned two volumes of *Joseph and His Brothers* and, worse, deprived the greatest living German of his publisher of thirty-five years. Before these words are print that same transiently enthroned barbarism will have burned the other two volumes in Vienna and deprived their author of still another publisher — that is to say, of his very voice as a German. Nevertheless, the complex, beautiful saga of recurrence shall go on to its appointed end. How many volumes to bring us to that supreme cry of humanity and of literature, 'I am your brother Joseph, whom ye sold into Egypt'? We do not know, but this we know: many or few, they shall presently belong to the whole world of our larger citizenship. And in the day when some remnant of Goethe's Germany, which is Thomas Mann's, rises in resurrection from the noisome pit of Hitler's, these burned pages, all shining with intrinsic light, shall belong to Germany, too.

PAUL SHOREY

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

THE shrinkage of classical studies during the last fifty years in the field of education is comparable to the disappearance of the buffalo from the prairies in earlier days. Long ago Greek and Latin ceased to be undisputed masters of the grazing grounds. Year by year their terrain grows more restricted; but they have not yet come as near extinction as did the buffalo, and the mental attitude which leads to the public interest in the preservation of game birds and the gorilla will maintain sanctuaries for the study of the classical tongues. Their survival has been helped by ancillary subjects, first philology, then ethnology, now chiefly archæology. It is of interest in these circumstances to study a man with a mind of great distinction, fully aware of what is going on in the world and not liking much of it, widely read in many fields, who believed that the neglect of the classics is a calamity, and who was ready and able to assume the offensive with devastating effect.

Paul Shorey was born in Davenport, Iowa, in 1857. The family moved to Chicago, where he had his early education. He graduated from Harvard in 1878. He read law for two years in his father's office in Chicago, being admitted to the bar in 1880. But the practice of law had little appeal, and he soon went to Germany, where, after studying at various universities, he took his doctorate at Munich in 1884.

There are certain illuminating comments, gathered here and there from his

writings, to be made on this compact little summary of his early years. Indeed the most logical way to make a portrait of a man like Shorey would be to present a mosaic of his own words. His life was of the mind and his adventures were those of the soul among masterpieces, though he disliked Anatole France so much, in spite of his Latinity, that I have a qualm in using the phrase. He explains that his youthful environment was so liberal that he was not obliged by the law of reaction to become a radical in later life. 'I was not brought up,' he says, 'on the Main Street of Gopher Prairie or Winesburg, Ohio. I was not told that it is sinful to play cards or drink beer or dance or smoke cigarettes or exhibit your ankles. I was not compelled to memorize the Catechism. . . . Instead of prescribed Josephus or Fox's *Book of Martyrs* I read *The Origin of Species* aloud to my mother at the age of nine. As John Stuart Mill modestly observed of Plato's *Theætetus*, which his father made him read at six or eight, I am not sure that I understood it all.'

As a schoolboy he went through his Shelley stage and his Herbert Spencer stage. At Harvard he was set to read Schopenhauer and von Hartmann, and he found the Harvard professors 'even then more intelligent than their failure to educate Henry Adams makes them appear.' And at Harvard he was allowed to find his way to Plato. 'Plato taught me the meaning of reasonable argument and delivered me from Herbert Spencer

by the remark that when you meet disciples who proclaim that their guru is omniscient, there is always some illusion or hocus-pocus involved.' Such were Shorey's infantile fixations.

It is obvious that he did not care to devote his life to law, since he soon abandoned it, but I think his writings show that the law was not altogether uncongenial, that he had what we call the legal mind, that he would have been eminent at the bar had he stuck to it, and that in his controversial writing the careful preparation of his case, the study of every possible move of his adversary, and the *jeu serré* of his dialectic are not unrelated to his legal training. He says in *Platonism and the History of Science*: 'Critical judgment of the meaning of books, documents, the written word, is one of the latest, rarest and most easily lost of human attainments. Lawyers cultivate it with great precision in a narrow field.' During the course of his law studies he was sufficiently interested to coöperate in the translation of the third volume of von Holst's *Constitutional History of the United States*.

It is the lawyer in Shorey who bids us distinguish between intemperate thought and intemperate language, as when the London *Times* reviewer describes as outrageous Henry Arthur Jones's address to Bernard Shaw beginning, 'Face me and answer me, most poisonous of all the poisonous haters of England.' This style, comments Shorey, will injure Jones's case with those readers who cannot be brought to see that intemperate speech is not so much saying a thing intemperately as saying an intemperate thing. 'By this interpretation everything that Mr. Bernard Shaw writes is more intemperate than Mr. Jones's fiercest denunciation of him.' A nice point for the jury.

Many a defendant in court, however confident of his case, has doubtless been amazed at its full beauty as displayed by his learned counsel. Few defendants, I fancy, could have been more gratified

than Mr. Bryan if he had lived to read Shorey's defense of him at the bar of public opinion, printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* of October 1928 under the title 'Evolution—A Conservative's Apology,' a striking example of his forensic skill. First he makes evolution as conceived by the popular mind ridiculous. 'Evolution has a good press. . . . There is, in fact, no cause that is so immune from criticism to-day, that is so sacred a cow. . . . An ambitious young professor may safely assail Christianity or the Constitution of the United States or George Washington or female chastity or marriage or the defense of your native land or the acceptance by the university of the interest and dividends that pay his salary. . . . But he must not apologize for Bryan. . . . It is not done.' He then distinguishes between the careful, critical, controlled science of the laboratory and the extension to the philosophy of the layman of a helpful working hypothesis. He remarks that 'Mr. Bernard Shaw's preface to *Back to Methuselah* is far sillier and, for all its flashes of epigram, more muddle-headed than anything in Bryan.' And then the eloquent peroration: 'What ground for rejoicing is there in the philosophy of those who persistently admonish undergraduates that any doctrine but uncompromising mechanism is adverse to the progress of science, and that there must be no implication of any break between man and the animals in either biology or psychology? If that teaching is true, the only logical position is despair or forgetfulness of both past and future in the present, or the silent disdain of the French philosopher poet:—

'Et ne répondons plus que par un froid silence,
Au silence éternel de la divinité.'

As to Shorey's German studies, we may say of him as he said of Gildersleeve: 'He was, when he pleased, a scholar of the German type, but he never succumbed to the weakness of its more recent developments, the pyramiding of

hypotheses and the suppositing of conjectures by misconstruing Greek. He knew Greek too well for that.' He was, he says, 'over-fitted' at Harvard for what he found in Germany. He went through the forms, and wrote in excellent Latin his doctoral dissertation, *De Platonis Idearum Doctrina*, thus taking the first overt step on the road which was to lead him not only to the position of one of the world's authorities on Plato, but to the formation of his steadfast philosophy of life.

II

After Shorey's return to this country, he taught Greek and Latin at Bryn Mawr College from 1885 to 1892. Not only from the point of view of his fortunate students at Bryn Mawr but from his own point of view this statement needs a good deal of expansion. Speaking at Bryn Mawr in 1922 on the occasion of Miss Thomas's retirement from the presidency, he said: 'It happens that to me, an uprooted, detached, Middle-Western Yankee American, the tower of Bryn Mawr, glimpsed from Rosemont on the Pennsylvania Railway, is the only local association in the world that quickens my pulse.'

Through Miss Thomas's genius for selection, the opening year of Bryn Mawr, 1885, saw in the faculty a group of young men and women of an intellectual standing out of all proportion to Bryn Mawr's endowment. Most of these were within a few years drawn away to high positions in the universities. A large proportion became outstanding figures in their several fields. One of them, incidentally, became president of the United States. As the number of students was small, we were taught in small classes by these unusual people in person. I was a freshman in 1885; I knew little of the working of colleges, nothing of colleges for women (I had never seen a college girl until I became one), and I took for granted the

heady brew that was my daily drink, and supposed, until further knowledge of the university world showed me otherwise, that all freshmen were taught in small classes by teachers of the first order of distinction.

We had other instruction in Greek and Latin. Early Bryn Mawrtys will remember the source of it with affection, but I have space to speak of none but Shorey. Greek and Latin at that time were perfectly respectable subjects; nobody challenged their commanding position in education. And in Shorey's view they were not only the vehicles of great literature but the fount and origin of all the great literature of Europe. Thus we were not so much aware of reading dead, effete, negligible stuff as of dealing with the earliest examples of a continuous tradition. With Latin, Shorey worked forward and back — back to the Greeks, forward to the Italians, the French, the Germans, the English. The stack of books under his arm which was an unalterable part of his silhouette on the campus became something of a joke, but we had sense enough to know that those books were forming a life line to keep us from drowning in the great stream of European culture.

Shorey was short and wiry in build. All his movements were quick. Even such static features as his spectacles and his pointed beard seemed to radiate vitality. He entered the classroom each time as vigorously as if he had never done such a thing before and were charmed by the novelty of it. With him came an atmosphere of urgency, the sense that life is short.

Plato lays it down, and it is a hard saying, that one of the essential qualities of a philosopher is a retentive memory. This quality Shorey was born with, and it had already in 1885 extended itself over a wide field. Later it became truly formidable. It was at our service at Bryn Mawr. Another of his natural gifts was a sense of rhythm. From Pindar to Catullus he showed us the mean-

ing of metrical form. Let no one picture one of Shorey's Latin classes as a group of young women sighing over Lesbia's sparrow, but as wrestling with all the metres, learning the Odes by heart, reciting the *Carmen Saeculare* antiphonally, and shuddering from a false quantity as from an adder.

I do not wish to imply that all became accomplished Latinists; each cup took as much as it could hold. While I have been writing this paper I have received letters from his students of those days, most of them expressing that great debt, never to be directly repaid, that one owes to a great teacher; but there are adverse critics, too. One says he gave all his attention to the best students, leaving the poorer ones to perish in the wilderness. Perhaps he did, and it may be pedagogically indefensible. Or is it? Another writes that she learned very little Latin and Greek from him because he was so intent on getting good English translations, and that he did not teach her to think but intensified her natural tendency to absorb other people's ideas.

Both these points, I fancy, are well taken. I was not intelligent enough to notice them for myself. I accepted his assumption that we knew Latin and Greek and struggled to justify the assumption; I shut my eyes and opened my mouth for the reception of his ideas and strove to assort and relate them. Well, all this happened when we were very young, Shorey as well as his students. He liked teaching serious, enthusiastic, hard-working girls, for such were college girls in that early time; and his edition of the Odes and Epodes of Horace is dedicated to the Bryn Mawr students of those years.

But if Shorey loved and admired the Latin writers, took infinite pains in cultivating our ear for them by admirable reading of their lovely rhythms and by admirable translations into equivalent English metres, so that his students felt ever after that Latin verse in general

was, as Morley said of Horace's Epistles, 'a delicious kind of writing that never has been and never can be excelled,' he still never lost sight of the derivative character of Latin literature as a whole. He was already primarily a Hellenist. Tired of the pother and fuss made over the imaginary difficulty of learning Greek, due to the wasteful methods of teaching in the schools, he called for volunteers to help him demonstrate how quickly the thing can be done. Four such volunteers started in January, from scratch, not knowing even the alphabet. They were carrying their routine college work as well. In June an examination was set for them by another instructor. All passed with high marks, and three of them went on to majors in Greek.

In my senior year I was one of a small class who read Plato's *Republic* with him. I remember it fell to my lot to translate the closing passage ending 'and thus both here and in that journey of a thousand years, whereof I have told you, we shall fare well.' As we shut our books on what is surely the greatest prose ever written by man, I felt I had come in sight of a solution of the riddle of the world. My sense of obligation to Shorey crystallized at that moment and has never dissolved.

When the University of Chicago was founded in 1892, the president of the new institution, William Rainey Harper, gathered together a group of good men to form the first faculty. Among them was Shorey, called to a professorship of Greek. Soon afterward, in 1895, he married one of his graduate students, Miss Emma Gilbert, who had come to the new institution as fellow in Latin. At the University of Chicago, Shorey continued to pursue his research and to teach almost until the time of his death on April 24, 1934. Due expansion of these sentences would be an account of a life so fruitful, so full of the radioactivity we may nearly call genius and of the personal features we call character, that

one would have to be half scholar, half novelist, to achieve it.

Let it be said, in the first place, that his marriage was of the most fortunate; in the second place that he became by virtue of his position ever more emphatically a Hellenist and by virtue of his taste and convictions a Platonist.

Shortly after removing to Chicago he suggested that I apply for a fellowship in Greek there, which I did, successfully, in 1893. Thus, after a few years of study abroad and of teaching, I was again in touch with him and better able to appreciate him. It was interesting to note that his classroom methods were as well adapted to men as to girls, to graduates as to undergraduates. One of the men who studied with him at Chicago long after my time, President George Norlin of the University of Colorado, said of him: 'Paul Shorey was the greatest teacher I have ever known. Research was an effortless habit of his ever-growing mind; writing beautiful prose was an unflinching delight; but his greatest joy was in his teaching. At first I thought he meant to dazzle us, but I was wrong. He was doing what the great teacher does. He was relating the subject in hand to the past and present, giving it its due place both as a product and as an influence. And what we students got from Shorey above all was a sense of humanism as a continuing tradition.'

I agree with Dr. Norlin that Shorey enjoyed himself most as a teacher, and his tradition as a great teacher will be handed on by all who were ever taught by him. But during these years he was also writing and publishing at a great rate. For twenty-five years he edited *Classical Philology*, and no number appeared without a contribution from him, an article, a note, a text criticism, or a review. His status as one of the authoritative Platonists was established in 1903 by his treatise called *The Unity of Plato's Thought*. I suppose the world in general is not excited by the fact that there have been from time to time at-

tempts to arrange the chronology of Plato's works on the basis of this or that theory of shifts in his point of view. Certainly in some of his dialogues Plato talks about the famous 'ideas' and in others he does n't. In some dialogues he seems more representative of Socrates than in others. It is a great game, capable of endless variations, like the game of splitting up the Homeric poems.

Renan, speaking of the classics, says that one of the reasons they are good reading is that they are not 'professional, confessional, or passionate.' I am inclined to think that Shorey was a unitarian professionally, confessionally (by heredity at least), and passionately. Of Homer's unity, with necessary qualifications, he had n't a doubt. Of Plato he felt that he belonged to the class of thinkers whose philosophy was fixed from their first maturity rather than to the class of those who receive a fresh revelation every decade. He held that Plato is the wisest of philosophical writers because he has no philosophy, but simply a method of philosophizing. It would be idle to catalogue the works in which Shorey defends and attacks with the swordplay of d'Artagnan. Diès, the distinguished French Platonist, discovering them and studying them with delight, celebrates them in one of the *Budé Bulletins*. '*C'est à tous les amis du Platonisme et des lettres anciennes*,' he says, '*que je serais heureux d'avoir, non pas révélé, mais rappelé, ce qu'a fait pour Platon l'un des plus alertes, des plus clairs et des plus français parmi ces "cosmopolitan scholars" des Universités d'Amérique.*'

III

In 1930 the first volume of Shorey's translation of the *Republic* appeared in the Loeb Library. The second volume appeared in 1935, after his death. Of the great Jowett translation of the dialogues through which most people know Plato he had spoken generously when reviewing the third edition: 'It is not given to

every man to compose (in original or in translation) five volumes of English prose of unflinching propriety, lucidity and charm, never deviating into vulgarity or rhetoric, but always preserving as by Hellenic instinct the just mean and the exquisite urbanity of the best literary society. If we except the English Bible, it is probably safe to say that no modern literature possesses any translation of like extent and literary excellence.' And of Jowett's own utterance, 'Who can read unmoved the lovely passage . . . in which the translator takes leave of his laborious task and reluctantly severs his lifelong communion with the spirit of the greatest teacher who has ever appealed to the reason of man? This beautiful page will remain classic; it marks the supreme perfection of nineteenth-century English prose.' But this tribute is succeeded by nine pages of notation of errors of translation, three pages treating of those found in the *Republic*. There was room in the world for another English version of this work.

According to the plan of the Loeb Library, and to Shorey's own programme, there is no place in his book for voluminous analyses and commentaries like those of Jowett, but the two introductions, to the first and second volumes, have the authentic Shorey ring. In a review of *Humanism and America*, Shorey said, 'I personally prefer more trenchancy, concreteness and a greater wealth and range of illustration.' Those qualities are present in these introductions. As for the notes printed at the bottom of the pages, I began recently to glance through them for old time's sake, and soon sat down to read them from end to end. They are learned, brief, lucid; they knit together the ancient and the modern, and they are amusing. One example, volume one, page 67: 'Justice not being primarily a self-regarding virtue, like prudence, is of course another's good. Cf. Aristotle, *Eth. Nic.* 1130 a 3; 1134 b 5. Thrasy Machus ironically accepts the formula, adding the

cynical or pessimistic comment, "but one's own harm," for which see 392 B, Eurip. *Heracleid.* 1-5, and Isocrates' protest (viii 32); Bion (Diog. Laert. iv.7.48) wittily defined beauty as "the other fellow's good"; which recalls Woodrow Wilson's favorite limerick, and the definition of business as "*l'argent des autres*.'"

Plato's banishment of the poets from his ideal city is as good a starting point as any for the mention of an odd thing that happened in Shorey's development, a failure of sympathy for the contemporary. Of Plato's puritanic decision Shorey says: 'It was his own sensitiveness that made him fear its [poetry's] power. He himself wrote verse in his youth. His imagery, the invention of his myths, and the poetic quality of his prose rank him with the world's major poets. He quotes poetry with exquisite and fond aptness throughout his writings. And there are no more wistful words than his dismissal of the supreme poet, Homer.'

Shorey never banished poetry from the kingdom of his mind. But as far as I can gather from his printed words the great stream of creative work which had carried his spirit through the centuries began, in the nineties, to disappear, as far as he was concerned, in the sand, or, even earlier, to bear poisonous germs in its current. The Russians? He said to the students of Durham University: 'I like to believe also that you are immune to the still more dangerous infatuation for things Russian that has even found expression in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Whatever the artistic charms of a few exceptional books, a people who could produce or complacently contemplate its own image in such a literature was headed towards the abyss.' And in his article on 'Literature and Modern Life,' printed in the *Atlantic*, he said, 'There must be some cause and effect between the doom that overtook educated Russians and the thoughts, the images, the formulas, in which their

literature had been steeping their minds for fifty years.' Mr. Louis Untermeyer's list of the poets of 1927 amused him: 'This recalls to a classicist Hesiod's innocent remark that there are three thousand slim-ankled daughters of Nereus whose names it is difficult for a mortal man to remember, though the neighbors who dwell round about know them.'

Three classes of contemporary writers he dismisses, the intellectually inadequate, those primarily interested in sex, and the 'progressive.' I think we are driven to conclude that mere contemporaneity in itself was somehow distasteful to Shorey; that is to say, that he objected to things in modern writers that he did not object to in the classics. Under the first head we cannot make a comparison because a very small proportion of the merely silly in classical literature has come down to us from the great periods; we have chiefly the best of it to deal with, so that Shorey's objection to the mediocre does not apply. But the frank treatment of sex is found in authors concerning whom Shorey has no caution to give. He greatly admired Aristophanes and translated him wittily, with true humor and with a selective tact that avoided offense. But it cannot be said that Aristophanes had a Victorian standard of propriety. Of Plato himself Athenæus remarked that he wrote worse things in the *Symposium* than the poets he banished. Shorey has no complaint to make of the *Symposium*, but when Proust writes of these things they are nauseating.

As to 'progress,' the Greeks certainly set the ball rolling. They first of men, as Sir Henry Maine and Marett pointed out, exploded the tabu and realized that social and political arrangements are man-made and can be modified by men. Granted that the Greeks made a poor showing as political organizers. The democracy that put Socrates to death disgusted Plato and Shorey. 'There is nothing sound or right in any pres-

ent politics,' says Plato (Shorey concurring). 'I say the philosopher remains quiet, minds his own affair, and, as it were, standing aside under shelter of a wall in a storm and blast of dust and sleet, is content if any way he may keep himself free from iniquity through this life and take his departure with fair hope when the end comes.' Nevertheless the men of Marathon fought for government by the consent of the governed. We can't have it both ways. 'Progressive' society may go backwards as often as forwards, but the alternative, as we see to-day, is to lie down and yield to Darius.

To show how unsettling for his day was Plato's own programme, and also to show Shorey's talent for condensation, I am tempted to quote his summary of the contents of the *Republic*. 'The conception of society as an organism, with the dependence of laws and institutions upon national temperament and customs, the omnipotence of public opinion, the division of labor and the reasons for it, the necessity of specialization, the formation of a trained standing army, the limitation of the right of private property, the industrial and political equality of women, the reform of the letter of the creeds to save the spirit, the proscription of unwholesome art and literature, the reorganization of education, eugenics, the kindergarten method, the distinction between higher and secondary education, the endowment of research, the application of the higher mathematics to astronomy and physics — all this and much more may be read in it by him who runs.'

It was all very well to administer such shocks to the fourth century before Christ in Athens, but an equally daring programme to-day would not have suited Shorey at all. He spent a great deal of energy in trying to make his students turn back with him and realize what sort of reading was for their own good. 'They have all the catchwords of Nietzsche's, Freud's, and Schopenhauer's lightest and most cynical essays at their tongues' end, but have never read a line of John

Stuart Mill. Mill is out of fashion — there is no other reason. For there is quite certainly no better, saner, more edifying, instructive, disciplinary, and formative reading for a young man than the four volumes of Mill's *Essays and Dissertations*.' No doubt.

This paradoxical attitude of Shorey's is associated in my mind with that of another eminent scholar of our day, quite different from that of Shorey, but as interesting in its way. A. E. Housman, according to his biographer, said that a scholar had no more concern with the merits of the literature with which he deals than Linnaeus or Newton with the beauties of the countryside or of the starry heavens. Thus he wrote *The Shropshire Lad* with one hand and emended texts with the other, letting neither know what the other was doing.

IV

'I have but twice,' wrote Shorey in jesting earnest, 'had the good fortune to speak on the popular side of any question; once when we were at war, and once at Hull House when I told an audience of Greeks that trailing clouds of glory did they come from Greece, which was their home. But otherwise all my life I have been defending lost causes, leading forlorn hopes, and protesting against the excesses of contemporary fads and fashions.' If this statement were taken literally, one would be surprised at the apparent appetite of all sorts of audiences for a presentation of the unpopular side. He was in demand as a speaker on serious occasions and on festive ones. He spoke wittily always and to the point. He was chosen to give the Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in 1931. He took his turn at the Harris Lectures at Northwestern University, the Turnbull Lectures on poetry at Johns Hopkins, the Sather Lectures in California, the Lowell Lectures in Boston. In 1913 he was the Roosevelt Exchange Professor in Berlin, where he lectured in German.

In 1924 he lectured on Aristotle at four Belgian universities and was awarded the rare distinction of an honorary degree from the University of Liège. In Paris he delivered a lecture in French on the rôle of philosophy in French literature. He was made Associé de l'Académie Royale de Belgique. He received a dozen degrees in the United States. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

If in spite of this volume of enthusiastic recognition Shorey had the feeling of being in general on the unpopular side, this was, I suppose, based partly on his temperamental dislike of the contemporary point of view and partly on his struggle to arrest the decay of classical studies, expressed constantly in his speech and writings, but perhaps most emphatically in his *The Assault on Humanism*, printed as several consecutive papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* and then published as one of the Atlantic Monographs. This vigorous document was not primarily a reassertion of the unique excellence of the classics. Things had gone too far for that. Shorey was fighting with his back to the wall against the final attack of the 'moderns,' the movement to expel Latin from the schools. It is here, I think, that he gave the supreme example of what he could have accomplished at the bar. He had read the whole literature of his opponents' case and was ready to meet them point by point. He said some hard things about President Eliot and Mr. Flexner and had some hard things said about him in return. Randolph Bourne derided him. He became a synonym for the fossilized. 'Ain't he mediæval?' whispered an unknown lady to Mrs. Shorey while both were listening to one of his addresses.

But wherever the multitudes of his students went they carried his name and fame. Better than his formal arguments for the classics was the demonstration he gave in every classroom and on every platform of what classical culture should mean. The lassitude born of routine

could get no hold on him. His discouragements themselves were vivacious. Sometimes his students were glassy-eyed with apprehension, for he could be formidable, but they never felt his mind faltering in attention to their efforts, however inept. And for a successful response on the part of a student he seemed to feel a personal gratitude, as if his life had been made happier by it. The friendship that grew up in the classroom between him and every responsive student was carried outside it.

Two examples of his warm-heartedness that have come to me while I have been engaged in writing about him are both picturesque and typical. One has to do with a wedding. A man and a girl, both graduate students of Shorey's, became engaged. 'We were both temporarily homeless,' writes the fiancé, now administrator of a girls' school. 'We planned to go alone to some minister, go through the ceremony prosaically, and dash off on a train. Dr. and Mrs. Shorey intervened. Our wedding, they said, must be something to look back to, a memory to be cherished. Their home was ours for that day, the big sunny living room was decorated with roses — pink, single-petaled they were, and very fragrant; our best-loved friends were there, and there were even presents and a wedding breakfast.'

The other example has to do with a funeral. A friend who, apparently, was a backslider from the religious ideas of his family was buried from Dr. Shorey's house. A witness writes: 'The minister, his mother's pastor and therefore chosen, was incredibly inept, to put it mildly — intimated that if saved he would owe it to his mother's prayers. Paul came forward and said that he could not let his friend go from his house for the last time on that word, and for ten or fifteen minutes he spoke. There was no breaking down, no hesitation — nothing further invidious toward the clergyman — just a marvelous recital that was like watching the restoration of a damaged

picture, or rather like Socrates coming to the rescue of the argument. His face was quite white, but his voice never trembled. H. B. said as we drove to the cemetery, "When I die I want a professor of Greek to speak for me."'

A quite different episode illustrates one of the most attractive traits in human nature — an amiable inconsistency. There were several grounds on which Shorey disapproved of Gilbert Murray, although he did not sympathize with Shaw's remark concerning him: 'Few Greek professors know Greek, and none of them know anything else.' But Murray is one of those who rend Homer asunder. Moreover, he has secured a prodigious prestige for Euripides, whom Shorey thought the least of the dramatists. When Plato in the *Republic* says, 'Not for nothing is tragedy in general esteemed wise, and Euripides beyond other tragedians,' Shorey's note is, 'This is plainly ironical and cannot be used by the admirers of Euripides.' Elsewhere Shorey remarks that Euripides is as full of ideas as Bernard Shaw, which, coming from him, is abusive language. Also Murray is tainted with Jane Harrison's doctrine of the twofold aspect of Greek religion, which was anathema to Shorey. The notion that the first chorus of *Œdipus the King* is full of 'hoots and cries' intended to ward off pestilence was more than he could bear. And finally Murray's internationalism was not in harmony with Shorey's opinions. But, in the summer of 1916, Shorey and Murray both gave lectures at Columbia University. They became friends at once.

I cannot prove or believe that Shorey changed his mind altogether about Murray's heresies, but I note that whereas before that date he called *The Rise of the Greek Epic* 'fantastic,' he wrote later, 'If you turn to Professor Murray's delightful *Euripides and His Age*, you will read that Euripides is the child of a strong and splendid tradition and is, together with Plato, the first of all rebels

against it.' It would be hard to think of a greater compliment from Shorey to Murray (and Euripides) than this coupling of the most admired authors of both men.

Professor Murray writes me that after the meeting in 1916 he sent Shorey one of his books with a friendly inscription. 'He wrote me a charming letter cursing himself for having written a violent and, as he now thought, unjust attack on the book.'

Shorey's last major work, *What Plato Said*, was published in 1933, the year before his death. With the completion of this book he enjoyed a good fortune not always granted to wide, subtle, and many-sided thinkers: he presented as a whole the main results of his lifework while his powers were still at the full. It contains, in the author's words, 'a résumé of the entire body of the Platonic writings.' His general view of the relation of the dialogues is reaffirmed, and there is the customary aura of cross reference and analogies, ancient and modern, which was the atmosphere in which Shorey's mind breathed. This work was published in his seventy-fifth year. The Rockefeller Foundation furnished him with secretaries and research assistants; the readers and compositors of the University of Chicago Press co-operated to extirpate errors from some twenty thousand references. But the verve and fire are Shorey's. It is not an old man's book. The immense learning drawn upon is as readily available as if it had been acquired the week before, and he is ready to fight the old battles at the drop of the hat.

I used to think that when the time came the words fittest to be spoken about Shorey would be the lines from one of the poets to whom he would have given a passport to his city of the mind; and we should say of him that he had so striven that

. . . the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall.

But the forts of folly have become as strong as the Maginot Line. And what news have we of a projected rescue? Here and there are people who read Greek as innocently as they read French or English. Lawrence of Arabia and Ronald Storrs, among the distractions of war, quarreled over the relative merits of Theocritus and Aristophanes. But the *New York Times* of April 1, 1938, says that at the beginning of the century the average college student had two Greek courses in his four years. Ten years later it was down to one course per man. In 1920 it was down to one Greek course for one out of every five college students. The laurels have long been cut down, and with them have gone many pleasant woodland walks. Now that the heavy timber too has disappeared from all the mountainsides, we have to look forward to the dust bowl. It is possible that we are already in it. I now think the words for Shorey are those of Socrates, who, when facing death, said he would willingly die many times for the privilege of talking with the great dead. Whether Shorey is so engaged or whether he is enjoying the dreamless sleep that Socrates envisaged as an alternative, he is faring well.

SMALL TRAGEDIES

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I. THE STAGE

I HAVE always been glad that Charles Lamb saw his first play when he was six years old. It was just the right age for one who was to love the drama all his life, and *Artaxerxes* was just the right beginning for a precocious child who had already 'dabbled a little' in ancient history. The splendor of the representation dazzled and bewildered him. 'No such pleasure,' he wrote simply and sadly, 'has since visited me but in dreams.'

I have never met anyone who did not remember his first play unless he were grown-up when he saw it, and such a one has been cheated of his childhood. I was nine years old when my half-brother, stirred by some kindly impulse, took me to *East Lynne*. Lucille Western, sister to the redoubtable Helen, played Lady Isabel. She had grown immensely fat, which is fatal to sentiment, but which made no shadow of difference to me, as I failed to understand anything that happened on the stage. There was a child who died in a neat little bed, the only comprehensible episode in the play. I have wished all my life that my first experience had been more thrilling, some melodrama full of dangers and deliverance like *The Siege of Lucknow*, in which I could have lived as Lamb lived in *Artaxerxes*.

Up to the age of nine the keen stimulus of the drama was lacking in my life. I can remember only that most accomplished magician, Signor Blitz, who seemed to me more than human, and the profound disappointment of General Tom

Thumb. I am aware that this famous dwarf was, when young, a very perfect pocket edition of a man, that he won Queen Victoria's heart, and delighted the Duke of Wellington. But when I saw him he was middle-aged, and had imprudently grown to be over three feet high. I was in the care of my sister, and when we had looked for a long time at the curtain the weary audience began to clap impatiently. My sister, puzzled by what she thought to be applause, said angrily: 'Whom are they clapping? There is no one on the stage?' But I, who was 'up' in dwarfs, who was well aware that Hop-o'-my-Thumb was the regulation height, and who knew that the original Tom Thumb of King Arthur's court was slain in an encounter with a spider — I murmured ecstatically: 'Perhaps he is too small to be seen.' After which, when four monstrous creatures came forward, bowing and smiling, — Tom Thumb, Mrs. Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt, and Minnie Warren, — I turned my stricken eyes away. It did not occur to me to measure them by my father and mother; I measured them by myself, and saw nothing to choose between us.

Tom Thumb and *East Lynne* made but a poor beginning; but no little girl was ever given a better chance to love the stage than I was, and no little girl ever responded more ecstatically. Philadelphia had two theatres: the Arch Street, run by Mrs. John Drew, where she and her company played good English com-

edies, and where Joseph Jefferson always acted; and the Walnut Street, where the other stars came — Booth first and foremost, but also Forrest, and Fechter, and Charlotte Cushman, and a host of others. I once told John Drew that I had seen his grandmother play Mrs. Malaprop.

'You mean my mother,' he corrected with flawless but weary civility. 'It was one of her great parts.'

'I am aware of that,' I said, as civil and as weary. 'I have seen her in it several times. But this night your grandmother, Mrs. Lane, came back to the stage on her eightieth birthday to give a benefit performance of Mrs. Malaprop. Your mother played Lydia Languish, and Lizzie Price, Julia. I was always sorry that part was dropped from the play.'

'Good Lord!' he said. 'It sounds like a chapter of Genesis. I was there in a box. But you — were you weaned?'

Because I was sent so often to the play, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful to my parents, I encountered some droll episodes. I was at Booth's *Hamlet* on that memorable night when the theatre cat paced sedately after the Ghost along the ramparts of Elsinore. The audience laughed loudly, but I saw nothing laughable in the incident. With whom should a cat associate if not with a ghost? I was a very backward little girl, and knew nothing about the things with which advanced little girls were supposed to be familiar. But when it came to cats and dwarfs I could have given points to my betters.

The theatre cat had behaved in a seemly manner, and the audience was in fault. But what can be said for the Academy of Music cat that elected to stroll across the stage at the precise moment when Rhadames and Aïda, immured in their living tomb, were rashly expending their last breath in a burst of impassioned song? The cat, unlearned in Egyptian criminology, and ignorant of what had happened, walked straight through the walled-up door, and rubbed

itself in friendly fashion against the singers' legs. They went on singing, probably because the orchestra went on playing; but they might as well have joined in the inextinguishable laughter of the audience.

Seventy years ago, children who had the right kind of parents were better off theatrically than are the children who go to moving pictures to-day. If their pleasure was less frequent, it was more intense and lasting. What did it matter to us that Booth cared nothing for the presentation of his plays? We lived, as we were expected to live, in his parts — in Hamlet, in Iago, in Richelieu. We saw *Rip Van Winkle* over and over again; it was part of the pleasant ritual of life, and we never knew how poor a drama it was. But the years melt like a thin mist when I recall Jefferson's wandering glance, his slow speech, his shuffling gait. Whoever fashioned a poor play out of a gallant story, *Guy Mannering*, has been forgiven and forgotten; but no one who watched Charlotte Cushman, clad in an assortment of rags which no theatrical wardrobe has ever equaled, crooning over Harry Bertram can banish her from his recollections.

The three most beautiful things I have ever seen on the stage were Rignold as Henry V, leading his soldiers to the breach before Harfleur; Maurice Barrymore, flawless as Captain Absolute; and Adelaide Neilson as Juliet, leaning from her balcony in the moonlight and sighing out her imperishable love.

It is because of such memories that the theatre is still to me a place of enchantment. For one mystic moment, when the curtain rises, I am swept from the world of realities, which I do not like, into the world of imaginings. That moment is brief, but it never fails. Moreover, like all good and seasoned playgoers, I have discovered that the worst of dramas will yield you something worth the having; some moment of surprise, perhaps even of delight, some word of subtlety or wisdom. A more fantastic or tiresome play

than Barrie's *Mary Rose* it would be difficult to imagine. It seemed written with the express design of stretching the patience of an audience as far as it could be made to go. But when the fey daughter returns to the land of mortal men, where she no longer fits into place, it is her own father who says to the wise old Highlander, 'Do you think she should have come back?' thus voicing the deep distrust of the normal for the abnormal, of people to whom the earth belongs for those who have surrendered their right to it.

Barrie was a genius, and might have been trusted to give us a good moment if we would struggle through a weary hour to reach it; but the moment comes sometimes in plays of a different order which are the very flowering of the commonplace. In the worst I ever saw, a sentimental comedy written by the feeble-minded for the feeble-minded, the heroine — a thing of mush and milk — offers to teach a Negro grandmother how to read. The woman, disinclined to learn, says that her 'old man' is satisfied with her as she is. 'But think,' urges the girl, 'how much better he might love you if you were a scholar.' 'Umph,' was the amazing answer; 'I don't want to be loved more than I is. I'se a busy woman.'

Out of the mouths of fools, no less than out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, may we learn the words of wisdom.

II. SIN

I was twelve years old, and very happy in my convent school. I did not particularly mind studying my lessons, and I sometimes persuaded the less experienced nuns to accept a retentive memory as a substitute for intelligent understanding, with which it has nothing to do. I 'got along' with other children, and I enjoyed my friends; and of such simple things is the life of a child composed.

Then came a disturbing letter from my mother, a letter which threatened the

heart of my content. It was sensible and reasonable, and it said very plainly and very kindly that I had better not make an especial friend of Lilly Milton; 'not an exclusive friend,' wrote my mother, 'not one whom you would expect to see intimately after you leave school.'

I knew what all that meant. I was as innocent as a kitten; but divorces were not common in those conservative years, and Mrs. Milton had as many to her credit as if she were living — a highly esteemed and popular lady — to-day. I regretted my mother's tendency to confuse issues with unimportant details (a mistake which grown-up people often made), and I felt sure that if she knew Lilly — who was also as innocent as a kitten, and was blessed with the sweetest temper that God ever gave a little girl — she would be delighted that I had such an excellent friend. So I went on happily enough until ten days later, when Madame Rayburn, a nun for whom I cherished a very warm affection, was talking to me upon a familiar theme — the diverse ways in which I might improve my classwork and my general behavior. The subject did not interest me deeply, — repetition had staled its vivacity, — until my companion said the one thing that had plainly been uppermost in her mind: 'And Agnes, how did you come to tell Lilly Milton that your mother did not want you to go with her? I never thought you could have been so deliberately unkind.'

This brought me to my feet with a bound. 'Tell Lilly!' I cried. 'You could not have believed such a thing. It was Madame Bouron who told her.'

A silence followed this revelation. The convent discipline was as strict for the nuns as for the pupils, and it was not their custom to criticize their superiors. Madame Bouron was mistress general, ranking next to the august head, and of infinitely more importance to us. She was a cold, severe, sardonic woman, and the general dislike felt for her had shaped itself into a cult. I had accepted this

cult in simple good faith, having no personal grudge until she did this dreadful thing; and I may add that it was the eminently unwise custom of reading all the letters written to or by the pupils which stood responsible for the trouble. The order of nuns was a French one, and the habit of surveillance, which did not seem amiss in France, was ill-adapted to America. I had never before wasted a thought upon it. My weekly home letter and the less frequent but more communicative epistles from my mother might have been read in the market place for all I cared, until this miserable episode proved that a bad usage may be trusted to produce, sooner or later, bad results.

It was with visible reluctance that Madame Rayburn said after a long pause: 'That alters the case. If Madame Bouron told Lilly, she must have had some good reason for doing so.'

'There was no good reason,' I protested. 'There could n't have been. But it does n't matter. I told Lilly it was n't so, and she believed me.'

Madame Rayburn stared at me aghast. 'You told Lilly it was not so?' she repeated.

I nodded. 'I could not find out for two days what was the matter,' I explained; 'but I got it out of her at last, and I told her that my mother had never written a line to me about her. And she believed me.'

'But my dear child,' said the nun, 'you have told a very grievous lie. What is more, you have borne false witness against your neighbor. When you said to Lilly that your mother had not written that letter, you made her believe that Madame Bouron had lied to her.'

'She did n't mind believing that,' I observed cheerfully, 'and there was nothing else that I could say to make her feel all right.'

'But a lie is a lie,' protested the nun. 'You will have to tell Lilly the truth.'

I said nothing, but my silence was not the silence of acquiescence. Madame

Rayburn must have recognized this fact, for she took another line of attack. When she spoke next, it was in a low voice and very earnestly. 'Listen to me,' she said. 'Friday is the first of May. You are going to confession on Thursday. You will tell Father O'Harra the whole story just as you have told it to me, and whatever he bids you do, you must do it. Remember that if you go to confession and do not tell this you will commit the very great sin of sacrilege; and if you do not obey your confessor you will commit the sin of open disobedience to the Church.'

I was more than a little frightened. It seemed to me that for the first time in my life I was confronted by grown-up iniquities to which I had been a stranger. The thought sobered me for two days. On the third I went to confession, and when I had finished with my customary offenses — which, as they seldom varied, were probably as familiar to the priest as they were to me — I told my serious tale. The silence with which it was received bore witness to its seriousness. No question was asked me; I had been too explicit to render questions needful. But after two minutes (which seemed like two hours) of thinking my confessor said: 'A lie is a lie. It must be retracted. To-morrow you will do one of two things. You will tell your friend the truth, or you will tell Madame Bouron the whole story just as you told it to me. Do you understand?'

'Yes,' I said in a faint little voice, no louder than a sigh.

'And you will do as I bid you?'

'Yes,' I breathed again.

'Then I will give you absolution, and you may go to Communion. But remember, no later than to-morrow. Believe me, it will get no easier by delay.'

Of that I felt tolerably sure, and it was with the courage of desperation that I knocked the next morning at the door of Madame Bouron's office. She gave me a glance of wonderment (I had never before paid her a voluntary call), and with-

out pause or preamble I told my tale, told it with such bald uncompromising verity that it sounded worse than ever. She listened at first in amazement, then in anger. 'So Lilly thinks I lied to her,' she said at last.

'Yes,' I answered.

'And suppose I send for her now and undeceive her.'

'You can't do that,' I said. 'I should tell her again my mother did not write the letter, and she would believe me.'

'If you told another such lie, you would be sent from the school.'

'If I were sent home, Lilly would believe me. She would believe me all the more.'

The anger died out of Madame Bouron's eyes, and a look of bewilderment came into them. I am disposed to think that, despite her wide experience as nun and teacher, she had never before encountered an *idée fixe*, and found out that the pyramids are flexible compared to it. 'You know,' she said uncertainly, 'that sooner or later you will have to do as your mother desires.'

I made no answer. The 'sooner or later' did not interest me at all. I was living now.

There was another long pause. When Madame Bouron spoke again it was in a grave and low voice. 'I wish I had said nothing about your mother's letter,' she said. 'I thought I could settle matters quickly that way, but I was mistaken, and I must take the consequences of my error. You may go now. I will not speak to Lilly, or to anyone else about this affair.'

I did not go. I sat stunned, and asking myself if she knew all that her silence would imply. Children seldom give adults much credit for intelligence. 'But,' I began feebly —

'But me no buts,' she interrupted, rising to her feet. 'I know what you are going to say; but I have not been the head of a school for years without bearing more than one injustice.'

Now when I heard these words sadly

spoken something broke up inside of me. It did not break gently, like the dissolving of a cloud; it broke like the bursting of a dam. Sobs shook my lean little body as though they would have torn it apart. Tears blinded me. With difficulty I gasped out three words. 'You are good,' I said.

Madame Bouron propelled me gently to the door, which I could not see because of my tears. 'I wish I could say as much for you,' she answered, 'but I cannot. You have been very bad. You have been false to your mother, to whom you owe respect and obedience; you have been false to me; and you have been false to God. But you have been true to your friend.'

She put me out of the door, and I stood in the corridor facing the clock. I was still shaken by sobs, but my heart was light as a bird. And, believe it or not, the supreme reason for my happiness was — not that my difficulties were over, though I was glad of that; and not that Lilly was safe from hurt, though I was glad of that; but that Madame Bouron, whom I had thought bad, had proved herself to be, according to the standards of childhood, as good as gold. My joy was like the joy of the blessed saints in Paradise.

III. WHAT CLAIM HAD I?

Apparently none! But the thought of the claim that I should have had turned to bitterness the untroubled current of my days. My mother considered that a sense of ownership was unfit for a child, and that I should accustom myself to parting lightly with my most cherished possessions. Possibly she was right; but there is nothing plainer to the intelligence of children than that adults do not dream of practising the austerities which they recommend, or which — as in my case — they impose upon the very young. Besides, my mother never knew what were my most cherished possessions. How could she penetrate the silence with

which I guarded them, the sacred seclusion with which I cloistered them in her bedroom closet, no spot in the nursery being safe?

They stand out in my memory to-day, as if I had recently parted from them. Two in number, and of surpassing inutility. First and foremost a tiny mother-of-pearl shell, mounted on wheels, and drawn by a silver-gilt goat. The extreme fragility of this toy unfitted it for the rough-and-tumble existence of a plaything. I handled it with the utmost precaution, but its beauty ravished my soul every time I took it down from the shelf. How it came into my possession I cannot remember. It seemed unreasonable to me that I should possess such a treasure, and I suppose it was, for one day it disappeared, and with it a humbler and dearer object which I had hoped to keep until I died.

I wonder how many people remember a substance called vegetable ivory, which seventy years ago was peddled through trains where nobody, except an occasional child, wanted it. I traveled more than I should have done, because my father had a mysterious and incurable desire for the companionship of his young children, and frequently took me with him on his business trips. Upon this occasion he met an acquaintance whom he called 'Judge,' and the two were deep in conversation when the vegetable-ivory man came around. My father never noticed him; but the Judge, who was looking at me, saw the rapt admiration with which I contemplated the foolish wares, and bought me a little chair, a few inches high, with a crimson velvet seat and a carved vegetable-ivory back.

The unexpectedness of the gift, its unlikeness to my home toys, and its immaculate inutility enhanced its value. I loved that chair as my mother loved her few rare pieces of china. I wonder now why her love for her china did not help her to understand my love for my chair; but, when I was a little girl, par-

ents did not bother about understanding children. They took care of them, taught them odds and ends of things they needed to know, and let them more or less alone; and to be let alone is a very rare privilege to the young. They are naturally secretive, and their little lives are naked to assault. I think my withdrawals were more respected than those of most little girls (my mother was untainted by curiosity); but my possessions, which were lamentably few, were more at the mercy of marauders. I went one day to the closet which was my only haven, and it was, so far as I was concerned, empty. The mother-of-pearl shell, the goat in its rickety harness, and my chair, my perfect and beloved chair, were gone.

I did not see red as a high-tempered child would have done. I saw black. I was bereft, and it did not seem to me that I should ever be even reasonably happy again. I faced my mother with despair in my heart, for I knew I was battling in vain. 'Where,' I asked bleakly, 'is my little chair?'

'I gave it and that foolish gilt goat to a bazaar for Saint Vincent's Asylum,' said my mother, with the assurance of conscious rectitude which was one of the confusing things about parents. 'You did not need them. You have plenty of toys.'

'It was my chair,' I said.

'It was yours so long as I permitted you to have it,' said my mother, who was not the constitutional but rather the benevolent despot type of parent. 'Now let me hear no more about it. Go play with your big doll.'

'I loved the little chair,' I said, 'and I hate my big doll.'

'Then,' returned my mother, assuming offhand the rôle of justice which was the prerogative of parents, 'I will give your big doll to your sister.'

Something that was between a sob and a laugh escaped from my torn breast. My sister was several years my senior, and a far more intelligent child. Heaven

knows how the loathsome objects designated as the 'big dolls' had come into our possession (probably through the same sort of bazaar that had robbed me of my chair), but they could never have awakened affection in the heart of any child. They were huge, heavy creatures with stout linen-covered bodies, arms and legs of kid, and wooden heads, their cheeks bright red, their eyes fixed in a meaningless stare, their hair painted in black unlovely curls. The age of realism in dolls was still far off. They were dressed exactly alike in pink tarlatan ball gowns, flounced to the waist, and their petticoats and drawers were finely made and trimmed with lace. Everything they wore was stitched firmly to their bodies, and was never ripped off. They spent their days sitting stiffly side by side, and I hope were more companionable to each other than they ever were to us.

That my sister would assume the parenthood of both these ungainly objects was eminently unlikely, but the subject did not interest me. My doll might be orphaned for all I cared. I had but one thought in the world, and unfortunately could give expression to no other.

'Can't my chair be gotten away from the bazaar?' I asked.

'No, it cannot,' said my mother, exasperated beyond the limits of patience. 'If you were not a selfish little girl, you would be glad to give up something for the orphan babies.'

'They can have my big doll,' I said. 'I want my little chair.'

'You forget that I have given your big doll to your sister,' observed my mother. 'And I don't mean to hear you say again that you want your little chair. I am tired of it. Go and play with the toys you have, and forget what you have n't.'

By this time I had ceased to say anything and was crying bitterly. The worst thing about a child's grief is its sense of permanence. When we are grown, we know that nothing is permanent; but at

seven I felt that I should never outlive my loss. And as if this were not enough to darken my days, the sting of injustice was added to the bruise of pain. It was *my* little chair.

Some half century later I read in Mr. Shane Leslie's *Life of Cardinal Manning* this unexpected and conclusive statement of the great churchman: 'A bazaar would bring dry-rot into the timbers of a mission.'

And, as I read, the ghost of a little girl, long since absorbed into the remorseless years, rose from the past, and with shining face nodded her approbation.

IV. CRIME

It was at a luncheon of well-behaved but not very animated women, and the youngest and gayest of the guests flung at us an exploding bomb: 'I want to ask you all a question,' she said, 'and you must answer it truly. Did any of you ever steal?'

There was a gasping silence. The half-fed ladies looked at one another, and it was a look of protest; whereupon the youngest and gayest relieved their embarrassment by recounting with much enjoyment her one fall from grace. She had snatched an apple from a stall, and being asked the inevitable question, how had she come by it, had proudly confessed the truth. Whereupon her mother had sent her back in tears to the applewoman to return the fruit, and to confess her theft — a very bitter penalty.

This artless narrative loosened the tongues of other guests who recounted somewhat similar experiences which carried us on to the sweets. Then one of the confessants said, 'Here is Miss Repplier, who has been silent. I am sure she has never stolen anything.'

There was a polite murmur of acquiescence all around the table, and I tried to meet it with a smile of conscious rectitude. But all the time my mind was racing back to an episode of my early childhood which I thought I had for-

gotten, but which now stood out before me as distinctly as a picture on the wall.

I was seven years old when it happened. My brother was ill, and, to get me out of the way, I had been sent to a fond and foolish aunt in Maryland. I seem to have been the kind of child who was always in the way. I was not easy to obliterate, and no one would have dreamed of calling me helpful. 'She can't find anything she is sent for,' said a truth-telling cousin, sizing up my particular form of uselessness.

I was very happy with my aunt, who never — after one experience — sent me on errands; and during the summer I was taken to see another relative whose husband had a tobacco plantation on the Patapsco. Here the temptation of my life befell me; but it was not really a temptation, because I never recognized it as such. It was a readjustment and no more.

The Negro women were drying peaches in the sun. They had long tables on which to spread the cut-up fruit, and they had also a small whetstone on which to sharpen their knives. The minute I saw that whetstone, I knew that it must belong to me. There was no shadow of doubt or denial in my mind. I had a penknife that would not cut (only knives that would not cut were ever given to little girls), and I proposed to sharpen it on the whetstone; but this was a minor consideration. There was nothing utilitarian in my overmastering impulse. For the first and last time in my life I had seen something which should have been mine, and which would be mine when I succeeded in circumventing Providence.

The circumvention was simple. I waited until the noon whistle summoned all the workers to dinner. Then I took the whetstone, hid it as best I could in the bodice of my little frock, carried it into the house, and put it in my traveling bag. There at least it was safe from molestation, and my soul was at peace with the world.

Now I knew that it was wrong to steal. I could not read (having no aptitude for my letters), and I had never been to Sunday school; but I had been taught my catechism with rigid precision, and I could recite the Ten Commandments as glibly as any little girl of seven in the country. If I attached no personal significance to them, this may have been because the vocabulary of the First Commandment is calculated to throw a child off the track. I doubt, however, if anyone could have made me attach the stigma of wrongdoing to my theft. It seemed to me simple, natural, and inevitable.

The whetstone was an uneasy possession. It was about six inches long, heavy, rough, and — to me — eminently useless. It had become an object of solicitude rather than of affection, like an adopted child for whom my fancy was spent. I tried sharpening my penknife on it; but that pampered plaything still refused to cut anything tougher than my fingers. When the summer was over, and my father took me — greatly lamenting — back to my proper home, the whetstone accompanied me, packed with other new and undesirable possessions in the bottom of my little trunk. If my mother wondered how I came by it, she asked no questions, but sent it down to the kitchen, where the cook found it of service, and where it continued to be used for as many years as I can remember.

I am aware that this tale is not what it ought to be. It lacks every ingredient that could give it savor or meaning. There was no detection, no restoration, no regret, and no retribution. The whetstone fulfilled its purpose in one house rather than in another. Everything seems to have happened for the best, which is not as it should have been. My untroubled conscience did not even pave the way to further transgressions. It is seventy-two years since I robbed my kind relatives of their property. I have never stolen anything since.

PRIVATE GIVING AND PUBLIC SPENDING

BY JOHN CROSBY BROWN

I

DURING the course of the past year I have had scores of conversations with persons interested in raising money. Most of these individuals have said in effect, 'Our college (school, hospital, research institute) needs money desperately. There are still a number of very large private fortunes left in the country. Present tax laws encourage in many cases the making of large gifts. Let's go out and get all we can while there is still something to get. But what will happen when this source of giving begins to dry up?' Or, as Mr. William Church Osborn put it at a dinner in honor of President Charles Seymour of Yale University: 'How shall we survive the coming millennium of equalitarian destitution?'

By and large, our American private philanthropies have been on a starvation diet for the past six years. The question is, can they survive another era of exacting struggle? During the first year or two of the depression the process may have been more salutary than not. Enforced economy caused reëxamination and house cleaning, resulting in many cases in a more efficient organization. But there is a limit to economizing. Lowered interest rates began to reduce income from endowment funds at a more rapid rate than gifts and bequests to capital could equalize, with the result that even in those few instances where the endowments of philanthropies have

higher capital value than before the depression the income available for current expenses is usually less. In the meantime, the process of deterioration and obsolescence of physical equipment has been going on, with the result that a replacement demand of tremendous proportions exists for buildings and equipment.

An idea of the scope of this demand can be gained from a survey of building needs in the university and college field which was made by the Hegeman-Harris Construction Company in 1934. This survey suggests that some 65 per cent of the country's colleges and universities are in active if not urgent need of construction for new uses, for additions and remodeling work, and for the replacement of obsolete and inadequate structures. There appears to be a special need for student housing and for improved libraries. The extent of the new construction needed was indicated as in the neighborhood of nine hundred million dollars.

According to President Donald J. Cowling of Carleton College, a liberal arts college of 1000 students requires for its greatest efficiency a general endowment amounting to \$6792 per student. This is exclusive of endowment needs for scholarships, student loan funds, and annual additions to permanent equipment, which would bring the needed sum per student up to \$8417.

An analysis¹ of 637 colleges, universities, and professional schools privately controlled and excluding theological schools shows that in 1934 only 7 per cent of these institutions had endowment of more than \$6000 per student, and that only 20.7 per cent had endowment of over \$3000 per student. I believe that throughout the whole field of philanthropy the need for replacement, new equipment, and endowment is on a comparable scale.

Private philanthropies now find themselves facing increasingly difficult competition. They face the competition of vastly increased government financing of relief, education, and other forms of philanthropy through unprecedented taxes. They have always had to compete with other great economic units — the electrical, steel, amusement, transportation, food, furniture, oil, and clothing industries — for their share of the American dollar. This competition is serious. In its report for December 1937, the Golden Rule Foundation stated that 'in spite of an increase of more than 61 per cent in our national income for 1936 over that of 1932 and with a cumulative increase of \$48,718,000 since 1932, the American public has actually decreased its gifts since 1932 for support of churches by 30 per cent, general benevolences 29 per cent, community chests 24 per cent, and colleges 18 per cent. Simultaneously expenditures for jewelry, army and navy, theatres, cigarettes, automobiles, whiskey, radio, and beer have soared to increases varying from 25 per cent to 317 per cent.'

II

Our vast network of private philanthropies has grown up on an exceedingly individualistic basis. The process has had some advantages and some disadvantages. On the credit side our private philanthropies have acted throughout

our country's history as pioneers and pace setters. It is they who initiated and carried on work in education, hospitalization, poor relief, provision of playground facilities, museums, and other services, until the value of the institutions had been so thoroughly demonstrated that an irresistible demand arose for government to extend their benefits on a still broader scale.

On the debit side is the fact that some of our private philanthropies have been expressions of the whims or prejudices of individuals or groups and are to-day without social justification. Moreover, too many of our private institutions have been founded and supported without consideration of what other philanthropies are doing or of the welfare of the public as a whole.

Dr. Haven Emerson's report, based on a two years' survey of the hospitals in New York City, and published in 1937 in behalf of the United Hospital Fund, gives a picture of the results of this hit-or-miss development: —

Again, as trustees and administrators, we are accused, and rightfully so, of a high degree of autonomy and independence in the operation of our separate hospitals. It is pointed out that we have come into being and, finances permitting, have from time to time expanded — this sometimes on a most extravagant scale — all without too much concern about community needs and with too little regard for our neighbor institutions. There are too many of some kinds of hospital beds, too few of others. In some locations there is an abundance of facilities, elsewhere there are shortages.

Some hospitals have received endowments, accumulated surpluses, raised current contributions, accepted tax exemptions, and yet have failed to give in return an equal value of free care to those who can afford to pay nothing or little toward the cost of their care. Uneconomic costs are evident in certain of our institutions. Some are rendering services below a satisfactory standard. A great many underpay their employees and work them long hours. A few should be closed forthwith as unnecessary, uneconomic units in an integrated plan of city-wide

¹ Figures from Statistics of Higher Education, 1933-1934, United States Office of Education, 1937. — AUTHOR

hospital service. Others should be physically merged with or otherwise organically related to larger institutions. The future place and usefulness to the community of each hospital is a matter of public concern.

Such conditions exist in other fields. As a result, Community Funds, Church and Welfare Federations, and Regional Planning Boards are beginning to study, plan, and act with a view to eliminating overlapping facilities and meeting the needs of a community or field of activity as a whole.

In a study made during the early part of the depression, Dr. Arthur Todd of Northwestern University estimated the amount devoted annually to the activities of private philanthropy as \$2,500,000,000. He ranked private philanthropy eighth among the major industries of the United States in scope of operation. Until recently the superiority of private philanthropies to publicly controlled, tax-supported institutions has been widely assumed. But now the excellent work of many state-supported institutions raises the question whether there is any inherent objection to the government carrying a greater part of the burden of education and welfare than it has done hitherto.

President Conant of Harvard has predicted flatly that 'during the next century of academic history university education in this Republic will be largely in the hands of tax-supported institutions.' Dr. Conant makes clear that the privately endowed institution will be 'as important as ever,' but he believes its function will be different. 'The private university,' he says, 'can fulfill a unique and vital function in American education. It can act as innovator and pacemaker. The size of the student body can be limited. Pressure to undertake purely utilitarian and vocational lines of endeavor can be more readily resisted. With less dependence on immediate support of a mass of voters, new departures along certain lines can be achieved more rapidly or entered into

with less cost. The private institution will be a proving ground for new ideas.'

The more forward-looking private philanthropies always anticipate public opinion. During the past decade we have seen extensive overhauling of university and college curricula and challenging departures from traditional methods such as the University of Chicago plan and the work of Sarah Lawrence College for women. We have seen undertakings such as the School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton, the Williamstown Institute of Human Relations, and the Town Hall Meeting of the Air for discussion of public issues in an effort to develop more enlightened public opinion. In medicine we have the development of the Medical Center idea and the Hospital Service plan. In welfare work we have the establishment of Mental Hygiene Departments and Institutes for Family Service in an effort to help unravel mental and emotional ills.

The year 1937 witnessed, among others, the legacy of the late Andrew W. Mellon of between \$100,000,000 and \$200,000,000 to the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust. It saw the establishment of the Charles Hayden Foundation with \$50,000,000 at its disposal for aid to boys and young men; the George F. Baker Foundation with \$15,000,000 to expend for religious, charitable, scientific, literary, or educational purposes; the George and Frances Ball Foundation with approximately \$10,000,000 to use for 'religious, educational, and charitable purposes'; the gift of Mr. Alfred Sloan of \$10,000,000 to endow economic research, and the Edward Filene bequest of \$2,000,000 to the Good Will Fund for Research. The growth of foundations of this type is having a marked influence in fostering a more careful, scientific attitude toward giving.

Under existing circumstances the trustees and officers of private philanthropies can render no greater service than to consider such questions as the following:

'Are we meeting a vital social need which cannot be met equally well by some other institution or in some other way? Have we a clear-cut policy, or are we in a rut, coasting along on the momentum of past accomplishment? Are we in an overcrowded field? Can we coöperate with other institutions in our field so that our joint efforts may serve the public better than it is now being served? Have new needs arisen among our constituents or in our community which we are overlooking and which we are in a position to meet? Can we merge with other institutions and thereby create one strong, effective institution instead of several weak ones? Is the quality of our work high and our administration efficient? Are our finances thoroughly sound? Is our institution such as to enlist a loyal constituency?'

To seek the right answers to these questions and, having found them, to modify policy accordingly are the first essentials to winning financial support for any private philanthropy to-day.

III

'The world is coming more and more to be governed by public opinion,' said Newton D. Baker shortly before his death. Public opinion will help to determine whether our private philanthropies are financed to the fullest extent of their need. In the old days it was sufficient, in the case of many private philanthropies, to have the confidence of a relatively small group of wealthy and socially prominent patrons. This is still vitally important. But to-day private philanthropies simply cannot exist without the support of the givers of small amounts. Of the \$1,150,000,000 estimated by the Golden Rule Foundation as having been contributed to religion and philanthropy in 1935, only \$305,278,000, or less than one third, was donated by those making out income-tax returns. In the future, as large fortunes are divided and subdi-

vided through taxation, the support of those of moderate means will assume even greater importance.

It should be remembered, furthermore, that the people have the power to tax or legislate philanthropies out of existence. That such an eventuality is not to be dismissed as a fantastic impossibility is indicated by an editorial which appeared on June 9, 1937, in the *New York Daily News* (1,725,000 circulation):—

With all due respect for the good done by large charitable and religious foundations—the Rockefeller Foundation is a good example—we believe that it is a mistake to exempt gifts to such institutions from taxes. It cuts revenue, since so many wealthy people feel that they would rather give their money to the Cornell Medical Center, for example, than to Mr. Roosevelt. And it piles up wealth in these institutions, thus giving them larger and larger voice in control of the corporations in which they invest.

If this tax-exemption of eleemosynary institutions goes on, they will be, in a century or so, where it was once feared Mr. Rockefeller would some day be; namely, in control of all the wealth in the country.

Private philanthropies have to keep up a continuing struggle against the imposition of crippling taxes by state and local governments. The Y. M. C. A. of New York City had to carry its case to the Supreme Court of the State in order to win its plea, in January 1938, for exemption from the City sales tax. It is still involved in litigation with the City in order to save one of its largest properties from taxation.

Only those philanthropies which have a definite policy and programme will hold the respect of their constituency. Every philanthropy worth its salt must take a stand occasionally which it knows will be unpopular with many of its constituents. Accordingly, it is vitally important to take pains to explain its position in such a way as to gain the utmost understanding and approval there are to be had.

This is an educational process, and our

educational institutions can well afford to take the lead by establishing relationships of greater understanding between themselves and their own immediate constituencies. How many college administrators, in their hearts, regard the alumni as a persistent nuisance, incapable of understanding academic affairs, disproportionately interested in athletics, and always butting in with unwanted criticisms and suggestions? And, per contra, how many alumni have been offended because the only time they ever heard from their college was when it asked them for a gift?

A few years ago a famous university decided to launch a drive for the addition of many millions to its capital. Briefly, the sum sought was to finance a programme for the extension of the university's service and the improvement of its work. While concentrating on the absorbing task of developing this programme, the university had done little to inform the alumni regarding its progress, preferring to let the results speak for themselves. Accordingly, a multitude of misunderstandings and prejudices had arisen in the minds of the alumni concerning the programme.

In preliminary meetings with alumni leaders for the purpose of securing their counsel as to the planning of the campaign, this situation became manifest. Accordingly, a careful study was made to discover the point of view of the alumni in all sections of the country in regard to the university's policies in general and the projected effort in particular. On the basis of the information thus secured, a series of booklets and pamphlets covering every important phase of the university's work was prepared with the utmost care and then widely distributed. The process of information was further carried on through a programme of alumni meetings addressed by a number of representatives of the university.

After these preliminaries the solicitation began in earnest, and the entire sum

was raised. The president of this university later remarked that even if not a dollar had been raised the cost of the campaign would have been justified because of the meeting of minds between the alumni and the university administration, and because of greatly increased alumni enlightenment regarding the university's problems and policies.

IV

I do not greatly fear for our private philanthropies because of attacks from the outside by believers in government control of everything, or because of the inroads of taxation on the pocketbooks of the wealthy. More serious dangers are inertia, bewilderment, failure to diagnose an altered situation on the part of their own trustees and executives. Many have as yet failed to recognize the need for readjustments of programme, policy, and methods of dealing with their constituents. And in their choice of personnel to organize and staff their activities in the field of public relations they often act on the principle that any alumnus or social worker, as the case may be, who has had a little publicity or money-raising experience and is out of a job is competent to plan and direct the activities on which the very life of the institution depends.

Now it should be obvious that the task of cementing a relationship of understanding between a philanthropy and the constituency on which it relies for support must necessarily be a co-operative undertaking. Officers, trustees, faculty or staff members, alumni, and friends all have an important contribution to make. Two elements are essential to success: recognition of the primary importance of the enterprise, and a planning, guiding hand. The long-range fund-raising programmes of our philanthropies need to be as carefully planned and skillfully executed as their long-range architectural, investment, and educational programmes. What most of

our private philanthropies have been trying to do is to build up the structure of their public relations without an architect.

A small minority of American philanthropies not only have a clearly defined, consistent programme and policy, not only are doing work of first-rate quality, but are also devoting high intelligence and executive ability to making that work known and understood. They are thus assuring themselves of adequate financial support. They are also meeting an even more basic need, that of safeguarding their independence.

The same considerations which render it beyond question that our religious institutions must always be completely independent of political control make it essential that in education, in health, in welfare, and in culture there shall always be a group of institutions wholly free to ignore shifting political trends in the pursuit of excellence. This is more than ever important to-day in view of the growing number of those who hold that government is justified in employing any means to attain desirable social ends, and that its actions need not be measured by the same economic or moral yardstick which applies to those of ordinary individuals.

But the private philanthropies need also to preserve their independence from

the influence of too large a proportion of restricted private gifts. They must retain their freedom to speak the truth as they see it even if it means losing large gifts. In short, they must be in a position to resist any and every pressure which threatens their liberty.

They can attain this position of independence only as they develop more informed, flexible, and discriminating giving constituencies among people of all classes and all degrees of wealth or poverty. With the good will of such constituencies, ways can be found to make the necessary financing available. If tax policies tend to hamper private giving, the public ultimately can be persuaded to demand modifications of the law to protect the interest of the private philanthropies. Even if the stream of large gifts begins to dry up, its contributions can be renewed, provided sufficient good will is present, by a larger number of moderate and small-sized gifts.

The givers to our private philanthropies are the equivalent of voters in our political life. They hold the power to determine whether these institutions shall live or die, deteriorate or grow in excellence. If the facts about the private philanthropies are adequately set before them, they can be depended on to render a fair verdict.

THE FIFTY-YARD DASH

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

AFTER a certain letter came to me from New York the year I was twelve years old, I made up my mind to become the most powerful man in my neighborhood. The letter was from my friend Hector McDempsey. I had clipped a coupon from *Argosy All-Story Magazine*, signed it, placed it in an envelope, and mailed it to him. He had written back promptly, with an enthusiasm bordering on pure delight, saying I was undoubtedly a man of uncommon intelligence, potentially a giant, and — unlike the average run-of-the-mill people of the world, who were, in a manner of speaking, dream-walkers and daydreamers — a person who would some day be somebody.

His opinion of me was very much like my own. It was pleasant, however, to have the opinion so emphatically corroborated, particularly by a man in New York — and a man with the greatest chest expansion in the world. With the letter came several photographic reproductions of Mr. McDempsey wearing nothing but a little bit of leopard skin. He was a tremendous man and claimed that at one time he had been puny. He was loaded all over with muscle and appeared to be somebody who could lift a 1920 Ford roadster and tip it over. It was an honor to have him for a friend.

The only trouble was — I did n't have the money. I forget how much the exact figure was at the beginning of our acquaintanceship, but I have n't forgotten that it was an amount completely out of the question. While I was eager to be

grateful to Mr. McDempsey for his enthusiasm, I did n't seem to be able to find words with which to explain about not having the money, without immediately appearing to be a dream-walker and a daydreamer myself. So, while waiting from one day to another, looking everywhere for words that would not blight our friendship and degrade me to commonness, I talked the matter over with my uncle Gyko, who was studying Oriental philosophy at the time. He was amazed at my curious ambition, but quite pleased. He said the secret of greatness, according to Yoga, was the releasing within one's self of those mysterious vital forces which are in all men.

'These strength,' he said in English which he liked to affect when speaking to me, 'ease from God. I tell you, Wheeley, eat ease wonderful.'

I told him I could n't begin to become the powerful man I had decided to become until I sent Mr. McDempsey some money.

'Mohney!' my uncle said with contempt. 'I tell you, Wheeley, mohney is nawthing. You cannot bribe God.'

Although my uncle Gyko was n't exactly a puny man, he was certainly not the man Hector McDempsey was. In a wrestling match I felt certain Mr. McDempsey would get a headlock or a half nelson or a toe hold on my uncle and either make him give up or squeeze him to death. And then again, on the other hand, I wondered. My uncle was nowhere near as big as Mr. McDempsey, but neither was Mr. McDempsey as

dynamically furious as my uncle. It seemed to me that, at best, Mr. McDempsey, in a match with my uncle, would have a great deal of unfamiliar trouble—I mean with the mysterious vital forces that were always getting released in my uncle, so that very often a swift glance from him would make a big man quail and turn away, or, if he had been speaking, stop quickly.

Long before I had discovered words with which to explain to Mr. McDempsey about the money, another letter came from him. It was as cordial as the first, and as a matter of fact, if anything, a little more cordial. I was delighted and ran about, releasing mysterious vital forces, turning handsprings, scrambling up trees, turning somersaults, trying to tip over 1920 Ford roadsters, challenging all comers to wrestle, and in many other ways alarming my relatives and irritating the neighbors.

Not only was Mr. McDempsey not sore at me, he had reduced the cost of the course. Even so, the money necessary was still more than I could get hold of. I was selling papers every day, but *that* money was for bread and stuff like that. For a while I got up very early every morning and went around town looking for a small satchel full of money. During six days of this adventuring I found a nickel and two pennies. I found also a woman's purse containing several foul-smelling cosmetic items, no money, and a slip of paper on which was written in an ignorant hand: 'Steve Hertwig, 3764 Ventura Avenue.'

Three days after the arrival of Mr. McDempsey's second letter, his third letter came. From this time on, our correspondence became one-sided. In fact, I did n't write at all. Mr. McDempsey's communications were overpowering and not at all easy to answer, without money. There was, in fact, almost nothing to say.

It was wintertime when the first letter came, and it was then that I made up my mind to become the most powerful

man in my neighborhood and ultimately, for all I knew, one of the most powerful men in the world. I had ideas of my own as to how to go about getting that way, but I had also the warm friendship and high regard of Mr. McDempsey in New York, and the mystical and furious guardianship of my uncle Gyko.

The letters from Mr. McDempsey continued to arrive every two or three days all winter and on into springtime. I remember, the day apricots were ripe enough to steal, the arrival of a most charming letter from my friend in New York. It was a hymn to newness on earth, the arrival of springtime, the time of youth in the heart, of renewal, fresh strength, fresh determination, and many other things. It was truly a beautiful epistle, probably as fine as any to the Romans or anybody else. It was full of the legend-quality, the world-feeling, and the dignity-of-strength-feeling so characteristic of Biblical days. The last paragraph of the lovely hymn brought up, apologetically, the coarse theme of money. The sum was six or seven times as little as it had been originally, and a new element had come into Mr. McDempsey's programme of changing me over from a nobody to a giant of tremendous strength, and extreme attractiveness to women. Mr. McDempsey had decided, he said, to teach me everything in one fell swoop, or one sweep fall, or something of that sort. At any rate, for three dollars, he said, he would send me all his precious secrets in one envelope and the rest would be up to me, and history.

I took the matter up with my uncle Gyko, who by this time had reached the stage of fasting, meditating, walking for hours, and vibrating. We had had discussions two or three times a week all winter and he had told me in his own unique broken-English way all the secrets *he* had been learning from Yoga.

'I tell you, Wheeley,' he said, 'I can do *anything*. Eat ease wonderful.'

I believed him, too, even though he

had lost a lot of weight, could n't sleep, and had a strange dynamic blaze in his eyes. He was very scornful of the world that year and was full of pity for the dumb beautiful animals that man was mistreating, killing, eating, domesticating, and teaching to do tricks.

'I tell you, Wheeley,' he said, 'eat ease creaminal to make the horses work. To keal the cows. To teach the dogs to jump, and the monkeys to smoke pipes.'

I told him about the letter from Mr. McDempsey.

'Mohney!' he said. 'Always he wants mohney. I do not like heem.'

My uncle was getting all his dope free, from the theosophy-philosophy-astrology-and-miscellaneous shelf at the Public Library. He believed, however, that he was getting it straight from God. Before he took up Yoga he had been one of the boys around town and a good drinker of raki, but after the light began to come to him he gave up drinking. He said he was drinking liquor finer than raki or anything else.

'What's that?' I asked him.

'Wheeley,' he said, 'eat ease weasdom.'

Anyhow, he had little use for Mr. McDempsey and regarded the man as a charlatan.

'He's all right,' I told my uncle.

But my uncle became furious, releasing mysterious vital forces, and said, 'I wheel break hease head, fooling all you leatle keads.'

'He ain't fooling,' I said. 'He says he'll give me all his secrets for three dollars.'

'I tell you, Wheeley,' my uncle Gyko said, 'he does not know any seacrets. He ease a liar.'

'I don't know,' I said. 'I'd like to try that stuff out.'

'Eat ease creaminal,' my uncle Gyko said, 'but I wheel geave you tree dollars.'

My uncle Gyko gave me the necessary three dollars and I sent them along to Mr. McDempsey. The envelope came

from New York, full of Mr. McDempsey's secrets. They were strangely simple. It was all stuff I had known anyhow but had been too lazy to pay any attention to. The idea was to get up early in the morning and for an hour or so to do various kinds of acrobatic exercises, which were illustrated. Also to drink plenty of water, get plenty of fresh air, eat good wholesome food, and keep it up until you were a giant.

I felt a little let down and sent Mr. McDempsey a short polite note saying so. He ignored the note and I never heard from him again. In the meantime, I had been following the rules and growing more powerful every day. When I say *in the meantime*, I mean for four days I followed the rules. On the fifth day I decided to sleep instead of getting up and filling the house with noise and getting my grandmother sore. She used to wake up in the darkness of early morning and shout that I was an impractical fool and would never be rich. She would go back to sleep for five minutes, wake up, and then shout that I would never buy and sell for a profit. She would sleep a little more, waken, and shout that there were once three sons of a king; one was wise like his father; the other was crazy about girls; and the third had less brains than a bird. Then she would get out of bed, and, shouting steadily, tell me the whole story while I did my exercises.

The story would usually warn me to be sensible and not go around waking her up before daybreak all the time. That would always be the moral, more or less, although the story itself would be about three sons of some king, or three brothers, each of them very wealthy and usually very greedy, or three daughters, or three proverbs, or three roads, or something else like that.

She was wasting her breath, though, because I was n't enjoying the early-morning acrobatics any more than she was. In fact, I was beginning to feel that it was a lot of nonsense, and that

my uncle Gyko had been right about Mr. McDempsey in the first place.

So I gave up Mr. McDempsey's programme and returned to my own, which was more or less as follows: to take it easy and grow to be the most powerful man in the neighborhood without any trouble or exercise. Which is what I did, too.

That spring Longfellow School announced that a track meet was to be held, one school to compete against another, but everybody to participate.

Here, I believed, was my chance. In my opinion I would be first in every event.

Somehow or other, however, continuous meditation on the theme of athletics had the effect of growing into a fury of anticipation that continued all day and all night, so that before the day of the track meet I had run the fifty-yard dash any number of hundreds of times, had jumped the running broad jump, the standing broad jump, and the high jump, and in each event had made my competitors look like weaklings. This tremendous inner activity, which was strictly Yoga, changed on the day of the track meet into fever.

The time came at last for me and three other athletes, one of them a Greek, to go to our marks, get set, and go, and I did, in a blind fury of speed which I knew had never before occurred in the history of athletics.

It seemed to me that never before had any living man moved so swiftly. Within myself I ran the fifty yards fifty times before I so much as opened my eyes to find out how far back I had left the other runners. I was very much amazed at what I saw. Three boys were four yards ahead of me and going away. It was incredible. It was unbelievable, but it was obviously the truth. There ought to be some mistake, but there was n't. There they were, ahead of me, going away.

Well, it simply meant that I would have to overtake them, with my eyes

open, and win the race. This I proceeded to do. They continued, incredibly, however, to go away, in spite of my intention. I became irritated and decided to put them in their places for the impertinence, and began releasing all the mysterious vital forces within myself that I had. Somehow or other, however, not even this seemed to bring me any closer to them and I felt that in some strange way I was being betrayed. If so, I decided, I would shame my betrayer by winning the race in spite of the betrayal, and once again I threw fresh life and fury into my running. There was n't a great distance still to go, but I knew I would be able to do it. Then I knew I would n't. The race was over. I was last.

Without the slightest hesitation I protested and challenged the runners to another race, same distance, back. They refused to consider the proposal, which proved, I knew, that they were afraid to race me. I told them they knew very well I could beat them.

It was very much the same in all the other events. When I got home I was in high fever and very angry. I was delirious all night and sick three days. My grandmother took very good care of me and probably was responsible for my not dying. When my uncle Gyko came to visit me he was no longer hollow-cheeked. It seems he had finished his fast, which had been a long one — forty days or so; and nights too, I believe. He had stopped meditating, too, because he had practically exhausted the subject. He was again one of the boys around town, drinking, staying up all hours, and following the women.

'I tell you, Wheeley,' he said, 'we are a great family. We can do *anything*.'

I told him about the track meet.

'I won every event in my division,' I said. 'It was easy. There was nothing to it.'

I was n't lying, either. It was the truth. Those other fellows were simply living in another world, that was all.

HOUSING CAN BE FINANCED

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

I

PPRIVATE industry, we are told, has failed to produce adequate, decent, safe, and sanitary homes. A little while ago we were hearing that the needed housing must be built by the Federal Government. Now we are hearing that housing must be financed by governmental action and aid, and built either by local public authority or by private enterprise.

The Congress has been responsive to public demand. At the closing session of 1937, the United States Housing Authority was created with the power to extend loans and grants to local housing authorities for the financing and subsidizing of publicly owned housing projects. At the present session, the Federal Housing Act has been amended to liberalize the loans that may be insured by the Federal Housing Administration. In addition, steps have been taken to make it easier to promote National Mortgage Associations, which it is hoped will create new opportunities for the investment of private funds in long-term insured mortgages and maintain an effective market for such investments.

Thus within the space of a few months the Congress has enacted two measures of the greatest importance to housing, dealing respectively with public and private finance. Does this mean that the way has at last been cleared for concrete achievements in housing,¹ and that the

difficulties of finance which have seemed so baffling are at last overcome? The large majority of those who are interested in better housing are far more anxious to see the dirt fly and the bricks laid than they are to discuss abstract principles of finance. The idea persists that finance is a sort of Aladdin's lamp which, if rubbed the right way, will work a miracle and cause the desired housing to spring into being. An obliging Congress has rubbed the lamp both ways, once in the direction of public finance for public housing and once in the direction of private finance for so-called commercial housing. Both the Congress and the public naïvely await the miracle.

But finance is not a miracle. Finance is a man-made device. It is a method created by men for measuring the value of the various types of services performed by many different types of men and interchanged among them. The ability of men to specialize on particular tasks made it necessary for them to depart from primitive methods of barter, to devise and experiment with money, and then gradually to evolve the intricate system of credit machinery which to-day challenges popular understanding.

Our credit machinery is as yet by no means perfect. It is in a state of continual evolution, adapting itself little by little, though we are scarcely aware of it, to our changing needs and our changing capacity to minister to one another's needs. If we are to succeed in financing housing, we must have an idea of what

¹ See *Problems Affecting Housing*, March 1938, New York Building Congress. — AUTHOR

we are doing and what types of services we are interchanging. We must develop a philosophy of finance which is both understandable and workable; for unless we understand finance we shall not be able to make it work.

II

There was a time when the American who needed a home went into the forest and hewed the logs himself. He needed very little coöperation except for the heavy work of frame raising, when he called the neighbors in and made a party of it.

To-day the American who wants a home concentrates diligently upon his own specialized task, whatever it may be. He seeks to earn and save money with which to pay other workers who specialize in home building. But a man who must save all his life before he can get enough money together to pay for a home is likely to derive small comfort from it. Therefore, since there are other men who are dependent for their livelihood upon the task of home building, we have devised means whereby the home seeker may finance or anticipate his potential savings and enjoy his home during his lifetime, pledging his future earnings to liquidate the financing.

The first step in the evolution of home finance was the development of groups of people who had surplus savings and yet did not need additional homes for themselves. These people lent their savings to others, who paid them an interest charge, gave a mortgage as security, and eventually paid off the mortgage out of their savings. Institutions known as savings banks were developed to assist men of small means to put savings aside for the rainy day. Large numbers of small deposits placed in the savings banks created large concentrated savings. Thus, by acting in groups, men found that they had the same power to initiate work that was possessed by men of wealth. Hence the savings banks

developed a usefulness to society as lending institutions equal in importance to their original purpose of facilitating savings. Our great lending institutions, including savings banks, life insurance societies, and building and loan associations, have been the source to which society has turned for funds to finance housing and other forms of construction whose usefulness lasts over a long period of years.

The mortgage system which has evolved as a result of savings is the outgrowth of the ways which men have developed for working at specialized tasks and for exchanging their services. There are three essentially different types of services performed by three representative types of workers. The first is the plodder, the man who day by day does work whose value to society just about equals the value of the things he requires from society. He earns what may be called a *balanced livelihood*. The plodder needs savings to tide him over rainy days.

The second is a different type of man. He is an inventor, a scientist, a man who produces services or things which are not consumed by immediate use. He may spend his days working upon something which may not be productive until the end of his life. He earns a *deferred livelihood*. He needs savings to live on, although he may have none.

The third does certain things in the early part of his life which are of such immediate value to society that he receives in payment more than he can readily use. He therefore earns a *precipitated livelihood*. Sometimes a man may enjoy a precipitated livelihood because he falls heir to the deferred livelihood of his father.

Men who enjoy precipitated livelihoods resort to savings banks and other types of investments because they prefer to defer the enjoyment to which they are entitled. But the funds do not lie idle. Men who earn deferred livelihoods are eager to use these savings in order to pay

living expenses during the interval when their own work is unproductive. All workers in the construction industry play a part in creating things of long-range value and must therefore pledge the ultimate fruits of their labor to secure the immediate wherewithal to live.

Here we have a system of pledges interchanged. Each pledge is a contract to allow another to derive, in advance, enjoyment which is yielded on condition that repayment be made so that the rightful owner of the pledge may take his enjoyment at a later date, when repayment is made. *It has been the dislocation of our system for interchanging pledges between those who earn different types of livelihoods that has necessitated most of the recent legislation dealing with finance.*

If deferred and precipitated livelihoods exactly balanced one another, our difficulties would be considerably lessened. Such, however, is not the case. The needs of all of the three typical groups of workers are constantly changing, and, in addition, technological improvements which increase the productivity of the individual worker are continually forcing more workers into the group which must depend upon deferred livelihoods. When it appears that these workers cannot be financed out of savings with a reasonable prospect for the return of the savings, unemployment is inevitable.

Furthermore, in order to protect owners of savings against loss, restrictions have been quite properly imposed by law upon the types of investments that may be made by life insurance societies, savings banks, and other types of trustees. This means that in times of stress the interchange between those who earn precipitated and deferred livelihoods may be thrown still further out of balance simply because adequate return cannot be assured to permit exchange. Many of our lending institutions have not been able, or have not seen fit, to avail themselves of the insurance pro-

vided by the Federal Housing Administration for this reason.

The single insured mortgage of the FHA, formerly covering 80 per cent and now allowed to cover 90 per cent of appraised value for appraisals of less than \$6000 per house, has undoubtedly helped to eliminate the vicious second-mortgage practices of the pre-depression days. Although it was not then apparent, it is now realized that the high discounts exacted for refinancing second mortgages, plus bonuses and other charges, plus high interest rates and inflated appraisals, drained away the legitimate earnings of properties which should have been used to reduce the original mortgage loans. It seems certain that the institutional lenders will unite in opposition to any attempt to return to former second-mortgage practices, and that they will insist on maintaining a sound policy with respect to amortization.

Those who expect quick results must exercise patience and realize that *real estate still carries an enormous debt built up in the past when there was no conception of mortgages as a revolving fund* and when it was still imagined that real estate continually increased enough in value to carry a permanent fixed debt. It is significant that complete records of mortgage debt are not extant. In 1930, farm mortgage debt was known to exceed \$9,000,000,000. The total mortgage debt of the nation has been variously estimated at between \$23,000,000,000 and \$42,000,000,000. Such disparity is in itself significant. Even though the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Home Owners Loan Corporation, the Federal Housing Administration, and other credit agencies of the Federal Government have aided in financing and refinancing obligations in excess of \$4,000,000,000 with provisions for varying rates of amortization, we are still confronted with the task of finding a way for liquidating the balance of our mortgage obligations.

III

In order to realize the importance of a progressive means for liquidating mortgage debt, it is necessary to digress briefly to examine the relationship which exists between those who build houses and those who live in them. This relationship is too frequently misunderstood, because it is commonly supposed that the purchaser of a home takes it off the market and that that act completes the transaction. Neither the purchaser nor society at large can consume housing. People do, however, consume the shelter which is produced by housing. Shelter is measured by the time element during which it is enjoyed, as well as by the quality and quantity of shelter supplied. Theoretically society makes its payments in the form of a rental for shelter rather than as a payment for a house. It is helpful, therefore, to designate this payment as the rental equivalent, which means annual charges whether borne by home owners or by tenants.

Advance payment by the home owner in the form of a purchase price anticipates the payment of the annual rental equivalents. It causes the owner to perform for himself the banker's rôle of adjusting the time disparity between two types of services — namely, the furnishing of labor and materials for the production of housing, and the consumption of the shelter which is produced by the house. Much of the propaganda regarding home ownership has been misleading.

We need to clarify what takes place upon the payment of the rental equivalent. Small periodic payments are made which approximate the use value of the shelter. These set up a return flow of installment payments which gradually reduce² the amount of credit that has been advanced to defray the cost of

² Owners of housing have frequently fallen into the error of failing to charge amortization, and have 'milked' property by trying to take out full profits where little or no profits exist. — AUTHOR

creating the housing. This takes place irrespective of whether the owner or an investor advances the money to pay construction costs. The home owner pays the rental equivalent, in part by forgoing interest on his own capital.

Thus we see that, in theory at least, the financing of housing consists of a flow and a return flow of recording payments. Society took a real forward step when it developed the device of utilizing the precipitated savings of one of its groups to finance the deferred livelihood of another. Based upon this simple device, a great impetus was given to the financing of the exchange of services which involve a time differential — as, for example, the production of the capital facilities of housing and the consumption of the resultant commodity, shelter.

But the devices which society develops do not always function smoothly, because they are not always completely understood. Money is sometimes drawn away from needed uses. At such times artificial means are tried to direct the flow of money toward such purposes as housing.

IV

The attempt to stimulate the financing of housing dates from 1920, when the New York State Legislature empowered municipalities to limit taxes on family units constructed during a period of housing shortage. This was followed by a provision permitting insurance societies to invest directly in low-rental housing and to enjoy limitation of tax to land value only for a period of twenty years. Results were produced in both cases because the limitation of real-estate taxes increased the margin of profit and stimulated the flow of funds into housing.

In 1926 the first definite attempt was made to set up a state housing bank to issue tax-exempt bonds carrying low interest rates, these bonds to be secured by mortgages on low-rental housing

projects built under the auspices of the State Board of Housing — real-estate taxes to be limited to land value only, and the corporations operating the housing to be exempt from other state or local taxes. The legislation was passed without the establishment of the bank. Nevertheless, housing aggregating in total cost \$23,000,000 was constructed. For the last three projects, however, it was not found practicable to secure mortgage funds on a commercial basis, and as a result loans from the Federal Government were obtained.

In 1934 the New York State Legislature amended its housing law to permit the establishment of municipal housing authorities. Cities were empowered to grant initial revolving funds, and the authorities were permitted to issue tax-exempt bonds. Again it was found that neither institutional nor private lenders could be depended upon for finance. The authority found itself unable to sell its bonds in quantity to produce results. It did, however, induce the Housing Division of the Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works to carry out two large projects, and then entered into an agreement to operate these at rentals made possible by Federal subsidy. To-day Federal policy has been shifted to permit loans and restricted capital grants to be made to local authorities, plus annual subsidies of an amount not to exceed interest and amortization charges.

As a result we have two Federal policies with respect to housing: one as concerns housing which is publicly owned and operated, and the other with respect to general long-term finance for housing purposes. In those states which have followed the lead of the Federal Government there are, similarly, two state policies. One is to get as much in loans out of the Federal Government as possible and then to get the Federal Government to defray costs of both interest and amortization, charging these to future nation-wide tax collections. The

other policy leaves the states grappling in forty-eight different ways with the mortgage problem and passing legislation to permit institutional lenders controlled by the state to take advantage of the new type of amortizable mortgage insured by the FHA.

Let it be granted that the need is established for a reasonable supply of municipally owned housing to provide for economically stranded groups and tenants displaced by demolition or other changes due to public improvements. There still remains the problem of rebuilding our whole system of housing finance, on sound principles. Governmental action arrested the mortgage situation before it reached the proportions of a major catastrophe, despite the advice of a few who contended that liquidation should have been allowed to run its course. It is now recognized by all that some sort of control must be devised for mortgage finance which will prevent a recurrence of mortgage manipulation and yet allow sufficient independence of action to avoid the stultification of initiative and enterprise.

V

The idea has persisted that, unless savings are set aside, the specialized services necessary to produce housing cannot possibly be paid for. We have been accustomed to think that both mortgage finance and investments in equities have been drawn exclusively from the savings pool.

We have already seen, however, that as society grows more complicated fewer and fewer things which men produce can be exchanged directly,³ while a larger proportion of men are constantly employed to produce things such as capital goods that cannot be consumed directly but which, when serviced, do in turn produce commodities or services which can be consumed. We know that the

³ See Adelbert Ames, 'Progress and Prosperity,' *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*, Jan. 1932. — AUTHOR

savings set aside by those who earn precipitated livelihoods do not bear a fixed relation to the amounts needed to finance the advance labors of those who earn deferred livelihoods. In other words, savings alone are insufficient to pay for the housing, machinery, and other types of capital goods that society needs.

The use of credit has been the factor that has made it possible to increase greatly the range of human activities. *Credit originates and takes the place of money to liberate work on the basis of an estimate of the value of that work. Credit must be liquidated and canceled out by the actual exchange value of the services derived from that work expressed in money. When there is failure to cancel out a credit, the result is obviously inflationary, because the quantity of money is increased without verification by actual exchange.* Experience has taught the necessity for differentiating between credit, which is an instrument of exchange into which the time factor enters, and money proper, which is an instrument for measuring direct exchange.

For this reason there has been a determined effort to confine the use of credit to short-term purposes and to depend upon the savings and investment pool for long-term needs. The method employed was strict regulation of the proportion of long-term investments allowed to commercial banks as members of the Federal Reserve, to restrict discount privileges on collateral loans, and to require special reserves. Notwithstanding the precautions taken, there has been a tendency for bank credit directly as well as indirectly to augment⁴ the savings and investment pool. So great has been the pressure that the original Federal Reserve Act of 1913 has been modified three times, in 1917, 1927, and 1935, to increase the latitude allowed member banks with respect to real-estate loans and other forms of long-term investment.

Unfortunately there is as yet too little

⁴ See John R. Walker, *Bank Credit As Money* (1937). — AUTHOR

understanding of how to deal with the tendency of credit to augment the investment pool. We have failed to recognize how large a proportion of what we thought to be investment funds were in reality long-term credits which required liquidation just as inevitably as the short-term credits which we have learned so much better how to handle. Our failure to provide a means for the liquidation of these baffling long-term credits has been a cause of periodic concealed inflationary movements accompanied by advances in commodity prices.

There is much direct evidence that one of the most dangerous aspects of the great depression was a result of our lack of understanding of the fundamentals of long-term finance. In attempting to work our way out, both the Hoover and the Roosevelt administrations found it necessary to set up special agencies to aid banks, corporations, and individuals in the baffling task of liquefying and liquidating frozen capital assets. Most important of these agencies has been the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The purposes of many of the others are evidenced by their names: the Farm Credit Administration, the Home Owners Loan Corporation, the Public Works Administration, the Federal Housing Administration, and the United States Housing Authority. All of these agencies have served a useful purpose even though the general effect has so far been principally reflationary. In this connection it should be pointed out that for some years there has been a well-defined movement to establish a Central Mortgage Bank. Such an institution is greatly needed. The Central Mortgage Bank must be something more than a mere discounting agency. It should exercise the function of a reserve bank for long-term credits with power to control the expansion and contraction of credits.

At the present time there is a pressing need for a thoroughgoing scientific study of the whole matter of long-term credit and its relation to our existing credit and

monetary system as set up by the Federal Reserve Act. It may be found preferable to create a system of reserve mortgage banks within the existing Federal Reserve System, or even to develop one of the existing emergency agencies into the nucleus of a mortgage reserve system.

Overtures⁵ have already been made to Congress to authorize a commission to study the problem of long-term finance. This commission, with the advice of experts, should place before a later Congress (a) proposals for the better coördination of the many existing agencies of long-term finance formed during the depression, and (b) specific proposals designed to provide for the intelligent direction and control of long-term finance — on the one hand to lessen the danger to our monetary and short-term credit system caused by periodic price inflations and the freezing of needed money and credit in long-term obligations, and on the other hand to provide for orderly long-term credit expansion balanced with the capacity of the nation to expand industrially.

The time has come when we must put behind us the notion that our capacity to expand depends solely on our ability to save and our willingness to invest.⁶

VI

We have arrived at a point in our argument where we may state boldly that if America needs and wants better housing it has the capacity to achieve it. The factors that make financing possible are based upon our knowledge, first, that the people who will live in improved types of housing will be able little by little to liquidate the credits that are advanced to produce this housing; sec-

ond, that we have the man power and materials necessary to construct housing. We can set to work as soon as agreement is reached as to the method for liquidating the needed credit.

If America is to have housing, then we must learn how to finance housing. There are, however, serious obstacles to be overcome. So immersed are we in what Professor Arnold has called 'the folklore of capitalism' that we may prevent the financing of the very thing which we desire by insisting that housing shall not be financed unless certain conditions are set which are emotional survivals of an outworn antagonism to capitalism. The first of these is the idea that the governmental aid must be invoked only for those people who cannot pay what is considered an economic return for the services rendered them. This of course leads to the equally erroneous concept that when the government undertakes a housing project for demonstration purposes the terms on which the project is financed need not be balanced on an economic basis, but may be made to simulate a balance through subsidy. We have found it difficult to distinguish between governmental aid for housing and government ownership. We have illogically assumed that economic dislocation was due to industrial failure, and have clamored for the government to take over many of the functions of industry at the same time that we have failed to perceive that the breakdown in finance and credit was due to governmental failure to apply its constitutional mandate 'to coin money and regulate the value thereof.' This mandate presupposes the exercise of governmental authority to maintain an economically sound credit system employed with a diligence and intelligence equal to the intelligence which government has shown in preventing the issue of spurious currency.

Although we stand on the threshold of a better understanding of the workings of both short- and long-term credit, we

⁵ Proposals initiated by the New York Building Congress and the Merchants' Association have received the endorsement of the Construction League of the United States and the American Institute of Architects. — AUTHOR

⁶ See H. G. Moulton, *The Formation of Capital* (1935). — AUTHOR

are still confusing credit with the older merchandising concept of 'investment,' as the purchase of a capital asset which, after its purchase, can somehow become a piece of merchandise to be held for sale at a profit in a capital market.

It is not to be wondered at that men who have but recently lost their faith in the buying and selling of investments for profit should be slow to find an advantage in investment without exploitation at a time when the capital market is, to say the least, quiescent.

In a society which has developed three distinct types of workers, of whom, as we have shown, an increasing proportion are dependent upon deferred livelihoods, it is essential that a continuous flow of credit be made available so that the economic system may be kept in balance. It is therefore fortunate that the Roosevelt Administration has had the courage to extend credit liberally in the attempt to reduce unemployment below the danger point. It is significant, however, that, in spite of the declared purpose to finance housing, the major portion of the credit extended has been put into 'made work' for relief purposes, public works, parks, highways, and national defense, none of which provide for any appreciable means for liquidating the credit except by resort to taxation. Short of repudiation, there appears to be no way out except taxation and more taxation. It is a reflection on the popular understanding of credit that, in the case of those housing projects which have been financed, the terms arranged have been such as to preclude the liquidation through rent of the credits which the government has vouched for. Thus housing which could and should be made self-liquidating has been made a further charge upon taxation.

It is unfortunate that our cities have been equally guilty with private industry in neglecting to provide for the amortization of credits invested in capital resources. Consequently our cities to-day are not in a position to liquidate

through taxation the credits of which they are greatly in need to improve their capital plant. Consequently we must look for an outlet for credit that offers an assured return for the long-term credits which are needed to give work to those who are dependent upon deferred livelihoods. Housing still offers the best opportunity for the absorption of new credits on terms which can provide for assured periodic amortization payments out of rents or the rental equivalent. There is reason to believe that economic pressure alone will ultimately compel the financing of housing. The only real obstacles are our failure to understand the true significance and use of credit and our failure to distinguish between 'folklore' and what we have been pleased to call 'economic laws.'

VII

A new generation has grown up since the remarkable essay entitled *The Moral Equivalent of War* was published by Professor William James of Harvard. Professor James was wise enough to see in war the power to weld great masses of people into a self-conscious entity dedicated to a common purpose so greatly desired that all minor conflicting purposes are willingly reconciled and re-oriented. Professor James was perhaps the greatest student of psychology that America has produced. Had he been alive during the great depression he would have understood the psychological significance of the ominous undertone of criticism which was heard throughout the frenzied effort by the government to combat the depression. Over and over again it was said, perhaps by cynics, that 'a first-class war would lift us out of the doldrums.' Two years after the United States entered the war against Germany, 4,250,000 men were enrolled in the army and nearly 9,500,000 men and women were employed at home in production for war purposes. The same nation has failed to marshal similar man power to

combat the depression because it has lacked a moral equivalent for war.

Let us for a moment think what would be the result if similar man power could be put to work for improved housing. Here the word 'housing' is used in its largest sense. It is intended to connote rearrangement and rebuilding of large sections of our cities as well as the building of better homes and better farm buildings for the agricultural population, plus those service appurtenances which are essential to the convenient use of housing in both city and country.

The same people who condone the inevitable debt which is left by war are the first to decry a public debt incurred for a purpose other than war. Men have not yet learned to think of a moral equivalent of war which is worth the price. Were it suggested that a debt should be incurred for housing of even a fractional part of the debt for war, it would be condemned as one which could have been avoided and was therefore needless. Improved housing, however, involves only the wreckage of outworn physical things which have outlived their usefulness and presupposes the creation of new and more usable housing, and it does not leave a mountain of debt with no hope of paying that debt except through taxation. Furthermore, housing is something which is greatly desired and which we can afford. The credits advanced can be liquidated through rents.

It is possible to measure the amount of new housing which is needed by the people of the United States and which can reasonably be created in any given year. It is possible to measure the housing needed in various communities and to classify this housing by size and quality of facilities as well as by income groups.⁷ It is possible to calculate the expansion of credit required annually to liberate the work necessary to produce

the amount and types of housing needed in the various classifications. Instead of a hit-or-miss method of expanding credit such as has been employed in the past, here is an outlet of definite determinable proportions. Furthermore, here is a method for expanding credit on the basis of a contract calling for the liquidation of a given percentage of the credit every month.

So great are the variations in the terms of finance that only at considerable risk of being misunderstood can even the most general suggestions be given within the compass of this article. For the past seven years the situation has been such that Federal authorities have been compelled to take the initiative in the dispensing of credit. Government has been called upon to provide a *balance* of needed credit to *supplement* other available credits. Therefore it is appropriate that government should base the amount and nature of its credit advances upon a programme calculated to stabilize the disparity between America's capacity to produce and its capacity to consume. In the case of government the purpose of credit expansion is to produce results. If there is an assured method for liquidation, the interest rate can be written down to very nearly nil. Therefore, it would be possible for the government to issue twenty-five-year special housing bonds amortizable at 4 per cent per annum, with an interest rate sufficient only to cover servicing and insurance. These bonds might be prorated among the Federal Reserve member banks to establish credits against which funds for desired types of housing improvement could be drawn. The bonds could be made eligible as reserves under terms set by the Federal Reserve Board.

If a credit expansion of exactly one billion dollars per annum should be continued by the government for twenty-five years, at no time would the total expansion amount to more than thirteen billions, and by the end of the twenty-fifth year the amortization payments at

⁷ See 'Family Incomes and Family Rents, Example of Peoria, Ill.,' in *Land Usage*, August 1936, New York Building Congress. — AUTHOR

4 per cent would have reached the amount of the annual outlay, so that thereafter no additional expansion would result. In these days of accurate record keeping there is little necessity for tying a policy of credit expansion for housing to arbitrary fixed annual amounts such as might be set by Congressional appropriation. The Federal Reserve Board receives accurate periodic reports on credits extended by its member banks. These reports, considered in relation to employment statistics and to a survey of need, should be an index of the supplementary credit needed to balance production and consumption. Hence the Federal Reserve Board might set each year the amount of credit expansion to be assigned to housing.

Every factor points to the advantage and necessity for financing housing. No thoroughgoing study has yet been made of the possibilities. So far Congressional committees and groups who have drafted Congressional and state legislation have been advised principally by the type of men who have made themselves recognized merchants of investments. As has already been shown, we have allowed credit inflation to swell the investment pool and then have waited for the lure of the profitable sale of investments to provoke more inflation. It is not surprising that so little progress has been made.

Housing cannot be financed until the relation between credit and investment is better understood. We must realize that we cannot protect our short-term

credit machinery against inflation merely by vain limitations on the types of 'investments' permitted to member banks of the Federal Reserve System. It is very important that bankers as well as the officials of investment institutions should join in the study of the only partially understood phenomena of long-term credit. The proposed Congressional Commission to study long-term finance should aid in bringing both imaginative and experienced minds together and in arousing popular interest. The need for such study is being thrust upon us by the development of our civilization, with its subdivision of tasks and in particular its well-defined classifications of livelihood.

Banking is the profession to which the nation must look with hope for the future. The banker is the man who makes it possible to keep abreast of our technical competence. By adding the time element to money and creating credit, the banker has performed one of the greatest services ever rendered to civilization. Our recent sufferings are largely due to lack of understanding of credit, that new tool to facilitate exchange which we, whether we know it or not, are still working upon to beat it to a true and workable temper. Housing can be financed. A better understanding of our credit problem will make this possible. The financing of housing and the recognition of its relation to our capacity to expand will in turn help to stabilize our general system of finance and guard us against the recurrence of dangerous booms and depressions.

THE OCTAVES

BY EDWARD A. RICHARDS

THE shaken sound drops down too low
For the shivered ear to go,
Or quivers up to airy high
For the grounded ear to try.
The sounds thin out along the air
Too fine for life to dare —
Fine as those balances that weigh
The ashes of decay.
High they go, and low they start,
But they never pull apart.
Up and down the octaves pour,
But they never leave a door
To let the silences crash through
And cut their line in two.
Split a sound within your throat,
You never harm the note;
Try to decree no sound at all
However gaunt and small,
And you find how free and rigid sound
Keeps its members bound;
How much more spar and steel are frail
Than the tensions of the scale.

THE PRODUCTION OF VALUE

BY HARTLEY W. BARCLAY

I

WHAT is America's return from its tremendous industrial operations? All manner of subordinate questions group themselves around this basic one, and most of them rouse narrow or prejudiced answers. Yet until recently no one, not even industrialists themselves, ever conducted an inquiry broad or deep enough to reveal the effects of a single large industry on national life — from the gathering of raw material, through various stages of fabrication, to final consumption and the increase of social wealth.

As editor of *Mill and Factory*, with the aid of a large staff I have been directing a case study of these problems on a comprehensive scale. The examination has consumed an entire year. Because of its size, variety of product, and wide manufacturing base, the General Motors Corporation was selected for this investigation; but the study has been conducted on an absolutely independent basis. Beyond allowing access to necessary information and opening its plants to inspection, General Motors made no contribution to the investigation and will get the results, like the general public, only through the published findings in *Mill and Factory* and the ensuing book. Neither directly nor indirectly has the corporation contributed in any other way to the success of this study. Indeed, the survey went far beyond corporate processes into the fields of agriculture, transportation, retail distribution, science and invention,

mining and metallurgy, with somewhat lesser attention to finance and government. Data from more than a hundred thousand sources were investigated, collected, and compared. The conclusions are significant because they penetrate to the root of the social contributions of business to American life.

Contrary to the general impression that profit is the principal result of industrial production, the study proves that the principal and inevitable result is the creation and distribution of increased value. This is true because increased value is invariably created and distributed before profit can be recovered. Increased value is a constant; profit is a variable which may or may not occur, depending upon factors not under the control of industrial production. Increased value is often created when no profit can follow, and many functions of industry are carried through regardless of direct or immediate profit possibilities.

Since profits are not the primary and constant result of American industry under free enterprise, it is a misnomer to call our economic system a 'profit system.' Rather, since creation and distribution of increased value are its outstanding characteristics, our way of economic life should be called a 'value system,' to distinguish it from the monopolistic and semi-monopolistic plans under which foreign economies are managed.

The significance of the 'value system'

began to emerge as we classified and identified industrial results. They fall into three major classes: physical products (such as the automobile, the electric refrigerator, or the Diesel locomotive); financial rewards (such as wages, taxes, and dividends); and social values which stem from improved use of materials or services, of which we have been able to identify thirty-five different categories. I consider these social values primary and fundamental, because they are constant rather than fluctuating, because they are inevitably produced prior to the physical or financial results, and because they endure as imperishable endowments long after goods have worn out and money has been dissipated. Even when production of the other two types declines to extremely low levels, the creation and the distribution of social values continue. It is this steady dynamic which sustains the high standards of American living and elevates them above those of other nations. From the evidence gathered, it appears that this value flow can be stopped only by excessive regulation and regimentation which harden the arteries of industry.

The social products of industry are both tangible and intangible, and of such wide variety that, for lack of comprehensive analysis and appraisal hitherto, they are not fully appreciated. Their creation follows general laws, most clearly revealed in manufacturing, which I have reduced to axiomatic form. Illustrated with case examples from our findings, these readily understood axioms form the conclusions of our long research. Their general acceptance would provide a basis for mutual understanding between many diverse groups interested in industry and its problems.

Although social products of industry possess high cash value, they are evolved and distributed without charge as a by-product of industrial processes. If this source should be shut off, the standard of living would fall, unless equal values

were provided otherwise, the only substitute source being government subsidy, resulting in greater public debt. Even under ideal administration, which is never realized in practice, there exists a deadly limiting factor of government promotion of social values. Government cannot move technologically faster than the ability of its public to understand and to appreciate tangible additions.

The public can grasp completely the utility of a highway or bridge, but if government were to finance what Charles F. Kettering is doing — 'to find out why the grass is green' — the public would have plenty to say about waste and extravagance in governmental expenditures. No doubt the inventor of the self-starter would be trusted further than most men, yet we prefer to leave to private means a fundamental research which may result in more uses for farm products and assist in originating new types of goods as socially valuable as those helped on their way by the self-starter. The individual takes the risk, while, if the search succeeds, society recovers the lion's share of value.

II

Our analysis uncovers no proof of the contention that capital and labor are the only basic elements of economic life, and that continuing warfare between them is inevitable. Labor's gains from industrial production appear permanent, while those of capital are subject to social controls to ensure that they will be only temporary.

Economic life contains too many overlapping and complex elements to justify its compression in a strait-jacket on which capital and labor pull strings in their own interest. As we followed industrial effects down to the grass roots, we were unable to discover any enterprise which did not at some vital point rest on the individual initiative of the small operator or owner. This find-

ing, in no wise new, indicates that what Abraham Lincoln said¹ of the capital-labor division is still substantially true:

A large majority [of citizens] belong to neither class — neither work for others nor have others working for them. . . . Men — with their families, wives, sons and daughters — work for themselves on their farms, in their houses and in their shops, taking the whole product to themselves and asking no favors of capital on the one hand, nor of hired laborers or slaves on the other. It is not forgotten that a considerable number of persons mingle their own labor with capital — that is, they labor with their own hands and also buy or hire others to labor for them; but this is only a mixed and not a distinct class. . . . There is not, of necessity, any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition of life. Many independent men everywhere in these States, a few years back in their lives, were hired laborers. The prudent penniless beginner in the world labors for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system, which opens the way to all — gives hope to all and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them, till all of liberty shall be lost.

Development of social values may be compared to farming. Ideas are the seed, capital the plough; factories, machinery, and raw materials represent the land, wages and taxes the certain harvest. There may or may not be profits. Many enterprises never earn profits, yet none are spared wages and taxes. When profits occur, there is no certainty that they will be repeated. In prosperity the taxgatherer taxes an extra cut without

¹ The President's Message, December 3, 1861.

refunding in adversity. Even in good years profits are not always available for dividends, because often they are tied up in equities such as buildings and inventories, accounts receivable, and other non-liquid assets. Before profits arise, expenditures in research, product design, building construction, plant equipment, tooling, engineering, maintenance, workers' education, safety, raw materials, management organization, advertising, sales organization, and scores of other important primary functions of industry have distributed capital so widely that the profits which remain are merely an adequate insurance of the future continuation of the enterprise and an incentive to increased production. When no profits occur, the profits of previous years must be used to perpetuate production of increased values.

In spite of patent laws and technical secrets, advance steps in utilizing goods and services cannot be successfully monopolized. Ingenuity and imitation provide effective substitutes. When Oldsmobile built the first practical automobile, that success released far more than endless Oldsmobiles; it also introduced many other types of vehicles built by scores of competitors. Competition ensures the progressive refinement and continuous creation of value which are to-day the principal characteristics of industry. The values so created are absorbed by labor, consumers, government, science, agriculture, manufacturing, and trade, even though those affected may be not fully aware of their share.

For example, take one category in agriculture — cotton farmers. Every automobile contains fifty-five pounds of cotton, and enough additional cotton has been used during manufacture to bring the total cotton consumption per car to nearly one hundred pounds. General Motors alone supports indirectly more than 150,000 cotton-producing families. By purchasing 1,000,000 tons of coal a year, this single industry

furnishes steady work to nearly 1200 coal miners, and in addition the electric power and light it buys come from coal mined by nearly 900 more. These miners are slightly outnumbered by electrical workers who maintain General Motors service for the public utility companies providing the corporation with power and light. In all, 4300 workers in coal and electricity are maintained indirectly by General Motors' purchases. This one corporate treasury is drawn upon directly or indirectly by more than 6,000,000 persons, between one sixth and one seventh of the nation's gainfully employed population.

Whether those workers who supply General Motors indirectly with essential goods and services fare as well in real wages as those employed by this corporation is an open question. No purchaser can control the wage schedules of a supplier, and even the influence of example is lost when the ultimate source is far removed, as in the case of farm products. It is clearly impossible, for instance, for industrial production to lift the wages of cotton farmers — there are too many other depressing factors. The scale can be steadied, however, by increasing the automotive use of cotton and giving cotton raisers better transportation. Indeed, it appears that the chief social dividend which many cotton producers have received of late years consists of more motorcar for their hard-earned dollars.

III

When factory workers ask, 'What do I get out of modern production?' the answer is comparatively easy. Industrial labor receives impressive values in addition to wages, which represent merely a financial result. What labor can buy with wages is a better measure than dollars of value received, but by no means a complete one, because many social values are remote from personal purchase.

First, modern production creates new

things for workers to make. In the corporation studied, these include primary or original products such as the automobile and the two-cycle Diesel engine, and secondary or subsidiary products such as the self-starter, multi-beam headlights, automatic transmissions, the all-steel top, and other additional parts or accessories added to the automobile. These products may result from refinements of manufacturing technique, suggestions by users and by outside inventors, or development by company research. Each new device creates a demand for labor of hand and brain not only in the originating plant but also in other plants which meet the challenge, and in those supplying raw materials and machinery.

It is equally true that modern production creates new tools and machinery for workers to use. To-day General Motors uses more than 3000 different kinds of machines which did not exist before 1908, when the business was founded. These machines are social products in that they have escaped the circumstances and purposes of their origin and have traveled far, both in geography and in variety of application. As a result, a workman skilled in handling these machines has a broad market for his time through the sheer fact that their excellence has won wide acceptance.

New and highly paid special trades have been developed. Of course the reader has heard of electric welding, but he probably is unaware of the opportunity afforded skilled men through the four hundred types of repair welding offered by three thousand well-equipped automotive repair shops, to say nothing of factory welding. And few outside of industry have heard of other recently developed industrial arts — electric etching, clay sculpture, gear shaving, X-ray operating, inter-factory telautographing, and thousands of other avenues of employment developed in recent years. A single division of General Motors, devoted to silversmithing and fine

body hardware, now employs 60 per cent more workers than it did at the 1929 peak, and it is interesting to note that they work on 787 different items involving hand craftsmanship.

Consider, for example, the single phase of product engineering. In General Motors this activity now comprises more than five hundred principal functions. Through these channels shop workers often begin a rise to high positions, because of their familiarity with products and methods. In typical divisions nearly every principal executive attained his position only after years of shop experience. Favoritism and nepotism defeat themselves when techniques change rapidly, while merit surges to the top. It is only where processes become static that the democratic way of advancement is ever threatened, and no sign of that is revealed in this study.

Advertising has made automobile users aware of improvements in cost and performance, but they seldom realize that automobile production creates values which flow to consumers through other channels. Carpets, wallpaper, upholstered chairs, and home-building materials are better and cheaper because quantity production for automotive requirements lowered costs and improved methods. Overflow of value from one industry to another, from one consuming group to another, is now so commonplace that only rare instances arouse notice. Our survey found this principle working through thousands of perfectly normal relationships.

To test the effect of big business upon small business, special studies were made of two hundred kinds of manufacturing, thirty-four branches of retail and wholesale trade, and many other types of business enterprises. It is evident that bigness in automobile manufacture tends to raise the number of small enterprises supplying the final producer with parts and materials, also to raise their standards both in quality of merchandise and in ethical procedure. Of the 15,000 firms

from whom General Motors buys its principal supplies, 1147 were particularly studied. As a result of General Motors' requirements they have developed products which are now widely distributed both to other industrial users and to household consumers.

Beyond the circle of immediate supply, we see large-scale manufacturing lifting both the number and the variety of smaller enterprises, even to the extent of becoming increasingly dependent upon the success of small business. Bus transportation, the taxicab industry, auto retailing, and trucking were developed from small beginnings, and, although some units have grown to considerable size, small units still divide the larger part of the trade. Motor trucking operations, for instance, employ 3,100,000 drivers.

Socially valuable contributions by industrial research are now so generally accepted that their importance need not be stressed here. Our study records no less than three thousand motor research activities by this one company. For our present purposes it is enough to realize that when a commercial success develops from corporate research it soon escapes into other fields, as witness the commercial production of barium, developed by the AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors, and the wide application of the cathode ray oscillograph. Here the effort to map sound in order to secure quiet motorcars has benefited the far-removed field of motion pictures. In aerodynamics, metallurgy, chemistry, microphotography, heat transfer, electronics, and chemurgy, modern production creates new values where no values existed before and transfers wastes from losses to productive uses. As a result, cornstalks and sugar-cane wastes are now valuable insulating materials, X-rays are used in standard production methods, cotton can be moulded plastically or used as a lacquer on automobiles, and corn finds a large new market as a base for anti-freeze radiator fluids.

Through industrial research both pure science and education are enriched. Colleges and universities study factory and industrial laboratory methods, and thousands of the present generation of factory workers go to school regularly within the plants for instruction which cannot well be provided elsewhere. All these values, as our study demonstrates, mature in response to an industry's determination to insure its future. The motive is security rather than profit, and such advantages as flow from it go inevitably to society.

IV

Within one brief article it is impossible to do more than outline the direction and indicate the significance of our findings in this survey. An analogy may serve as a short cut through a jungle of facts.

A society on the move can be compared to an automobile. Those who engage in productive work are part of the car; they carry the load, while the non-producers ride. Among the latter are the aged, the children and the widows, the unemployed and their families, and non-productive government employees. These are upheld by the strong, who are driven by fundamental necessity to survive and move forward. The fuel which propels this great machine is a mixture, not of gasoline and air, but of spending and saving: consumer spending, industrial and business spending, government spending; past savings, prospective savings made available through credit, income from foreign trade. The engine is industry, making and exchanging things and services. The drive shaft is productive employment. The four wheels are (1) rear left: agriculture, forestry, and fishing; (2) rear right: manufacturing and mining; (3) front left: government employees necessary to defense, order, and administration of public services; (4) front right: the service industries, including

banking and the professions, science and education.

This composite social automobile, which carries our hopes and ideals as well as our children and parents too old to work, moves ahead either by means of accumulated savings or by means of borrowings which mortgage both future earnings and the properties erected by past toil and thrift.

However the automobile moves, the passengers get a free ride. When it forges ahead on present production and sound investment, the passengers are assured of a comparatively smooth road, which, though it goes uphill and downhill, is always safe and leads in a known direction. When the automobile proceeds on the subsidy route, it leaves the paved road for a trip across uncharted fields. Our survey indicates that progress toward a social Utopia by the established highway is now proceeding at so swift a pace that it is folly to risk a crack-up by trying short cuts.

This effort to isolate and identify the 'value theory of production' is the beginning of an important study which will never be completed for the simple reason that industry is always changing in detail. It has been changing even during the months devoted to collating and publishing the results of our survey. Nearly every operation, every mechanical technique, every occupational class, every variety of product manufactured by General Motors Corporation, was examined in detail and followed down to its social bearings, so far as our ability and penetration permitted. Consequently the essential truth of our findings, even though details change, will have high significance for years to come. No doubt similar factual studies of other corporations, business regions, and industrial processes will follow, each serving to clear away misconceptions which bar the way to a clear understanding of industry's true function and wholesome contribution to society.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. In this and successive issues, space will be reserved for the best letters written by those under thirty — letters that speak vigorously, honestly, and with free rein. Some letters we shall invite, others will come to us unsolicited; we want to hear from men and women, from those with degrees and those without, from all walks of life. Writers should bear in mind two qualifications: first, they must be under thirty; secondly, each letter should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words. Contributions are invited, and those published will of course be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved, although it is our preference that the letters be signed. — THE EDITOR]

THE RIFT BETWEEN THE GENERATIONS

New Haven, Connecticut

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*:—

In suggesting that I write about the rift between the generations, you hit on something of great interest to me. As a member of the rising younger generation, who hears on all sides about the so-called 'Revolt of Youth,' I have often wondered about this rift which Sinclair Lewis and others find so prominent in American society.

I speak only from a limited experience, but it is my belief that the gap between the generations has been greatly exaggerated. Pure calendar age, unless it has meant an absolute hardening of outlook, is an unimportant differentiating factor in this rapidly changing world compared with general enlightenment. Progressive youth and progressive age are often far closer together than progressive and backward youth.

Yet one must account somehow for the widespread belief in this rift. And one of the chief causes for the apparent gap must certainly be the change in methods and subjects of education, which has tended to throw school and

college education into apparent opposition to the education acquired in the home. Parents do not clearly understand what their children are being taught, and both parties often feel that they are no longer capable of talking the same language. Actually, what has been lost is not so much the possibility of intellectual communication as the habit of it.

To take a practical example, from the field of politics, I am in general for the New Deal, partly as a result of academic studies, partly from a youthful sympathy with any creed which bears the progressive label. Most of the members of the older generation whom I know are anti-New Deal. Until recently I should not have dreamed of discussing politics at any length with them; they were 'die-hards,' 'reactionaries,' impossible and out-of-date. But within the last year I have been shaken in arguments by the discovery that our conceptions of fundamentals, social justice and the purpose of government, are not far apart. We have usually ended in some form of the old ends-and-means argument, my zeal for the object balanced by their skepticism of the methods. We still differ, but it is only a difference and not a rift, for at least we have been able to meet on com-

mon ground — which is more than I can say for many arguments with classmates at college.

The rift between the generations is supposed to be most evident on questions of morality. In its dissatisfaction with the existing code, the younger generation is undoubtedly trying to find out more than our parents would have learned in their youth. But is not this curiosity a matter of the times, not of the different generations? Youth shows its uncertainty in revolt against restriction, but the older generation shows a similar lack of conviction in its imposing list of divorces. Both stem from the same psychological sources.

Perhaps one should make a clear distinction between two groups in the older generation. Having arbitrarily taken the fields of politics and morality, let us say, as a historical approximation, that the revolution in morals dates from the war, the change in political outlook from 1933. For those of the older generation — and their number is not large in my experience — who were so tied to a particular outlook that they were not affected by those revolutions, there is unquestionably a difficulty of communication with the youth of to-day. But those who are post-war in morals, post-Roosevelt in political fundamentals, are really as close to the younger generation as were any two generations in the past.

In any case I am sure that no good purpose is served by emphasizing the difference between generations. Nothing contributes to being out-of-date so much as the conviction that one is already behind the times and that it is almost fruitless to try to understand or to catch up. To my mind the older generation is doing a vast task of adjustment extraordinarily well.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM P. BUNDY

[Mr. Bundy is twenty, a junior at Yale, and vice chairman of the Yale News.]

FATHER, HUSBAND, AND SON

—, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I should like to tell you of a difficult situation I've had to face in the past two years.

I was brought up in a well-to-do home by a self-made father who is a staunch conservative Republican of the old school. Money was not a factor in my life, and security a thing I took for granted. The depression hit this country in 1929 and I literally knew nothing about it until my sophomore year in college in 1932-1933. Education was not a means to an end, but merely a necessary process. At college I heard about strikes, labor organizations, socialism, European politics, but when I discussed such things with my father he put these problems out of my mind by saying such things as 'The laborer is much better off than he was twenty years ago,' 'Strikes are conducted on an unorganized basis,' 'Laborers take no responsibility, but destroy property illegally.'

In 1936 I married a young man whose thinking in the preceding six years along social and economic lines had led him to conclusions which were substantially different from those my father reached. His views seemed radical to me. He came from a poor family where money was hard-earned. His favorite authors were Lincoln Steffens and John Strachey, and his talk was concerned with overthrowing the capitalistic order. He had not and still has n't any use for the majority of capitalists and industrial leaders. Education to him means teaching children, not empty ideals, but actual facts and problems which they are going to face when they enter the adult community — such as the speed-up system in factories, unemployment, and so forth.

These two men have the same basic objectives. For instance, my husband is a strong supporter of the Child Labor Amendment. My father says yes in theory but no in fact. He is against child

labor, but he does not want the government to have more control. Let the states take care of it themselves, he says, citing the fact that we do not have much child labor in Massachusetts. Here my husband disagrees both from a humanitarian and from an economic point of view. On every economic subject the two of them have the same objectives, but my father sits back and says that it is a gradual process. He does not want to do anything nationally about these problems for fear of the government's taking away individual rights and privileges. Actually, in his own companies, the workers do have decent wages, and he is as humane a person as one could ask for. On the other hand, my husband says these things cannot be worked out without drastic changes. Capitalism has failed to give decent living conditions and wages to the majority of the people, and we must have more government control and national planning.

Here I am between the two fires, with a year-old son who will be grown up before I know it. What do I want for him? First of all, security. What do I mean by security? The old hangover from my upbringing urges me to save my pennies and put them in the bank so that my son will never be in need. On the other hand, I want him to develop into a strong man with the capacity to take care of himself. I want him to have the things that money can buy without losing his independence and sense of values. My father is already talking of buying expensive things for my son, and my husband is throwing up his hands in horror. Isn't there a happy medium whereby my son can have some of these things and be taught the value of them at the same time?

What kind of society do I want him to grow up in? Certainly not the capitalistic society of to-day, because there are too much unemployment, worry, and need in our country. Things are too unsettled. On the other hand, I do not want him to live in a country governed

by the mob, because I feel that they are too much swayed by their emotions and the majority of them have had too little education and seem incapable of governing the country. This is still a great problem to me, but at present I am leaning toward a dictatorship which does not deprive one of intellectual freedom. I don't want a Hitler or a Mussolini, but someone big enough to combine national planning and government control and at the same time give us an unregimented society where people still have the right to think and believe as they wish. Is this too much to ask for my son?

What sort of education do I want my son to have? The private schools and college, with the few friends of the moneyed class, as I did? No. It would not be fair to him to have only one side of the picture painted to him. I want him to go to the public schools, where he can play and work with all types and classes of people and where I hope to find some realistic, honest, and sincere teachers for him. In his last two years before college I want to send him to a private school where he can see the other side of the picture, which I hope by that time he will be able to see as a whole.

When it comes to the social and economic problems of our country, all I want is for him to think honestly and clearly and to be independent. Still deep down inside of me I have a mother's protective instinct, which I know I must guard closely or he will not grow into the sort of son I have just described.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH —

[A graduate of Smith College, Elizabeth — is now in her twenty-seventh year.]

THE COMING WAR

Santa Monica, California

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

A war is coming, and I am twenty. I am enrolled in a university, striving to educate myself. I hope some day to

serve my country and humanity in a much greater way than I ever can as a man with a gun.

There are millions of other young men like me. All of us have dreams. We read and study, play and think of the future. We enjoy games out in the sun. We enjoy dancing and laughing. We love the music we hear and the books we read; life seems so rich and full of promise as it unfolds before us. We can study and improve our minds and bodies; life will be good. It is true that we can try to help solve the problems that today rest so heavily on the world. We can love, live, and laugh . . . or can we? Is it true that the future holds life for us, or death on ground red with blood and scarred by the clawing of our nails as we squirm to die? Is there a future for us? Guns are spewing shells, a war is coming, and we are twenty.

Our fate is in the hands of your generation. We have so little to say. Your generation is guiding America and is moulding our future. Will you send us to die?

We hate no nation. How can we hate the unfortunate peoples of Fascist Italy, Fascist Germany, and imperial Japan? They are but poor people living in a poor country who have turned to the form of government they hope will solve their problems. Must we kill them for that? Are we going to be asked to kill and die to prevent the improvident peoples of the world from striving for a better existence? Must we underline with blood the conviction of our elders that the poor Fascist nations of the world are peopled by barbarians threatening civilization? Must we die for a foreign trade and vague phrases such as 'the world's democracies'? Must we be destroyed to protect a Versailles status quo that builds imperial wealth on the improvidence of unfortunate nations? Are you so sure that hunger and privations are not the twin bulwarks of the

Fascist international lawlessness that grips the world?

What will elder America bid us do? Are our national leaders convinced that democratic right is right enough to ask for our blood to uphold it? Perhaps America should let us live to use our education and ideals toward the building of a better America. Perhaps we should be allowed to laugh and live rather than be asked to die fighting a Fascist foe we have never seen.

To-day war is coming. The same selfish forces that asked the young of another generation to lie beneath white crosses in Flanders fields are talking again of saving democracy and of preserving international morality. Our elders are listening to glib tongues and are becoming bitter little by little, day by day, against the poor of the earth under immoral dictators. Is it moral to subjugate half of the peoples of the world to the extent that they turn to half-mad leaders for succor? Is it democratic to use force to maintain an unjust peace? Can't you solve the world's difficulties through understanding and good will? Can't you prevent war by giving a little of life to the oppressed peoples of the world? Can't you let us live?

We must do what you say. If there is no other way we must give up our dream of life and breathe the stench of gas-filled trenches before falling, a half-destroyed, shapeless thing, education gone through the power of a hand grenade, dreams drowned in the clatter of a machine gun. Amid our studies we wonder at the things happening around us. War is coming and we are twenty. Will you ask us, too, to die?

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT JAMES

[Born in Worthington, Ohio, Mr. James is a high freshman at the University of California at Los Angeles, majoring in political science.]

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

END OF MR. BADGER

It began one night about a year ago, in the front car of an Eighth Avenue subway train. The middle-aged gentleman on the single seat next to the motorman's box yawned, looked at his watch, closed his book; then he pulled out a pair of pajamas from a black brief case, and, to the intense dismay of his fellow passengers, began to undress.

Humming a little tune badly off key, as unself-consciously as if he were in his own bedroom, he stripped off his clothes and donned the pajamas. Next, he wound his pocket watch and laid it on the window sill. Producing a hanger from the brief case, he arranged his suit neatly on it and hooked it on to the window catch behind him. Then, settling down on the seat, he relaxed and closed his eyes, and in two minutes was snoring gently.

All night he slept peacefully, with his mouth open. The various passengers who came and went during the small hours goggled at him like kids at a magician, but they all talked in subdued tones, and nearly every one of them, when he got to his station, found himself leaving the car on tiptoe.

The occupants of the car at seven-thirty the next morning got a severe jolt when they saw him open his eyes, stretch contentedly, get up and take three deep breaths, lean over and touch the floor three times, then step out of his pajamas and begin to pull on his clothes. Eyes popped out and newspapers slipped to the floor as he produced a toilet case and, using the car window for a mirror, proceeded to lather himself and shave. Meticulous to the last stroke, he patted on lotion and talcum, then donned his shirt and tie, vest, and coat. Having stowed all his belongings in the brief case, he sat down again like any ordinary business man on his way to work, and stared up with a blank expression at the advertising cards across the aisle. At Chambers Street he got up and left.

A buxom lady in black, who had watched the proceedings fascinatedly all the way from 181st Street, voiced an emphatic 'Hmph!' as the car doors closed.

'Well, can you feature that!' she exclaimed to nobody in particular. 'You'd a thought he lived here!'

Mr. Badger had, in point of fact, moved in.

Thenceforth, until his tragic death a couple of weeks ago, he entered the forward car of that same train at the Chambers Street Station every night at seven-thirty, read or otherwise amused himself until eleven, and then retired.

In view of the subsequent publicity, which he frankly deplored, and the general misunderstanding of his motives, which he made no effort to correct, it seems only fair that I should give a brief account of Mr. Badger as I came to know him by being a pretty regular passenger on that train myself. While he was n't the kind to obtrude his affairs on others, he took no offense at personal questions, always answered them with perfect courtesy and frankness, always seemed a little surprised that anybody should take any interest in him.

In the first place, you must n't confuse Mr. Badger with those nomadic wretches you often read about who, happy to get warmth and shelter for a nickel, simply wander into the nearest subway, catch the first train, and curl up for the night. On the contrary, he was a staid, respectable unmarried gentleman with an income of thirty dollars a week. 'I'd no more think of spending the night in just any old subway train,' he told me once, 'than I'd consider ringing the bell at just any old house, wherever I happened to be, and asking for a bed. I want a home, not a series of flophouses.'

Moreover, he was *not* staging a public protest against the New Deal or the High Cost of Living, or demonstrating how you could have orchids on your budget, or setting himself up as the Underground Thoreau — all of which explanations were offered by writers in the local press who lauded or excoriated Mr. Badger according as they approved or disapproved the principles they ascribed to him.

The genesis of his idea was as simple and unspectacular as making a bed. After twenty-

two years of living in various furnished single rooms, he had got mortally fed up with it; besides, rents were on the boom, and thirty dollars would n't go as far as it used to; so he thought out the whole business from all angles, and decided on the subway as the logical solution to his housing problem. 'After all,' he remarked to me more than once, 'there's nothing radical or subversive about the idea, once you get used to it. The whole business of living in a subway train is remarkably like the business of living anywhere else. People who can't understand it are simply being fooled by externals.'

Once his mind was made up to the change, Mr. Badger allowed himself a week to scout around for the best location, exactly as if he were choosing a house or apartment. Every night, after leaving his office on Warren Street and eating a modest dinner in a cafeteria, he rode on subways for three hours, trying first one line and then another. In a little brown notebook he jotted down careful memoranda concerning cleanliness, noisiness, softness of seats, smoothness of starting and stopping, and general riding qualities.

Certain lines, of course, he eliminated automatically. The Times Square-Grand Central shuttle trains, for instance, he crossed off the list without trial, 'because,' as he said, 'they're too much like transient hotels.' The Queens-Brooklyn crosstown line of the Independent City-owned System was also out of the question, because it was too far away. But any train that covered a substantial route and passed reasonably close to Warren Street was a potential home.

While I won't bother you with the intricate arguments and counter-arguments and nice distinctions by which Mr. Badger finally gave the preference to the Independent System, instead of the B. M. T. or the I. R. T., I think the one little detail which finally swung the trick is worth mentioning for the light it throws on Mr. Badger's character. It was the fact that the Independent car has a little individual seat at each end next to the motorman's compartment. 'You see, I've never had a roommate,' he confided, with a shy smile that became him immensely, 'and I guess I'm too set in my ways to learn how to share a place with somebody else.'

Anyway, by Sunday night he had definitely selected the Washington Heights Express train that leaves 207th Street at 6.57 P.M., arriving at Chambers Street at 7.30. In the

morning it passes there on the uptown trip at 8.13, so he would have time to get a leisurely breakfast before reporting at the office.

His week at the rooming house ended on Monday. Monday evening he moved into his new residence.

That first night, of course, he was content to rough it, as one always has to do on moving into a new place, but the next evening he brought several parcels with him. From a paper bag he fished out three serviceable coat hooks, which he proceeded to screw into the wall of the motorman's box. He carefully unwrapped a little potted fern and placed it on the window sill.

Other wrappings unpeeled to disclose a small mirror, a pair of book ends, a curtain rod, a pair of dimity curtains, a screwdriver. Without even noticing the rude stares and whispers of the other passengers, he set about making his corner a little more homelike. With the help of the screwdriver he attached the holders for the curtain rod above the window. The curtains themselves gave him a good deal of trouble when he tried to hang them; he even tore a little hole in one of them trying to slip the rod through the hem at the top.

A woman across the aisle, who had watched the whole proceeding with stern disapproval, grew more and more fidgety as she watched him struggle with the curtain. Finally she jumped up, snatched the whole business out of his hands, slipped the curtain on properly, and returned to her seat, all without saying a word, though Mr. Badger thanked her politely.

A few minutes later he stepped back and appraised his work with a warm glow of satisfaction. ('No great shakes,' he once told me, 'but comfortable bachelor diggings.') Then he glanced down at the accumulation of wrapping paper and string on the floor, and frowned thoughtfully. Walking back through the car and into the next one, he found a conductor.

'What,' he asked, 'do you do with waste paper?'

'Huh?' returned the conductor.

'I have some rubbish up in my place. How do I get rid of it?'

The conductor followed Mr. Badger suspiciously into the front car. When he saw what had happened, his mouth dropped open; it stayed open while his eyes took in the

curtains, the hooks, the fern, the book ends. Meanwhile the train had come to a stop. Passengers were clamoring at the doors, to be let out.

The conductor scurried back to his post, but as soon as the train started up he was back again, with his mouth still open. Mr. Badger, who by this time had gathered up the paper into a neat bundle, handed it to the conductor, but that official still did n't say a word. 'It's remarkable,' Mr. Badger once observed to me dryly, 'how the first sight of my home invariably seems to render the beholder speechless.'

Two stations farther on, the conductor ran out and dropped the paper into a rubbish basket on the platform. Later on, he returned to the front car and found Mr. Badger in pajamas, asleep. This time the mouths of both of them were open.

Mr. Badger's subsequent story, thanks to the newspaper men who swarmed down on him like hungry pigeons, is pretty well known. He was interviewed, photographed, solicited, picketed, asked to endorse this and that; but through it all he preserved the same air of polite aloofness, the same desire just to be let alone. The question of his right to vote threatened for a short time to become a *cause célèbre*, but he averted the crisis by graciously relinquishing the franchise in spite of the frenetic objurgations of the Stars and Stripes League; he said that he had never voted for a winning candidate anyway, and it was most unlikely that his vote would have any material bearing on the outcome of future elections.

After a while the regular passengers came to take him for granted, pointed him out condescendingly to strangers, even reprimanded an occasional newcomer who inadvertently sat down in Mr. Badger's home in the absence of its owner. When the subway officials sent a deputation to ask him to evacuate, he declined, politely but firmly, and sent them back with a counter-proposal: namely, that the company permit him to do cooking on Sundays and install running water to save him the trouble of carrying a supply in a small canteen for shaving. The company declined, but later yielded to the extent of putting in a little water tank when they found their fares increased 2.59 per cent as a result of Mr. Badger's curiosity value.

What is not so commonly known, though it illustrates to perfection the methods used

in big business to-day, is that the B. M. T. and the I. R. T. people each sent representatives to try to induce Mr. Badger to come over to them, even offering light-housekeeping privileges and anything else within reason. Upon hearing of these bids, the Independent officials hastened to promise Mr. Badger that they would redecorate his car completely at the end of his first twelve months' occupancy. He accepted the offer, but he told me confidentially that he would have stayed anyway, because he hated moving.

As it turned out, though, they never had to carry out their promise. One wet night about two and a half weeks ago, Mr. Badger came home looking feverish and ill. One of the regular passengers — who, though he had never spoken to Mr. Badger, took a neighborly interest in him — mentioned it to the conductor as he left the train.

After Mr. Badger was asleep the conductor came in and looked at him, found him breathing stertorously, a hectic flush in his cheeks. At the next station he told the man in the change booth to call a doctor. When the physician boarded the train at Smith and Ninth Streets, Brooklyn, he examined Mr. Badger hurriedly and pronounced it diphtheria.

The car had to be quarantined, of course. For two days the company was obliged to furnish meals for the seven other passengers and the motorman, who could only tap out disconsolate messages to their families and friends through the closed windows of the car during the brief moments when it stopped at their respective stations. On the evening of the second day, Mr. Badger died.

After the car had been properly fumigated, the company was undecided whether to advertise Mr. Badger's apartment, and try to secure another tenant, or to dismantle it. After a few days of bitter wrangling, the directors decided on the latter course, perhaps partly because of threats of reprisals by the other two lines, as well as protests from influential real-estate men already jittery over the trailer menace.

Mr. Badger's improvements were removed, and instructions were issued to all subway employees to regard the episode as if it had never been. To discourage souvenir hunters, the much-discussed car was shifted to another route, which I have promised not to divulge.

But if you should find yourself riding in a car that still has three small holes in the wall of the motorman's box at one end, try to worm your way into the good graces of the conductor and see whether you can start him reminiscing about Mr. Badger. If he won't talk, you may be sure it's because he's afraid for his job.

THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA

My Uncle Harry, a man of strong health all his life, recently had to undergo his first operation. His family physician, old Dr. Killifer, recommended a young surgeon by the name of Street. Uncle Harry said he'd never heard of him: who was he? Dr. Killifer recited Dr. Street's surgical history. Uncle Harry remained unconvinced that Dr. Street was the man to touch his body with a knife. He said of course he'd take Dr. Killifer's word for Dr. Street's professional reputation: what he wanted to know was who his people were. So Dr. Killifer mentioned the name of Dr. Street's mother; Uncle Harry looked him up in the *Social Register*, and marched docilely off to the hospital, his mind at rest.

This strange little incident got me wondering once more about a question which has puzzled me for years, a question only obliquely related to Uncle Harry's curious dilemma, but still closely enough to remind me of it. The question is this: —

Why should certain members of the medical profession get all the gravy, and others nothing but a lick at the ladle? Or, to put it differently, why should certain parts of the human body be set apart as preferred stock, bringing wealth, prestige, and honor to those who have chosen them for exploitation, and certain other bits bring only a meagre reward? Why, for instance, should the man who makes it his life's work to remove that unspeakably unattractive bit of tissue called the tonsil be invited to dinner at the bishop's, and he who does the same thing for teeth be forever barred from such delights?

Nobody really knows the whole answer; nobody even talks about it. As in every profession, caste distinctions are rigidly maintained — and of course it is important to the medicos that they should be. Doctors have their living to make; they have social aspirations like other men; and naturally, when

the time comes to choose a specialty, they like to know in advance what is pay dirt and what is n't. The barrier that divides dentist and tonsillectomist is as if ordained by law. Though tooth and tonsil are separated only by millimetres as the crow flies, and though they are equally important to their owner's health, the crow is n't hatched who can flap across the abyss of caste that divides them. And we, the beneficiaries and victims, — the surgeon's raw material, so to speak, — are so beguiled by his professional hocus-pocus that we meekly follow his lead, high-hatting dentists to right and left as we go.

Not that the oral cavity, as the boys call the mouth, is the only region where such distinctions prevail — far from it. The entire body has been surveyed and staked out. The chiropodist (whom I always like to think of as chiroping at his work), lulling the agony of your ingrowing toenail, is snooted by him who props up the fallen arch of the self-same foot. Is one a greater benefactor than the other? I doubt it. Similarly the man in black who ministers to tortured souls may do more good than his brother in white who removes wens from tortured noses, but it has n't ever been proved — not yet. Each in his way may change the current of a human soul, bring peace and happiness where chaos reigned before. Yet the minister is welcomed on board with scarcely a glance at his passport, while the dermatologist is regularly thrown out at first base.

Nobody can deny that the obstetrician performs a useful office. Yet there is another who is just as necessary, who is in fact society's one indispensable servant, the man nobody knows, but nevertheless the man nobody escapes: the obsequician. He performs practically the same function at the end of life's journey as the obstetrician does at the beginning. He smells of death, it is true, not new life, which is reason enough for not wanting him around. But should the one be welcomed with open arms, the other shunned? Though the function of each is slightly mysterious, as functions go, it is hard to believe, with all the practice both have had, that the art of the one is very much harder than that of the other, or should be so much more richly rewarded.

What then, to repeat my original question, is the professional snob-value of the various muscles, organs, bones, vessels, appendices, and tissues of the human body? Why do cer-

tain bits have a higher market value and carry greater social prestige than others equally unpleasant? Why are the tonsil and the brain in, the skin and teeth out, the osteologist received and the osteopath ostracized, the chiropractor beyond the pale and the dermatologist only just within? Whence these distinctions? Why should the pectoral region, the abdomen, the joints, the ear-nose-and-throat, the eye, the spine, be considered socially impeccable, and the teeth, the skin, the hair, the toes, and the corpse *déclassés*? Is it the difference between dead and living tissue that forms the dividing line? It can't be entirely that. My teeth are still alive — some of them. Or is it a mere matter of custom? Or fear?

Partly fear, maybe, but not wholly. Take the brain surgeon. Have you ever seen a brain surgeon smile? Of course not. He can't afford to. He moves in a rarefied air, a cold, lonely stratosphere of professional fame so potent that the laity regard him with awe — in the same way, in fact, that savages look upon their leading medicine men. But nobody is afraid of a brain surgeon. He is merely set apart as something extra-special, and propitiated — as the tribal medicine men are propitiated — by the richest gifts the community has to offer: Lincoln limousines, boxes at the opera, club memberships, invitations to the dullest dinners in the city. It's a tribute to his courage and skill in monkeying with the most delicate part of the human mechanism, and he probably rates every bit of it.

People are much more scared of psychiatrists, who also tinker with men's minds — but with a difference, resembling rather the average man's fear of clergymen. We tend to keep both of them outside the circle of our intimacy because we're afraid, not that

they'll bite, but that we'll give ourselves away.

As a class, though, surgeons really get more credit than they earn. What is a surgeon? Nothing but a glorified mechanic. Like his mate in the garage, he makes repairs with tools. He performs his operation; successful or not, he's done. It's the physician who then takes charge and pulls the patient through. But consider the difference in prestige between surgeon and physician: the surgeon gets it every time, I suppose because the popular imagination is captured by the dramatic setting of his art — the gowned figures, the mumbo jumbo of sterility, the sacred, secret operating chamber, the silence, the concentrated lights, the vestal virgins handing knives; to the uninitiated it is all as mysterious as a religious rite. The surgeon profits in proportion, although the humdrum doctor, upon whose diagnosis the surgeon generally acts, may save twice as many lives by the use of simple wisdom and knowledge. In a just world the diagnostician ought to get the wishbone and both oysters, leaving the drumstick to the mere mechanic, skillful though he may be.

I suppose the reason such things are n't talked about is that nobody knows when he himself may be stretched out on an operating table with a mortally offended surgeon, knife in hand, hovering over his gizzard; or cowering beneath the drill of a dentist who bears him something less than good will. Not my own dentist! My dentist is the salt of the earth, exquisitely skilled in his profession. In spite of all taboos, he is my friend and I love him. But — but — well, I have an appointment for next week, and I think it will be a little more comfortable if these observations remain strictly

ANONYMOUS

The Atlantic Serial

CHAPTERS 22-31

Men against Mountains

BY

OSCAR LEWIS

The Early Chapters of 'Men against Mountains' . . .

A VISIONARY began it, as is so often the case. His name was Theodore D. Judah. He came from Bridgeport, Connecticut, and had an engineering turn of mind. Railroads were his ambition and his dream. In his twenty-eighth year he went west to Sacramento to build a twenty-one-mile spur. Then his vision possessed him, and this spur became for him the first unit in a railroad that was to link the oceans. He drew up plans, lobbied at Washington, talked to anyone who would listen. His nickname was 'Crazy Judah.'

Not until 1862 did Judah succeed in raising the money for his project. At the St. Charles Hotel, in Sacramento, he expanded his plans before a druggist, a jeweler, a lawyer, the owner of a dry-goods store, and two hardware merchants. Among those present were four names destined to go down in California history — Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, and Collis P. Huntington — the Big Four, as they came to be known in later years.

During the preliminary stages, Judah and Crocker were the men who did the taxing physical work. Judah surveyed the line from Sacramento across the foothills to the base of the Sierras, and then — with the optimism of a genius — over and around the towering heights. But early in the construction the engineer was forced out of the partnership.

Storming and bellowing up and down the line, it was Charlie Crocker who carried the work forward, directing the largest force of workmen the country had ever known. It was Crocker who conceived the idea of importing Chinese workmen from Canton, and shiploads were sent until he had nearly six thousand. By use of a temperamental new substance called nitroglycerine, and with the Chinese crowded shoulder to shoulder chipping and hacking at rock faces, the road advanced — in winter working against thirty-five-foot snowdrifts and in summer during the sizzling heat and alkali dust. Thus, against tremendous odds, men fought their engineering war against the mountains until in May 1869 the Irish gangs of the Union Pacific and the Chinese gangs of the Central Pacific fitted rails together, driving home the golden spike which spanned the continent with its first railroad.

Building the road had proved fabulously profitable. But by 1870 the partners faced an entirely different task. For the road had to be

maintained, its traffic secured, and its credit upheld through years of financial panic and against bitter odds.

But prosperity followed panic, and as dividends piled up in the late '70s the Big Four began building their impressive mansions on Nob Hill. Such houses they were! Stanford and Hopkins were the first to anchor their houses to the hilltop. Then Crocker commissioned his early Renaissance dwelling, which a local critic pronounced a 'delirium of the wood-carver.' Its chief feature was a seventy-six-foot tower; its cost was said to have been \$1,275,000.

Mounting wealth brought no quick change in the habits of Mark Hopkins. He would willingly have continued living in the same cottage, occupying the same ramshackle office of the early days. But after his death, in March 1878, his wife (America's richest widow) found herself transformed into a celebrity. She turned her energies to castle building on a large scale, and acquired in rapid succession a New York house, a summer residence at Block Island, another at Metuchen, finally a French château at Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

The deaths of Crocker and Hopkins led to an inevitable conflict between Leland Stanford and Collis P. Huntington. For years Stanford had been the president of the road and its spokesman to the public. The Governor, as he liked to be called, lived spaciouly during his last twenty years. Because the ascent of Nob Hill was difficult for a horse and carriage, he built the California Street Railroad. At Palo Alto he laid out a 9000-acre farm suitable for horse breeding. For a million dollars he acquired 55,000 acres in the northern end of the Sacramento Valley.

All of this vast empire was to have been inherited by the Stanfords' only son, young Leland, who was educated with fastidious care but died of typhoid in Florence in his sixteenth year. Heartbroken, the parents returned to California, and in less than two years were building that enduring memorial to their son, Leland Stanford Junior University. The hard times of the early '90s found Stanford's resources very much overdrawn, and his last months were devoted to retrieving his shrinking fortune. The resolution and resourcefulness with which Mrs. Stanford kept the University alive during the lean years make a story of which every Californian should be proud. . . .

Now with each twelve months of the Atlantic
THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR

MEN AGAINST MOUNTAINS

BY OSCAR LEWIS

III. STANFORD AND HUNTINGTON

A HARD and cheery old man, with no more soul than a shark.' Thus, at the end of the century, Arthur McEwen greeted Collis P. Huntington's last visit to San Francisco. Huntington often had the grudging respect of his enemies. An unknown epigrammatist called him 'scrupulously dishonest' and added that his distaste for claiming virtues he neither had nor respected made him the Coast's least convincing hypocrite. In its obituary the San Francisco *Examiner* remarked that he had always been 'ruthless as a crocodile' and went on to state that he met death as he had met other and earlier reverses — head on. 'Had he been a soldier,' wrote C. C. Goodwin, once editor of the Virginia City *Enterprise*, 'he would not have depended upon tactics . . . he . . . would have struck directly at the enemy's centre.' Goodwin likened his methods to those of Mark Hanna.

The public recognized a heroic quality in the old man's ruthlessness, and journalists who set out to revile him lost heart after the first few paragraphs. There was an abundance of ammunition, but few vulnerable spots at which to aim. Ridicule and abuse slid off his broad, bent back as lightly as chaff. Hostile journalists went through the motions, but their hearts were not in the task.

Methods of attack that had proved effective against other millionaires were useless against the grim New Englander. Ridicule of his social ambitions invariably angered naïve, good-natured John W.

Mackay. Huntington had no social ambitions. Attack Stanford's personal popularity from any angle; at once the papers under his control furiously counterattacked. Not only was Huntington indifferent to popularity; it was actually distasteful to him. Dandified William Sharon, in most ways as frigid as Huntington himself, could be reached by well-aimed thrusts at his political aspirations. Huntington's letters to his red-haired confidant, Dave Colton, advertised his unyielding contempt for public offices and for those who held them. Accused of hoarding dollars while men of less wealth were winning renown as philanthropists, he cheerfully admitted the charge. Philanthropy was no more attractive to his eyes than such imbecilities as social climbing and a desire to sit in the Senate. When he astonished the West by contributing \$25,000 to help beautify the bleak sandhills of San Francisco's new city park, he specified that the money be spent for an artificial waterfall. If one paid out cash and got nothing in return, logic demanded that it be spent for a useless purpose.

'I'll never be remembered for the money I've given away,' he once told a visitor to his New York office, almost certainly with the knowledge that he was understating the case. Years later a young civil engineer in the employ of the Central Pacific wrote, 'He liked to have us think he was close in money matters,' then went on to record his astonishment when, after a noontime meeting in a

restaurant, the miser casually paid for luncheons for five. Huntington's remark to a clerk at the Palace Hotel after he had found and corrected a twenty-five-cent overcharge in his bill was repeated for decades, frequently by Huntington himself: 'Young man, you can't follow me through life by the quarters I have dropped.'

He once went so far as to admit: 'While money-making is a good indication in a man and is evidence that he is a good man, it is not the highest quality in the world.' This place was reserved for a related activity — that of saving it. Advice to the young in the '80s and '90s was a necessary part of an interview with any rich man. Huntington's prescription was a fixed formula: work hard and save money. He reduced success to ultimate simplicity: put money in the bank. One of his few public speeches was addressed, in 1891, to the youth of the village of Westchester, New York, and his two minutes of advice ended with this climax: 'Learn to live on a little less than you earn and thus always have a balance in the bank.'

In business he was cold, crafty, hard, and not always honest. But there were rumors that he had a softer side. Some professed to see a trace of sentiment in the fact that he named his private cars 'Oneonta I' and 'Oneonta II' after the New York town where he had spent his young-manhood. In his last years he sometimes grew almost poetic when he recalled his early exploits in wresting dollars from the reluctant palms of his elders, and he once reproved his two-hundred-pound stepson for shooting a bird.

There is no record that he ever wanted to reform anything or, except when personal interest was involved, to change anything. He never sought to be a militantly good citizen. Social or civic consciousness was a meaningless phrase; a man's responsibility was to himself. He was neither democrat nor snob. The man who worked hard and saved his money

had his respect, whatever his station. When a Negro porter in his Broad Street office paid for a house out of his microscopic wages, Huntington's pleasure in the feat was spontaneous and real. In the middle '70s the ex-policeman and small-town politician Dave Colton embroidered letters to his chief with occasional references to 'our class' and 'us moneyed men.' Huntington's replies contained no such nonsense.

Whatever stood in his way he fought stubbornly and with every evidence of pleasure; everything else was a waste of time. This attitude, often mistaken for tolerance, was merely indifference. A plan to build a local railroad north of San Francisco was brought to his attention. 'Let them do what they damn please,' he wrote. 'But see that they keep out of our way.' This attitude he maintained consistently. Persons who kept out of his way might do what they damn pleased — with one exception. The absurdities of other rich men brought forth capable bursts of profanity. Officeholders, newspaper editors and publishers, men who wanted to reform something, these were expected to be mountebanks; one could tolerate that. But a man who had made — and kept — twenty million dollars should avoid behaving like a circus clown. He should n't 'paint himself red and climb a pole.'

To the end, Huntington refrained from pole climbing, but as he advanced into the seventies he allowed himself certain frivolities. In 1899 when he arrived for his last visit to the Coast, reporters met his private car at Oakland Mole and accompanied the old man across the bay. Back at their offices, one reported him 'as bald as the American Eagle on our dollar, and as white as one just minted' — but still as keen as a man of fifty. He was likened to Atlas, 'holding up, controlling and guarding the mighty enterprise that he and his partners had created, after all his first associates had died, and he himself was an old man.' There was no lack of meta-

phors. He was a lordly oak, towering above the forest of ordinary men. 'As the first forest melted away and a new one of different species succeeded, this oak still stood; warded off all storms that were hurled against it; turned aside the damp and the frost; waved its arms in the face of the hurricane; beat back decay; healed its own wounds, sheltered its own eagles.'

Old age and the loss of his hair caused him annoyance. Sensitiveness over the glistening expanse of his great domed scalp was responsible for his familiar black skullcap and for the fact, often mistaken for arrogance, that his hat usually remained on his head when good manners dictated that it should be removed. On the last visit to San Francisco he was persuaded to pose for a photograph by William Keith and again the hat was not removed.

That portrait deserves a passing word. Keith's fame as the 'California Turner' was then at its height; to have one of his dim meadows in the parlor was as much a badge of social consequence as a summer at Del Monte. Purchasing a Keith landscape was no sordid business transaction; those who had experienced it recalled unsmilingly a young woman writer's remark that 'to visit the Master's studio is to step into the anteroom of God.' God's anteroom had black velvet curtains across one end, before which patrons sat while on the other side the Master superintended the placing and lighting of his painting. He then appeared, issued a quite unnecessary command for silence, and the curtains parted in the middle and moved slowly back. After this prologue, to refuse to buy, or to haggle over the stiff prices, required more courage than most of his visitors could summon.

Keith's photograph of Huntington — perhaps it was preliminary to a portrait that was never painted — was several times published after its subject's death a few months later. It is that of a tired old man, stubbornly wearing his broad-

brimmed hat, his trimmed mustache and short, snow-white beard. The pose of his head and the expression of his eyes are characteristic; he is looking, attentive and watchful, straight ahead, his heavy shoulders bent. Perhaps it was cold in the velvet-hung studio, for the old man had kept on not only his hat but his black overcoat, a panel of satin in its lapel catching a high light. A worn, austere figure, all black and white, against a sombre background, with but one touch of frivolity: the wrinkled hand on the chair arm has a narrow gold ring on its smallest finger.

This photograph belonged definitely to Huntington's later period. As one looks at it, much of the nonsense of his last years becomes credible: his garrulous interviews to the press, his collections of books and paintings and French furniture, his box at the Metropolitan. This tidy, benign old gentleman might have been a United States Senator, or a retired grocer or clergyman living on a pension. The journalist who invented the 'man of oak' simile had certainly never seen this portrait.

Another photograph is more typical. Taken some years earlier, it has no suggestion of a bulldog with its teeth drawn. Huntington is hunched over the littered desk of his New York office, a broad, heavy figure, skullcap close down to his ears. This was his normal environment: plain oak table, walls bare except for a framed photograph of his Newport News shipyards. The room was perhaps twelve feet square. It might have been the stationmaster's office in any village along the 11,000 miles of railroad under his control.

The simplicity of his seventh-floor office in the Mills Building in New York reflected a lifelong dislike for elaborate settings in business — for all that a later age terms 'front.' As far back as 1862, he rejected a plan for a railroad office building. He glanced once at the drawing, turned the sheet over, sketched a building that was described as 'a slightly over-

sized tool house,' and stubbornly refused to approve any other. A dozen years later, when work began on the San Francisco headquarters, appointments of the private dining room and of the executives' offices were described as 'worthy of an exclusive club.' But Huntington reached the Coast in time to prevent such folly. On completion the structure resembled a warehouse.

While he lived, the railroads under his control never pampered the traveling public. Rolling stock and roadbed were kept in operating condition and leaks in the roofs of freight sheds repaired. But railroad stations were utilitarian structures; he saw no point in making them look like Gothic cathedrals or Roman baths. While he lived no Central or Southern Pacific station bore any such resemblance. In hundreds of towns and cities of the West the original barren sheds persisted from decade to decade, their rotting boards re-covered at intervals with mustard-yellow paint. 'Mr. Huntington's views on architecture,' wrote Willis Polk in the middle '90s, 'would shame a Digger Indian.'

Curiously, when in later years he came to select the settings for his leisure hours, his taste ran to extreme overelaboration. His New York and San Francisco houses were both crowded with French furniture of ornate and fragile design. A generation after his death a roomful of carved desks, marquetry cabinets and sideboards, satin-covered chairs, sofas, and love seats, was exhibited in a San Francisco museum. Visitors regarded the one-time owner's statue on an adjacent pedestal and wondered that these fragile sticks had withstood his massive weight.

XXIII

The railroad partnership had not been in force three months before Huntington was referred to as the brains of the group. With this opinion he was not inclined to quarrel, but what he most admired in himself was his ability to make an in-

vestment earn a profit. Money so earned was money created; the man who built up a paying business enriched not only himself but the world. In his old age he compared his methods with those of Jay Gould, picturing himself as the practical railroad man and Gould as the speculator. He once told his secretary, George Miles: 'I would n't go into the stock market against Gould, for he would whip me at that game. That is his business. When it comes to building and operating railroads in the most efficient and economical way, I can beat him, for that is my business.'

Yet, beginning with Theodore Judah, his critics have stated that he was not a railroad man, notwithstanding that he died controlling more miles of railroad than any man before him. What they meant was that, while railroads were good for Huntington, Huntington was not good for railroads. He entered the transportation business direct from a Sacramento hardware store; the shopkeeper's point of view shaped all his subsequent actions. To him a railroad was merchandise in exactly the same sense as were shovels or nails. In Sacramento he and Mark Hopkins once cornered the supply of blasting powder. Easy money! Huntington had not been in the railroad business a week before he was planning a similar exploit: a corner on the freight and passenger business between Sacramento and Nevada. Later the plan was broadened: it became a scheme to control the traffic of the entire Pacific Coast.

In Huntington's store he had been in the habit of charging as much as he could get. His prices were determined not by cost but by how badly the customer wanted the article. That was the way prices were fixed in California through the '50s; it was the way Huntington operated his railroad system as late as 1900. He was not disturbed when shouts of indignation greeted the Big Four's admission that they fixed tariffs on the basis of all the public could pay; his climb

to business success had been accompanied by similar shouts. He regarded them as the normal customer reaction; they were a bad sign only if followed by a dropping off in the volume of trade. If the buyer protested at the top of his lungs but still bought, then the merchant knew that he was making a reasonable — that is, the maximum — profit.

Born at Harwinton, Connecticut, on October 22, 1821, son of a miserly tinker who died leaving \$3000 in cash, Huntington needed few lessons in the arts of accumulation. In his father's household, thrift was a cardinal law of existence. In rural Connecticut a century ago, cash was extraordinarily esteemed, to be gathered and held at virtually any cost. During Huntington's boyhood the appearance of a spendthrift in his Litchfield County countryside would have been a hardly less astonishing apparition than a live dinosaur.

In the '90s, when it had become the obligation of rich men to boast of a youth spent in poverty, this one never had to draw on his imagination for harrowing details. Poverty, plus industry, plus thrift — this was his formula for success. 'From the time I was a child until the present I can hardly remember a time when I was not doing something.' With this sentence Huntington began one of several biographical interviews, and he commonly returned to the subject every paragraph or two. What productive enterprises occupied his time until he was fourteen are not now known, but it is known that by then he had earned — and saved — more than a hundred dollars. His fourteenth year (1835) was spent as 'hired man' on a neighbor's farm; he received \$7.00 a month and his clothes, and of course every penny was saved. With the \$84, plus his earlier accumulations, the young Cræsus — still a month short of fifteen — left New England for wider opportunities in rural New York. 'From that time on,' he wrote, 'I have been very busy.'

At Oneonta he invested his capital in

a country store, in partnership with an elder brother, Solon. But he spent little time behind the counter; he had already discovered that the world is full of men eager to do routine work for low wages. During the next dozen years one catches glimpses of the brawny, square-jawed young man pursuing excess profits down a variety of byways: peddling jewelry to farmers' wives in Ohio and Indiana; tramping through the pre-war South on the lucrative business of collecting unpaid balances of notes bought for a few cents on the dollar; selling butter in New York City, and turning his hand to whatever else promised a quick return.

The significance of events in California following January 24, 1848 was not overlooked by the young trader. There is no evidence that Huntington ever intended to become a miner. He later recalled the half day he had once spent shoveling gravel from a creek bed as a mistake in judgment. When he sailed from New York in March '49 (aged twenty-seven), he saw the gold rush merely as a more than usually promising business opportunity for a trader. With him on the *Crescent City* went a stock of merchandise, including a number of casks of whiskey, which he planned to sell — at maximum profit, of course — to the bona fide Argonauts.

Few adventurers who set out for the gold fields were less affected than he by the prevailing improvidence and optimism. Huntington foresaw the impracticability of the 'mining and trading companies' then being formed everywhere in the East. After he reached Panama, he was able to put some of these disintegrating organizations to his own use. 'They quarreled,' he later remarked, 'and came to me. They all seemed to come to me.' The quarrels meant a distribution of assets — and, as the latter were usually in the form of merchandise, Huntington was able to buy stocks of desirable goods at bargain prices. Before he was on the Isthmus a week he was carrying on the most active trading of

his career. He bought whatever promised to meet two simple requirements: quick turnover and large profit.

During his three months' enforced stay on the Isthmus — a period less industrious Argonauts spent bemoaning the lack of boats to carry them north — Huntington took a flyer in the importing business. 'While I was down there, I went down to Estebula and bought a little schooner called the *Emma* and filled her up with jerked beef, potatoes, rice, sugar and syrup in great bags and brought them up to Panama and sold them.' Profits averaged well above a thousand dollars a month. His ventures required frequent trips through the fever-laden jungle between the two coasts. He estimated that he made the crossing at least twenty times. 'It was only twenty-four miles,' he recalled. 'I walked it.'

He was, then and later, strong as an ox, and healthy to the point of absurdity. When he was nearly seventy he remembered only one serious illness. In Sacramento, in the early '50s, he once fell victim to the current scourge, dysentery; before the summer ended, his weight had fallen from over 200 to 125 pounds. Not until old age was upon him did he confess that he could no longer 'eat everything.' At seventy-five he publicly deplored an inclination to lie abed mornings. Hard physical exercise was his key to health. At Oneonta he scorned to buy his winter fuel already chopped; sawing and splitting logs was the best form of calisthenics — 'it exercises you all over.' But there were no chopping blocks at his house at 57th Street and Fifth Avenue, or on his private cars. His muscles grew soft and his weight increased to above 250 pounds. The Oneonta woodcutting was habitually done before breakfast, and the sound of his axe ushering in the sunrise may have inspired the legend — kept alive by Huntington himself — that in his eight years there he had never been seen wasting his time in a saloon or hotel lobby, the town's only social centres.

Huntington's apprenticeship was completed long before he reached California; an experienced trader landed in San Francisco in the spring of 1850. On the trip he had increased his capital from \$1200 to \$5000. In later life he liked to recall that on the day the ship docked he lent some fellow passengers enough to buy a hearty meal in celebration of their arrival; Huntington himself dined on crackers and cheese.

To follow his activities during his first five years in the West is to witness an expert demonstration of the art of accumulation under fluid conditions. His formula was simple: 'I kept my warehouse full when prices were low, and when they went up I sold out.' Supply and demand reached an equilibrium only rarely and by accident; stable prices could be expected for no more than a week at a time. Huntington shuttled between Sacramento and the Bay (by boat, the distance here being too far to walk), keeping one eye on the supply of merchandise at both places and the rate at which it was being consumed. The other eye was cocked at the Golden Gate, the only source of new shipments.

To pick up incoming ships, he bought the most powerful field glasses he could find, and a dory which he kept moored to the wharf at Clark's Point. Masters of scores of sailing ships were first hailed in the harbor by this one-man reception committee. Huntington's frail craft would come alongside while its occupant shouted an inquiry about the cargo. If it was salable merchandise, Huntington scrambled aboard and concluded a deal on the spot, paying a deposit from the pouch of gold dust he always carried, strapped about his waist. Once he said that had his little craft overturned he would have sunk like a rock. Until 1862 he dealt in everything not perishable. Huntington liked to hold merchandise until he got his price.

To control supply was the common aim of San Francisco's scores of speculators — though realized less frequently

than biographies of the pioneers imply. Huntington did it once, by cornering the shovel market — his first real killing. At Sacramento he and Hopkins had another partial success, with blasting powder, and later he sold for a dollar a pound a consignment of iron bars picked up at twenty dollars a ton. When, as was constantly happening, too much of a product was dumped on San Francisco's waterfront, he was always willing to buy heavily, provided prices were low enough. Unlike the shoestring speculators, he had both capital and facilities to hold merchandise for an advance. In Sacramento before long it required six large tents to hold his stock.

Huntington valued his reputation as a speculator who would buy whatever was offered. 'Everybody used to come to "Old Huntington,"' he recalled. (He was then in his early thirties.) 'I had a Panama hat that was very broad-brimmed, and used to come down to my shoulders . . . so I was well known.'

Even as early as that he had original ideas, and his partnership with Hopkins, effected in 1853, allowed him to put some of them into effect. Hopkins occupied the same relative position as had Solon Huntington in the earlier Oneonta venture: he saw that things ran smoothly at headquarters, leaving Collis free to rove on bargain-hunting expeditions. Goods shrewdly bought on a depressed market jammed the big brick store that succeeded the tents, and the firm was soon among the largest in the state.

Huntington took a close, paternal interest in the welfare of their score or more of clerks, who lived in a combined dormitory and recreation room in the rear of the store. This was furnished, not with the packing boxes and empty kegs usual in early California interiors, but with tables, chairs, and bunks luxurious with straw-stuffed mattresses. He bought at auction, for \$29, a box of books that unexpectedly showed up at a local sale, and established one of the first free circulating libraries in California.

To this room employees were required to return immediately after supper; at nine o'clock they were safely in bed with the candles extinguished. Thus their morals were protected; gamblers and prostitutes received not one penny of their wages, and to a man all reported for work with clear heads, steady hands, and non-alcoholic breaths. His young men were expected to save their wages, remain sober and chaste, and get eight hours' sleep a night. This was good for them; unquestionably it was good for their employers.

Huntington's righteousness was not, of course, carried to unprofitable extremes. Neither he nor Hopkins nor their young men drank intoxicants — but the trade in whiskey was large and profitable. No employee was permitted, under pain of dismissal, to enter gambling dens or brothels; but as customers the owners of both had their good points. They bought liberally of the best, paid promptly, and seldom quibbled about prices.

There were, however, a few triumphs of conscience over profit. One day the keeper of a bawdyhouse sent her colored porter to ask the cost of preserved peaches. Huntington chanced to have the only supply in town and he named a high price. The porter returned and stated that the madam was agreeable and wished them sent over. 'You tell her,' returned the merchant loftily, 'that if she pays \$96 and takes the peaches along I have no objection, but my boys cannot go into her house.'

A similar episode remained so clear in memory that half a century later he was able to repeat his exact words. One of his cut-rate purchases had been a thousand-barrel lot of corn meal. This had proved so bulky that storage facilities were taxed and the overflow had to be piled on the sidewalk before the store. The price was \$10 a barrel. When he saw another of the town's madams approaching, he could not refrain from hoisting the figure sharply.

'She came along with a silk dress

trailing halfway across the street and asked for corn meal. She said: "What do you ask for a barrel?"

"Said I: "Two ounces [thirty-two dollars] a barrel."

"Said she: "Do you think I am a damn fool?"

"No," said I. "I will be frank with you. I have not thought anything about you one way or the other."

"She gathered her skirts up and went across the street."

XXIV

In the late '80s Hubert H. Bancroft, California's businessman-historian, called on Huntington at the Palace Hotel. Bancroft outlined a plan for compiling a history of the building of the Central and Southern Pacific in greater detail than had been possible in his seven-volume *History of California*.

Huntington listened without comment while the plan was outlined. He refused, however, to commit himself even when Bancroft made his usually effective vanity appeal: that Huntington himself would have the deciding voice in the creation of this portrait by which he would be known to posterity. But the interview was not a complete failure. Huntington had agreed to allow one of Bancroft's writers to accompany him back east.

At intervals during a four-day run from Oakland to New Orleans the old man submitted to questions by D. R. Sessions, Bancroft's scribe. He recalled incidents of his youth and of the early years at Sacramento, and delivered short, confused pronouncements on such questions as railroad subsidies, the future of the Negro, and his personal tastes in art and literature.

The result, 128 foolscap pages literally transcribed, is an uncommonly interesting document. In it one sees Huntington as he chose to be seen. The self-posed portrait is that of a man by no means disappointed in himself. Looking back,

— he was then in his late sixties, — he saw nothing in an active lifetime that he would have changed in the least degree. Born of poor parents, he had learned the virtue of frugality. His schooling, limited to four months a year, had ended when he was thirteen; formal education was a waste of time. His temperament was not of a sort that inspired close friendships; this, too, had a virtue. 'I never had any chums . . . I ran in a crowd by myself.' 'I am not a sociable man . . . but I get as much out of life as any man in America.'

Hunched forward in his chair, he accommodately searched for revealing anecdotes of his past. The incidents he recalled were commonly those in which he got the better of an opponent in a business deal or conquered adverse circumstances by shrewdness and hard work. Industry, frugality, ability to drive a bargain — these were qualities to be admired wherever found, and Huntington most frequently found them in himself. Tenacity stood high in his list of the virtues; a man must stick to a thing and see it through. For those who divided their interests and dissipated their energies he saw no hope. His favorite derogatory adjective was 'restless'; to call a man that was to catalogue him as past redemption.

Although he continued to preach the Spartan axioms that had guided his youth, he had by then adopted most of the conventional follies of rich men of his time: houses, travel, *objets d'art* — even, in a guarded and tentative way, philanthropy. From the early '80s onward, reports of his new enthusiasms drifted west, causing old-time acquaintances to shake their heads. During his life on the Coast he had been heard to boast on two subjects only: his personal strength and endurance, and his ability to protect himself in a business deal. Huntington in some of his new rôles — as a connoisseur of paintings, for instance — made no sense. Self-hypnotism of that sort might be expected of other rich men,

but people looked to Huntington to remain rational despite his millions.

There were definite Huntington characteristics, however, even in this hobby. In 1888 he paid \$25,000 for a painting of 'a religious scene.' This any of a hundred rich men might have done — but the reasons why he had purchased it were Huntington's own: —

There are seven figures in it — three cardinals of the different orders of their religion. There is an old missionary that has just returned; he is showing his scars, where his hands are cut all over; he is telling a story to these cardinals; they are dressed in luxury. One of them is playing with a dog; one is asleep; there is only one looking at him — looking at him with that kind of an expression saying what a fool you are that you should go out and suffer for the human race when we have such a good time at home. I lose the picture in the story when I look at it. I sometimes sit half an hour looking at that picture.

One imagines the old man, seated gingerly in one of his Louis XV chairs, fixing the canvas with a searching stare. Long before the half hour is up, the scene comes to life, peopled by figures no longer unfamiliar. Do not these luxury-loving cardinals resemble Huntington's own associates? There is that one in particular, the idle fellow who plays with the dog — or is it perhaps not a dog, but a race horse? 'Stanford has his horses and his ranches, and Crocker likes to run off to Europe,' he had once informed Hopkins in a letter complaining that his strength was not equal to the work piled on him. One begins to see why Huntington 'loses the picture in the story' — for the story is his own. Who is the weary wretch in the centre who has spent himself doing what needed to be done while the idle cardinals gave themselves over to worldly pleasures — who but Huntington himself?

It was another manifestation of his habit of thinking of himself as a martyr to his duties. Unquestionably there were times when he drew too heavily on his strength, and in the depressed periods

that followed wondered if the game was worth the effort. 'What the devil is the use of my wearing myself out?' he demanded of Hopkins. Sure that his health would break under the strain, in almost daily letters he emphasized his desire to sell out. But he was only partly serious. In the midst of his dissatisfaction the panic of 1872 seriously jeopardized his fortune and multiplied his problems. He promptly forgot himself in the struggle, and his letters thereafter had no room for self-pity.

Crisis effected a permanent cure. Huntington not only outworked his partners; he also outlived them. During his last ten years he liked to boast that he could do more than men half his age. An English journalist who interviewed him in 1899 found him planning enterprises that would take him twenty years to complete. On one of his half-yearly visits to California a friend remarked that he was looking well; Huntington replied: 'Five years ago I thought I might live until I was a hundred. I know now I'll reach a hundred and ten.' The Huntingtons, he declared, were long-lived; his father remained hale and hearty until long past ninety. In New York a notable banquet was given to Sir William Van Horne, with a score of leading financiers present. Levi P. Morton, who had been Vice President under Harrison, remarked to C. P. Stubbs, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific: 'This gathering comprises some of the most wonderful men in the United States, and that old man is the most wonderful man of the lot.' The next day Stubbs repeated the compliment. Huntington's face showed no pleasure as he demanded: 'Did he say *old* man? Did he say *old* man? Why did n't you kick him?'

XXV

Huntington married in September 1844, when he was in his twenty-third year. His bride, the former Elizabeth Stoddard, conformed to Victorian stand-

ards of how a dutiful wife should conduct herself. For the nearly forty years of her married life she accomplished a perfect feat of self-effacement. While Huntington shouldered his way up the financial scale from country storekeeper to leading figure in American transportation, her existence was recalled only because newspaper accounts of his movements sometimes ended with such sentences as this: 'He is accompanied by his secretary, G. E. Miles, and his wife.' In the small-town neighborliness of early Sacramento she was well liked by the wives of her husband's partners. The couple remained childless, and she and her husband undertook to bring up Clara Prentice, daughter of her deceased sister.

The child was then but ten months old; she grew up in the household, and in later years Huntington often remarked that he treated her exactly as though she were his own daughter. Her presence compensated in part for Huntington's lack of children of his own, particularly of sons—a lack that was frequently on his mind. 'I don't blame Stanford for not wanting to sell,' he remarked in the early '70s, when the question of selling their railroad property was under constant discussion among the partners. 'If I had a son growing up nothing could persuade me to get out.' There were other references to the fact that he alone of the four partners had no male heir. Crocker had several sons and Stanford one; even Mark Hopkins, without children of his own, had taken young Timothy Nolan into his house and was bringing him up as his son. But Clara Prentice presently became known as Clara Huntington, and letters between the partners began to refer to Huntington as a man of family. 'I am sorry to learn of Clara's illness,' wrote Colton on May 2, 1878. 'I hope she is quite well.'

The girl adapted herself to the ornate life Huntington's millions made inevitable. The old man indulged her extravagances, even to expending, in the late '80s, \$2,500,000 to accomplish her well-

publicized marriage to Prince Hatzfeldt, of one of the minor German noble houses. This came to be recognized as the worst investment Huntington ever made, for the Prince's exploits remained staples of American scandal sheets for a generation.

Long before Clara's marriage, however, Huntington's almost mythical first wife died. Not many months later, in New York, on July 12, 1884, the widower, then almost sixty-three, took a second bride. This was Mrs. A. D. Worsham, born Arabella Duval Yarrington, a native of Alabama and, by current newspaper account, 'quite a prominent woman in New York and the subject of considerable comment as being very ambitious.' She had one child by her former marriage, Archie Worsham, who adopted his stepfather's name. As Archer Huntington, he became well known for his philanthropies and as a Hispano-American scholar. Huntington, himself a large man, admired size in others; he once boasted that young Archie, at sixteen, weighed 220 pounds.

The new Mrs. Huntington did not share her predecessor's liking for personal obscurity. Under her influence Huntington dropped one by one his austere habits and stepped into a setting proper to his position as one of the dozen wealthiest men in America. The plunge into luxury proved not so bad as he had feared. With no signs of revolt, he began making a succession of profitless investments: houses in New York and San Francisco, a summer camp in the Adirondacks, a box at the Metropolitan, hundreds of square yards of innocuous paintings by currently fashionable European artists. 'I suppose I have half a million dollars' worth of pictures,' he told an interviewer in 1889, and added with pride that Henry Ward Beecher had once asked to see a newly hung canvas.

Beecher had performed his second marriage. Off on a lecture tour with his manager, J. B. Pond, the preacher

amused himself weeks later by cleaning out the accumulated litter in his pockets. Pond looked on while Beecher brought forth a mass of papers and glanced through them, tearing up such as he did not want and tossing them out the car window. From the watch pocket of his trousers he pulled out a tightly folded envelope, stared at it blankly, then recalled that Huntington had passed it to him after the ceremony. It contained four \$1000 bills. Huntington was proud of Beecher's friendship and remained loyal through the Tilton scandal in which the latter became involved. After Beecher's death Huntington befriended his widow, providing her with railroad passes that she might visit her son, who lived on Puget Sound.

Although Huntington brought himself to spend prodigally, personal extravagance remained beyond his powers. To the end, he boasted that he had never spent above \$200 a year on personal adornment. Even after he had acquired the baroque setting of his later days, he continued not only to preach but to practise frugality. With amusement he confessed that his wife and daughter had to remind him to ring for servants instead of performing household duties for himself. In a day when a French chef was a necessity in every rich man's kitchen, he liked to tell dinner guests about his Chinese cook, who worked for small wages and wasted nothing.

He understood the problems of those in lowly stations and, if they met his rigid requirements, was quite willing to help them. Lacking even the beginnings of diplomacy, he publicly referred to laboring men as 'inferiors'; but more clearly than most large employers of his time he recognized their rights, and there were few strikes on enterprises under his control. He had the respect of all his servants, and the affection of some. When news of his death reached San Francisco, perhaps the only locally-shed tears were those of the Irish caretaker in his house on Nob Hill. Early one summer morning

in the year 1900, Mary Foley dabbed her eyes with her apron and assured reporters that Mr. Huntington had been a fine and unassuming gentleman; he had never put on airs, although she was prepared to state without reservation that he knew everything.

The personal affairs of a Negro porter in his Mills Building office engaged his interest. Huntington encouraged him to buy a house, then withheld \$40 of his \$75 monthly salary to make sure that the monthly payments were met. This device he used with other employees who lacked the fortitude to save voluntarily. Slightly different was his treatment of 'Uncle George' Bromley, a California ancient whom he had known since early Sacramento days. Word reached him that Bromley, long celebrated on the Coast for his humorous after-dinner speeches, was hard up. One day Bromley was informed that, on Huntington's instructions, he was being put on the payroll. He was not told what duties were expected of him, nor did he ever learn. The salary was paid with regularity until Huntington's death, five years later, when it stopped. Thereupon the pensioner, quite understandably, felt himself abused at being tossed into the world again.

Toward the end of 1898, Bailey Millard, Sunday editor of young W. R. Hearst's *Examiner*, heard an Oakland schoolteacher read a poem at a literary gathering. Millard, impressed, saw an opportunity to enlist the *Examiner's* methods in the novel cause of literature. No work of an unknown poet was ever launched with a greater splash. After days of preliminary advertising it was given to the public, accompanied by a column of editorial praise. Rival papers jeered, but 'The Man with the Hoe' made the hoped-for sensation and Edwin Markham leaped into prominence as 'The Poet of the People.'

The poem, effective propaganda in the hands of the Socialists, came to Huntington's attention. Millet's paint-

ing, the poem's inspiration, was owned by the Crocker family. Indirectly, Central Pacific profits had supplied ammunition to the enemy, and this may have had something to do with Huntington's decision to wage counter-warfare. Another possible reason was the fact that the *Examiner* was then Huntington's most ruthless enemy on the Coast. Like many rich men, Huntington had taken serious alarm at the rising tide of Socialism. He considered the situation important enough to grant one of his infrequent interviews. 'Is America going to turn to Socialism over one poem?' he asked a reporter for the *Sun*. 'Markham's Hoe Man has a hoe. Let him rejoice. The only man to commiserate is the man who has no hoe, the man who cannot help to enrich the world.'

Through the *Sun* an anonymous donor put up a prize of \$750 for the best poem 'answering' Markham's possibly dangerous work, and personally outlined the rules of the contest. Needy poets rallied to the defense of the existing order with five thousand 'answers.' The prize went to John Vance Cheney for his poem 'Responsibility.' Huntington died before he learned to what extent his \$750 had confounded the Socialists.

XXVI

Far overshadowing Huntington's fear of Socialists, however, was his dislike of his slow-thinking partner. That Huntington and Stanford were mutually antagonistic had been known to a few from the beginning. As early as 1863, references were made to their lack of harmony on questions of policy. A San Francisco paper later pointed out that 'a money-maker and a money-spender cannot pull together as a business team, however well that combination might work in the matrimonial harness.'

Temperamentally the two were poles apart; an open break was merely a matter of time and expediency. Huntington would have welcomed it years before it

came. He had little talent for concealing his dislikes, and Stanford's conspicuous qualities were precisely those he found hardest to endure. But Huntington also realized that a public quarrel would be bad business; internal conflict would inevitably hurt the prestige of the company. Through the '70s and '80s he convinced himself that the Big Four must present a united front to a world growing increasingly antagonistic. So, for the sake of policy, Huntington stifled his dislike for his vainglorious associate. He could settle the score later. He waited, as a matter of fact, nearly a quarter of a century before he considered it expedient to bring the quarrel into the open.

Stanford's election to the Senate in 1885 set off the explosion. The term of one of California's Senators was about to expire. Casting about for a man who would be useful in Washington and who deserved reward, the railroad group decided on Aaron A. Sargent. Sargent had been a staunch Central Pacific man. During his first term as Congressman in the early '60s, he helped Judah get the original Pacific Railroad bill through the House, and by subsequent acts in both House and Senate he proved himself a statesman after Huntington's heart. In 1874 he retired to private life. Friendly with both Huntington and Stanford, he was one of the few men for whom the former had a genuine liking. His ambition to return to the Senate after ten years of retirement met with the approval and encouragement of both men.

Railroad support was promised Sargent at a meeting in Huntington's New York office in the spring of 1884. Formalities leading to his election proceeded with their customary smoothness and order. In November, local elections in California gave the Republicans a large majority in the state senate. There remained only the routine business of uniting on Sargent as the party's candidate and casting a few courtesy ballots to rival candidates before voting Sargent

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into office. Sargent himself shared the opinion of political observers that he was as good as elected. The final step was for Stanford, as the Southern Pacific's president, to declare that Sargent was the railroad's choice. Stanford unaccountably failed to act. Sargent, still confident but a little nervous, pondered this continued silence. After a time he dropped his friend Stanford a note:—

Dear Governor: It is very necessary that you come out soon. . . . I have a good majority of those elected and can see success ahead. But your presence here and your strong influential words will make assurance doubly sure. I know your personal friendship for me will induce you to comply with my request. . . .

To this Stanford made no reply. By the time the new legislature gathered at Sacramento, rumor said that Sargent had lost the all-powerful railroad support. Even the politicians were mystified. That Stanford wanted the office for himself occurred to no one. His friendship for Sargent, the latter's lifelong support of the railroad's interests, and the road's habit of rewarding the faithful with political office were all against the possibility. Stanford, however, had convinced himself that a term in the Senate would be a fitting climax to his public career.

The Governor had edged himself into a difficult position. Besides his widely known friendship for Sargent, there was the fact that the latter was generally known to be the railroad's candidate. There was, too, his definite, though secret, promise to support Sargent—and there was Huntington, who had been present when his word had been given. But now Stanford was determined to take the office himself. He allied himself with Sargent's political enemies, who pressed him to announce his candidacy. While he hesitated, the legislature convened. Sargent—now thoroughly alarmed and suspicious—grew more insistent. To his letters and telegrams Stanford at length made a feeble reply.

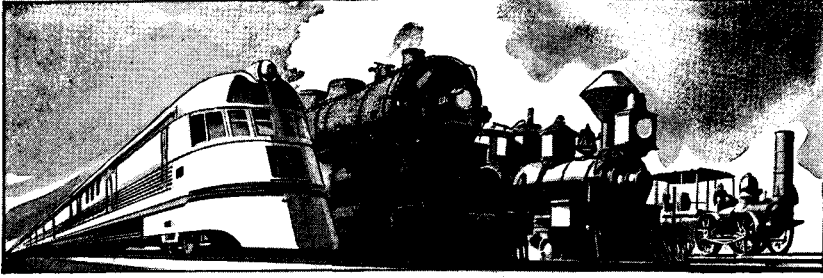
While he personally continued to support Sargent, he stated, the situation had grown complicated. There were many factors that must be considered very carefully. . . .

Sargent was too old a hand not to realize what was taking place. On January 13, 1885, a week before the scheduled election, he wrote to Stanford pointing out that two of the latter's friends were in Sacramento 'trying to pull away my votes.' He continued: 'As this is so inconsistent with your letter of yesterday, I call your attention to it directly that you may stop it. . . . I appreciate the friendship these men have for you and that their zeal for you is the cause of their acts. But they should not trifle with your honor.' Sargent added that he had the election by a majority of twenty 'if these gentlemen would speak a word of encouragement for me, instead of opposing me; and I would have a fair majority if they would be neutral.' His earlier letters had begun: 'My dear Governor'; in this the salutation was more formal, perhaps a trifle ironical: 'Hon. Leland Stanford.'

Sargent did not fail to inform Huntington of how events were shaping themselves at Sacramento. An ominous wire presently reached Palo Alto: 'It is reported that you are in the field against Sargent. I cannot believe it. Please telegraph me at once.'

Stanford could no longer evade. He issued a statement confirming what California's political writers had been prophesying for days. On the insistence of his friends, and for the sake of concord within the party, he had decided with much reluctance to enter the race. . . . The Republicans met in caucus on January 20. Stanford received the nomination on the second ballot, with 47 votes. Sargent was able to hold but 16 of the 'fair majority' he had expected a week earlier. On January 28 the senate voted Stanford into the office.

His motives were variously explained. To mitigate the charge of betrayal, one



Common Carriers and Common Sense

THE INCREASE in freight rates recently granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission is one sound step toward rehabilitation of the railroads.

While the public is entitled to railroad service at reasonable rates, investors in rail securities are likewise entitled to a reasonable return. At the same time, fair wages must be paid and taxes must be met.

Does the public receive reasonable rates? Amazing though it may seem, the cost of shipping a ton of freight one mile is less than 1 cent, as compared with 3.48 cents in France and 2.73 cents in Great Britain. Passenger rates are 14% less than in 1916 despite heavy increases in operating costs since that date.

Are railroad employees fairly treated? Hourly wage rates in 1937 were the highest in history—more than 167% over the 1916 rates, as compared with an increase of 30% in the cost of living.

How has Government fared? The railroad tax bill in 1937 was 326 million dollars, up 30% since 1933, and 107% greater than in 1916.

But what of the investors who have a 26 billion investment in railroads? Their return has been inadequate over a long period of years. For the past 10 years railroad earnings have averaged only 2.65% annually on all invested capital, and as most capital is bonded debt, such earnings were obviously not enough in many cases to meet interest charges.

Unquestioned solvency of the railroads is necessary to assure continuance of efficient service and employment at high wages. By assuring purchase of railroad equipment, it would also promote revival in many other industries. We do not undertake to indicate the terms of the solution, but common sense dictates that the earning power of railroads be restored as a matter of general welfare.

As bankers for commercial and industrial enterprises, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.

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UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

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California politician, Henry Vrooman, announced that Stanford had allowed his name to be presented 'only when I told him plainly that I and his friends were bound to make him Senator in spite of everything he could do for Sargent.' After thirty years in California politics Sargent had his enemies, and these were unwilling to let credit for his defeat go to others. Frank Pixley, whose weekly *Argonaut* had been singing Stanford's praises for years, laid claim to the glory of instigating the coup. Stephen T. Gage put forth the most original claim. It was his argument, he stated, that had finally won over his chief, then vacillating between personal vanity and loyalty to a friend. A period of residence at Washington, Gage had informed Stanford, might prove beneficial to Mrs. Stanford, whose health had not been robust.

California papers commented in ironic vein on Washington's rise to prominence as a health centre. Others pointed out that if a man wished to live in Washington for his wife's health he might go as a private citizen and avoid the necessity of breaking his word to an old friend. The railroad papers, of course, approved wholeheartedly, while others straddled the issue. The *Los Angeles Times* commented: 'The result is now known. We accept it, without displeasure, as the best choice, all things considered, that could have been made.' With unconscious cynicism the paper went on to develop the theory that, since the state was fated to be represented in the Senate by a man pledged to serve the railroad, the road's president was better than a subordinate. Stanford was a man of wealth and therefore presumably able to resist the temptation to sell his vote.

No statement was forthcoming from Huntington. Stanford took his seat on March 4, 1885, the day of Cleveland's inauguration, and Huntington was not in the gallery to witness this new Stanford triumph. Nor was he ever a guest at the new Senator's apartment in the

Arlington Hotel or in the pretentious house he later leased on Farragut Square.

Huntington maintained in public a discreet silence, but those who knew him well — including Stanford himself — were not convinced that he had forgotten the episode. Privately Huntington decided that Stanford's vanity had passed the limit of tolerance. Concern for public policy was no longer a restraining influence. Huntington determined to give himself the pleasure of deflating the Stanford balloon. It was only a matter of choosing the right time.

XXVII

Characteristically, Huntington was in no hurry to take his revenge. He laid his plans with patience, and five years passed before he was ready to act. The annual meeting of Southern Pacific stockholders was held at San Francisco on April 9, 1890. So far as advance information went, it was to be a regular meeting given over to routine business. A few, however, knew that questions of more importance were to be decided, for Huntington had partially shown his hand at a preliminary meeting at New York. Present were Huntington and Stanford, the two survivors of the original four, Charles F. Crocker, and two attorneys representing the interests of Mrs. Edward T. Searles, Mark Hopkins's widow.

Into the midst of this group Huntington casually dropped his bombshell. At the forthcoming annual meeting, he announced, Stanford was to be dropped and Huntington himself would succeed him as president. An agreement embodying this and other matters was presented, and all parties — Stanford included — signed it. The reason the latter agreed without a struggle to give up an office he had held for nearly thirty years is partly explained by these excerpts from the document: —

Fourth: That the papers in possession of C. P. Huntington in reference to the Sargent



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A BABY'S cry in the night . . . a midnight prowler . . . sickness that strikes in the dark. How grateful we may well be in emergencies for the never-failing service of electric light! Yet how few of us realize what it takes to make that service possible — what it has cost over the past 50 years in the way of investment, invention, engineering, and human toil.

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matters be either destroyed or delivered sealed to the undersigned for disposal as they shall see fit.

Fifth: That all parties owning or representing interests in the property of the Pacific Improvement Company shall in good faith refrain from hostile or injurious expressions concerning each other, and shall in good faith coöperate for the election of Leland Stanford to the next term of the United States Senate.

Stanford would be allowed to return to the Senate, but this time he was to pay for the privilege. The price would have been high even had Huntington carried out his part of the agreement — which, as events proved, he had no intention of doing.

The Southern Pacific's annual meeting was held at San Francisco the following April, and the ready-made programme was duly put through. Stanford rose from his accustomed place and Huntington took it. The latter had prepared a statement; his first act as president was to rise and read it. After the expected conventional remarks came this bombshell: —

I can promise you nothing more, for at all times my personal interest has been second to that of the company. It shall be so in the future, and in no case will I use this great corporation to advance my personal ambition at the expense of its owners, or put my hands in the treasury to defeat the people's choice and thereby put myself in positions that should be filled by others, but to the best of my ability I will work for the interests of the shareholders of the company and the people whom it should serve.

This was a typical example of Huntington strategy. He had waited more than five years, manœuvring his less skillful opponent into a position from which there was no possibility of escape. It was also one of the few occasions when Huntington exhibited the slightest talent for showmanship or allowed himself the luxury of satisfying a personal grudge at the expense of business expediency; but, having decided to settle an old score, he was not content until he had made a thorough job of it.

The blow fell when Stanford's prestige was at its height. The doors of his new university had been thrown open only a few months earlier, and the magnificence of the gift had for three years been a favorite topic throughout the West. For a generation he had been the nominal head of the Republican Party in California; he was then Senator and had been Governor. Since its organization he had been president of incomparably the largest corporation in the West. This was Stanford's darkest day. A member of the Stanford household recalled that when the Governor returned to Palo Alto that evening he appeared to have grown years older since the morning.

Huntington's revival of the Sargent incident and his public admission that Stanford's election had been bought with railroad money received attention beyond the walls of the directors' room. For years, opposition papers in California had been stating that railroad money had been spent at Sacramento in the campaign of 1885. To have the charge confirmed by Huntington himself was unlooked-for good fortune of which editors made the most.

Newspaper readers were soon enjoying a public airing of mutual dislike by the two surviving members of the Big Four. Stanford, always hospitable to the press and now concerned for his reputation, turned to the newspapers in an effort to counteract Huntington's deplorable frankness. This was to be expected. Huntington overcame his aversion for publicity and fought vigorously. The successive interviews grew in frankness as the angry partners reached the stage of personal abuse. The West learned that Stanford had so little regard for the honesty of his associate that he would trust him only so far as he could 'throw Trinity Church up the side of Mt. Shasta,' and Huntington was goaded to the length of calling the estimable founder of the new university 'a damned old fool.'

The battle was uneven. Stanford was



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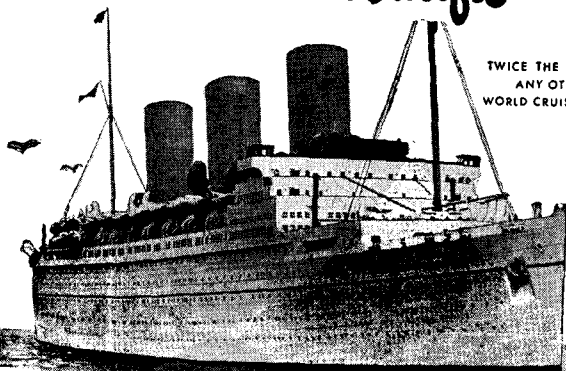
JUST TO SEE BALI IS TO HAVE
GLIMPSED PARADISE

Canadian Pacific

FROM NEW YORK JANUARY 7, 1939

THE ROUTE

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GIBRALTAR	CEYLON	PEIPING
ALGIERS	PENANG	BEPPU
MONACO	SINGAPORE	KOBE
NAPLES	SIAM	YOKOHAMA
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normally able to hold his own in an exchange of invective, but this time it was his bad luck to be on the defensive. Hostile newspapers were asking not merely for abuse of Huntington, but for proof that the latter's charges were untrue. Railroad-controlled editors, in doubt as to which side of the controversy they were expected to take, played safe. Creed Hammond, the current chief of the railroad's legal staff, spoke soothingly to reporters: 'The facts of the election are not known to Mr. Huntington in their true light.' Others followed his lead. Frank Pixley's *Argonaut*, usually shrill in its support of Stanford's interests, was singularly temperate. The reason was known to many: Pixley believed himself responsible for persuading Stanford to run against Sargent, whom he heartily disliked. The editor was sulking because he could not claim credit for a personal victory over Sargent, but must help maintain the fiction that the latter had been reluctantly sacrificed because Stanford alone could have won for the Republicans.

After the controversy had begun to die down, Stanford accommodatingly added more fuel by a demand that the new board of the Southern Pacific investigate Huntington's charge that railroad money had been used to buy his election. Opposition journals pointed out that the investigation might better be conducted by a less biased body. In Washington the appointment of a Senate committee to look into Stanford's fitness to remain a member was seriously discussed.

Neither investigation materialized. The Senate took no notice of Huntington's charges, and the railroad's directors refused to render a decision that must win them the enmity of either Stanford or Huntington. Meantime, on advice of conciliators, Stanford was prevailed on to temper his demands for an immediate investigation, and Huntington agreed to write a letter of apology. The latter proved to be a curious document. The degree of sincerity with which it was

written may be judged from the following excerpts: —

DEAR GOVERNOR:

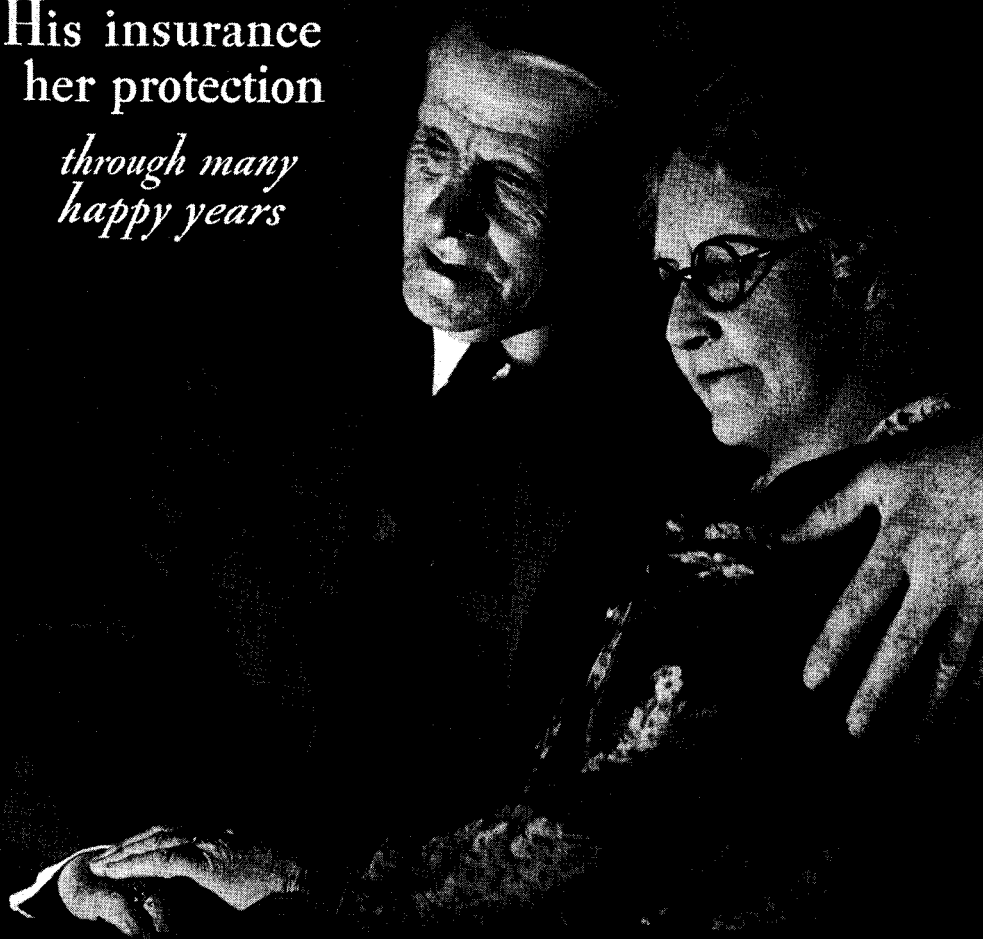
So many items mentioning your name and mine have lately appeared in the daily papers that some of our friends think it would be well for me to write you a letter. Hence this communication; although I do not apprehend any danger that you and I will be put in a hostile attitude in our business — or for that matter, in our personal relations; but the intervention of others who do not altogether understand our difference may tend to separate our friends. Our views when at variance have been freely expressed and it is needless to allude to them further than that we have each of us agreed to disagree. . . .

The remarks that I recently made at the Southern Pacific board meeting were intended only as a seasonable expression of my views on these subjects. . . . My words, and especially the phrase which relates to campaign uses of the Company's funds, or, as it expressed it, 'putting hands into the treasury of the Company to defeat the people's choice,' have been construed in some quarters as a personal attack on you. Allow me to say that I greatly regret this impression since I did not intend to make such an attack or to charge that you had used the Company's money to advance your personal interests or in any improper manner, and I am satisfied that you have not done so. Allow me also to express the wish that our relations may continue as friendly hereafter as they have been heretofore.

C. P. HUNTINGTON

This was not the complete vindication Stanford had been demanding daily; but he must have realized that it was the best he could get, for he prudently let the matter drop. Huntington was agreeable; he was already tired of his unaccustomed place in the limelight. Moreover, he had accomplished what he had set out to do. Why ask more? To carry the quarrel further might hurt business. The principals granted no further interviews; the feud had burned itself out. Both principals were heartily glad that it had settled one point; it was no longer necessary for either to maintain pretense of friendship. Thereafter they met only on business;

His insurance
her protection
*through many
happy years*

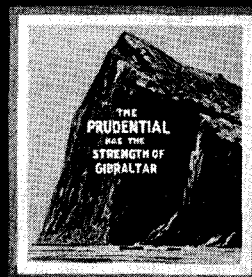


The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.



their conversation was monosyllabic and their infrequent letters severely formal. Once Huntington interjected a personal note, perhaps unconsciously ironic: 'I certainly have no reason to complain of you, or of any of my co-directors in the past, for I have usually had my own way.'

XXVIII

One of the minor results of this public airing of the feud was that certain Coast journalists propounded this question: which of the two men had played the more important part in the creation of the road? One weekly, reviewing the years when the Central Pacific was being built, pictured the Governor carrying the main burden of the early enterprise, meeting and overcoming a succession of crises, financial, legislative, administrative. While Stanford was in the midst of the tumult, fighting, conciliating, driving the great inert machine toward success, where was Huntington? Huntington, remarked the editor, was in the East buying supplies, spending money raised by Stanford, and writing petulant letters demanding more rapid construction. This critic claimed that Huntington lacked the qualities necessary in a successful promoter. Unlike the affable Stanford, he was formal and direct in business; he had neither the ability nor the desire to place himself on a friendly footing with those with whom he dealt. He lacked, too, eloquence in argument, the gift of winning support by firing others with enthusiasm.

That there was truth in this estimate of Huntington cannot be denied. Unquestionably there were phases of the enterprise in which he was a liability. Until late in life he uniformly refused to make speeches, whatever the occasion. His manner toward interviewers, when he could be persuaded to grant them an audience, showed clearly his hope of getting the nonsense over as quickly as possible.

His failure as a herald of goodwill for

railroad ambitions arose from a constitutional dislike of asking a favor of any man. He was proud to announce, in season and out, his ability to pay for what he wanted. Consequently, when it was a question of pleasing rather than buying, he was ill at ease, his attitude a combination of defiance and arrogance. He was hardly more helpful in construction and operation. There is no evidence that he had a grasp of engineering problems, except in their relation to costs. During the entire construction period he contributed but one suggestion. When the problem of scaling the final steep rise to the Sierra summit was furrowing the brows of company engineers, he proposed a huge elevator in which whole trains could be lifted up and down the thousand-foot cliff.

Huntington had obvious limitations, but he was of course far more than a mere purchasing agent. It was years before the full extent of his other activities became generally known. Much of this information reached the public against Huntington's wishes and over the objections of railroad attorneys. Some he gave voluntarily when, in later years, he showed one of the weaknesses of old age by boasting of past triumphs. A favorite narrative concerned his clash with Secretary of the Treasury McCulloch over the delivery of \$2,400,000 in subsidy bonds.

This was when the rival roads were reaching ahead to grasp as large a share as possible of the construction subsidy. After a slow start, the Union Pacific by 1867 began to hit full stride, and its owners wished to build as far west as the California border. This would have given their Western rival only the costly section over the Sierra, leaving the Union Pacific in control of the traffic to the Nevada silver mines.

Alarmed letters to Huntington reported Union Pacific advance-construction crews in central Nevada, five hundred miles west of Salt Lake and less than half that distance from the Cali-



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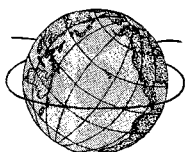
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fornia line. Every mile of desert construction taken over by the rival company meant \$20,000 less profit to Central Pacific, and the loss of a mile of completed road. Could n't something be done to make the Union Pacific stay on their own side of the Rockies?

Huntington read these appeals with unconcern and scrawled one of his awkward letters. Let the partners stop worrying about the Union Pacific. Let them attend to their own sufficient job, which was to construct their railroad — as much of it as they could and as fast as they could. The cars of Tom Scott's Pennsylvania Railroad saw much of Huntington during the ensuing weeks as he shuttled between New York and Washington. At the capital he visited department heads and talked with important figures on the Congressional railroad committees. Word was sent west outlining a plan of counter-warfare. Soon Central Pacific crews were playing the same game as their Eastern rivals. If the Union Pacific sent advance parties five hundred miles ahead of their tracks, the Central Pacific could, and would, send theirs a thousand. Before their line was complete even to the California border, company engineers were in Salt Lake City, letting contracts to Brigham Young to grade Central Pacific roadbed *east of Ogden*.

Huntington's strategy soon became obvious. Had both companies built as far as their lines were surveyed, the rails would have paralleled each other for more than fifteen hundred miles — and the government was granting only one subsidy. Both sides were frankly bluffing; both were playing for trading advantage in the inevitable compromise.

The question, as Huntington foresaw, would be settled, not by surveying crews in Utah and Nevada, but by Congress. And there the Central Pacific had a decided advantage. Huntington, then as always, knew clearly what he wanted for the company, and he had been long enough in Washington to know how to

go about getting it. In this instance he desired to manoeuvre the government into paying over to the Central Pacific the subsidy bonds for part of this debated section of the line. With an innocent air of attending to a routine detail, he filed with the Secretary of the Interior a map of a projected new section of the line — one extending as far east as Echo, well up toward the summit of the Rockies. The map was accepted by the department. Next Huntington applied for bonds covering two thirds of the subsidy on this section, in accordance with the Pacific Railroad Act, as amended, which specified that in certain emergencies bonds could be paid in advance of actual construction. The sum involved was \$2,400,000.

With what one writer called his 'remarkable persistence in presenting an argument,' Huntington succeeded in convincing the Secretary of the Interior, the Attorney General, the federal railroad commissioners, and finally President Johnson that an emergency existed. Accordingly, the bonds were ordered paid. Huntington was on the point of receiving them when astonished officials of the Union Pacific learned what was happening. Oakes Ames reached Washington in time to arouse official doubts as to the justice of the transaction. Secretary of the Treasury McCulloch was prevailed upon to delay turning over the bonds while Congress investigated.

To withhold a sum of that size from Huntington, once it had been promised, proved a greater task than McCulloch imagined. In his anecdotal style Huntington later gave his version of what happened next: —

I went to McCulloch and said I: 'Here's a report I want you to have.' He had heard we were working there — meaning among the departments — and he had a talk with Ames. I knew he had agreed not to show me the bonds; but I was determined to have them if I could.

I got a report from the Attorney General that I was entitled under the law to those

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bonds. I got one from the Solicitor of the Treasury; he asked for that, I was legally entitled to them. I got two cabinet meetings in one week outside of the regular day. The majority of them voted that I should have the bonds. Then he would not let me have them. I went there nearly a week. I wanted to get them the day the administration closed. . . . I called at McCulloch's office; I sent in my card. McCulloch would let me know the next morning. . . . I said, never mind, I will go and see him. I did not know McCulloch. I wanted those \$2,400,000 bonds. 'Well,' said he, 'you seem entitled to them.' I answered: 'That is right; give me the reasons, Mr. Secretary, why you won't let me have them?' 'Well,' he said: 'You seem entitled to them under the law.' I said: 'That is all right; give me the bonds.' 'Well,' he replied, 'no, I can't do it.' 'Well,' I said, 'I want your reasons. I have men in New York who are interested with me; when I go back, if I don't have the bonds I want the reason why. You can see for yourself.' Finally he remarked, 'You do seem entitled to them.'

Well, I was nearly a week. I went in there every day and asked him to give me the bonds and asked for the reasons. One day there was a score of men right behind me. 'Now,' said he, 'if you do not let these gentlemen see me, I will decide this thing against you.' 'Now,' I replied, 'Mr. Secretary, rather than have the Secretary of the United States do so foolish a thing as that, I will sit here for a fortnight.' For half an hour or so I sat down. 'Now,' said he, 'Mr. Jordan [he came up just then], Mr. Huntington is worrying me to death. He says he wants those bonds; what do you think of it?' Jordan said: 'I have given you a written opinion, Mr. Secretary, that he is entitled to the bonds under the law.' 'Well,' said he, 'he shall have the bonds. . . .' A little after eight o'clock I went out, and found the bonds in my room.

The full amount was not delivered. Huntington's persistence had succeeded, however, in adding more than \$1,300,000 to the Central Pacific's treasury.

XXIX

Considering the size of his fortune and the number of years he remained in possession of it, Huntington's benefactions

were few. What he gave was seldom given carelessly. He was not the type of rich man who, recalling from time to time that a certain degree of philanthropy is expected of him, arrogantly tosses a few dollars into whatever palms happen to be extended. On occasion he passed out trifling sums for dubious purposes, as when he gave \$100 to a solicitor for a home for disabled miners and when he endowed the famous waterfall in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. But usually when he parted from his dollars he wanted to know in detail how they were to be spent and by whom.

Several years of Huntington's money-grubbing youth had been spent in the South, where the condition and prospects of the Negro had engaged his interest. More than fifty years later, among the few mourners at his funeral were J. R. Frizzel of the Hampton Industrial School and Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, evidence of the dead man's long but never extravagant support of the theory that young Negroes might sensibly be taught blacksmithing and simple arithmetic. In 1896 his secretary, George E. Miles, recalled a visit to Huntington's office by the Negro principal of the Salisbury School, in North Carolina. Huntington that morning had denied himself to all callers, but when he heard the Negro's voice in the outer room, his door flew open. 'Come in, Price,' he called. 'I have given orders to keep out everybody this morning, but you can walk in at any time.'

The philanthropist took the trouble to point out that his sympathy for the black men did not spring from the fact that they were required to work hard; Huntington had never been of the opinion that hard work was anything but a privilege. But, by his code, honest effort should be coupled with a hope of advancement, and it was the lack of such hope that made the Negro's plight deplorable.

By the middle '70s, efforts to train young Negroes in manual trades, ad-



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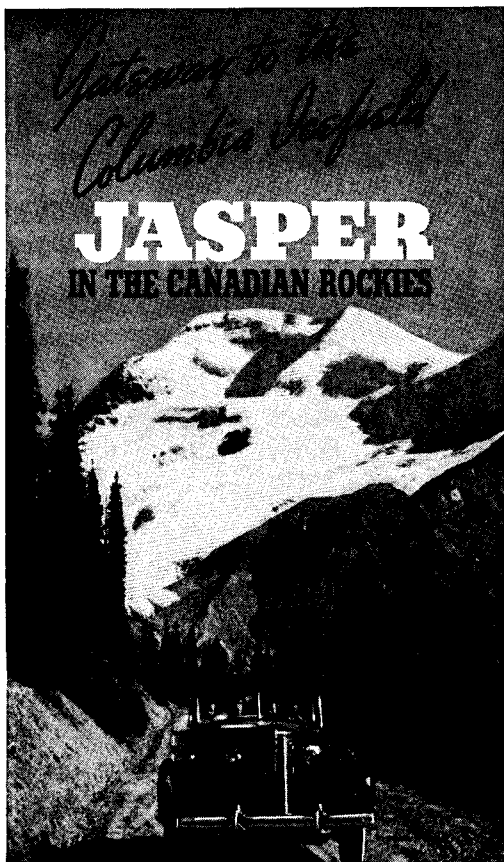
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vocated since the close of the Civil War, had gained headway. Huntington grew interested in General S. C. Armstrong's Hampton Institute. He investigated the work and ended by giving moderate financial support. His first contribution was \$50. Later he established a trust fund of \$1000, the income from which would pay tuition for one student. Other minor benefactions followed, always after careful consideration and explicit instructions as to how the money was to be spent. Blacksmithing, carpentry, and other forms of wood- and metal-working seemed to him proper fields for instruction. The building and equipping of the institute's shops became his particular interest.

Unlike most amateurs in philanthropy, Huntington never allowed enthusiasm to get out of hand. Training for the Negro could be a benefit only if it were kept within narrow limits. The brightest of them, he felt, could safely learn trades and thereby lift themselves out of the ranks of unskilled labor. To go further, to give them even the beginnings of a formal education, was pernicious folly. Would someone please tell him what in hell the Negro was expected to do with his 'education' after he had it? Let him learn how to do useful work with his hands. If he wanted more, teach him to read and write, to add and subtract. Huntington let it be known that if General Armstrong yielded to the pleas of certain Northern backers of the school (who saw the institute turning out droves of black Ph. D.s) his support would be withdrawn immediately.

This was not spectacular philanthropy, and other benefactions were of the same order. In the middle '80s he presented a chapel, in memory of his mother, to the village of Harwinton, Connecticut. At about the same time he bought a house at Throgs Neck, at the edge of Long Island Sound, stocked the grounds with horses, cows, and dogs, and lived there summers, playing the country gentleman without extravagance.

In the near-by village of Westchester, now part of the Bronx, a group gathered one summer evening in 1891 to celebrate another Huntington gift: a small, church-like brick structure enclosed by a prim iron fence. The meeting came to order, and the eyes of the villagers focused on the donor of Westchester's Library and Reading Room. Huntington talked with commendable brevity and listened to the speeches of five consecutive clergymen. His own remarks were packed with wholesome advice to the young. 'Let me urge upon you the importance of choosing the right path early in life. . . . A wrong beginning is almost certain to result in a wrong ending. . . . Let me urge the careful use of your time.'

Other speakers stressed the same virtues, at more length. One clergyman invited his listeners to consider what might happen to the renowned Huntington judgment should its owner take to frequenting barrooms. Lest the audience draw wrong inferences, the chairman interrupted to assure listeners that the philanthropist was a teetotaler. A local account of the rites was headed: 'Church and State Unite in Glowing Tribute to Young Men's Benefactor — Collis P. Huntington.'

Those who expected little philanthropies to grow into big ones were disappointed; the trickle never came to resemble a flood. In the same issues that carried his obituary, editors speculated on the possibility that death might have relaxed the famous tight fists. His will, however, revealed no posthumous generosity. Instead, the document provided for his assets to go into the hands of other Huntingtons, chiefly his wife and his favorite nephew, Ed. There for nearly a quarter of a century longer his fortune remained intact. Not until the 1920s was any considerable part of it diverted into philanthropic channels.

The medium was this same nephew, Henry Edwards, son of Collis's elder brother Solon, co-owner of the Oneonta store in the '40s. When Collis left for

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California in 1849, Solon bore part of the cost of the shipment of whiskey that went on ahead. Henry was born the year Collis arrived in California. Twenty years later he called on his uncle in New York, and the latter had him made manager of a West Virginia sawmill. By a familiar Huntington transition, the young man presently owned the mill. Collis's interest, sharpened by this feat, caused him to take the young man into his organization. Except for a brief period when he returned to the family store at Oneonta, H. E. remained his uncle's aide, holding progressively more important railroad offices.

Childless himself, the elder Huntington developed a strong liking for his keen and acquisitive nephew. 'No better boy than Ed ever lived,' he once pronounced. In 1873 the young man married Mary Alice Prentice, niece of the first Mrs. Huntington and elder sister of Clara, whom Collis had adopted. Thus entrenched, H. E.'s advance was rapid. By 1881 he was superintendent of construction for one of the Eastern lines his uncle was developing; five years later he was managing the Kentucky Central. By 1892 he had become the Huntington representative at San Francisco, with an office at Post and Montgomery streets and a moderately elegant residence on a Jackson Street hillside. The newcomer had neither the support nor the admiration of the sons of his uncle's partners. Echoes of clashes with Charles F. Crocker and Timothy Hopkins found their way into the local press. But the elder Huntington was then solidly in the saddle, and young H. E. uniformly had his way.

When Collis died, Henry was managing the railroad-owned streetcar system in San Francisco. Later he was to demonstrate that local car lines could do in a limited area what his uncle's steam lines had done in whole states; that is, they could be made to shape the region's future by controlling both the rate and the direction of its growth. Soon after the century opened, H. E. moved to Los

Angeles, when that backward village was just beginning its startling rise. From his uncle he inherited much real estate, and to this he added largely, buying numerous outlying parcels of valley and foothill lands.

Purchases were not made at random, though what plan he was following was not evident at the time. He began a network of fast interurban car lines, and when their routes were laid out it was found that they passed through miles of Huntington-owned land. Of course he profited enormously by the subsequent boom, some of the profits of which were put back into a variety of other local investments. His finger was presently in so many pies that the child in the classic Los Angeles dialogue, who had left the Huntington Hotel, traveled down Huntington Boulevard in a Huntington streetcar, and arrived at Huntington Beach, quite logically inquired if this ocean might also be Mr. Huntington's. The answer may have been that Mr. Huntington's uncle had once had control of the traffic on the ocean, but his option had been allowed to lapse.

Thus far H. E. conformed to the Huntington tradition: he continued to make money and to hold on to it. He even surpassed his uncle in discovering a new method of accumulating capital: that of marrying it. Divorced by his first wife in 1906, he seven years later, in Paris, married Collis's widow, thereby reuniting the bulk of his uncle's fortune. He was sixty-three, his bride a year or two younger.

Then at last the tide of interest began to turn. The business of adding superfluous millions to an already unwieldy total lost its fascination. After sixty years of persistent accumulation the stream of Huntington dollars began to flow outward. In their progress they cut an entirely unexpected channel.

About 1902, H. E. purchased the San Marino ranch, an area of foothill land covered with brush and stunted oak trees just beyond the Pasadena city

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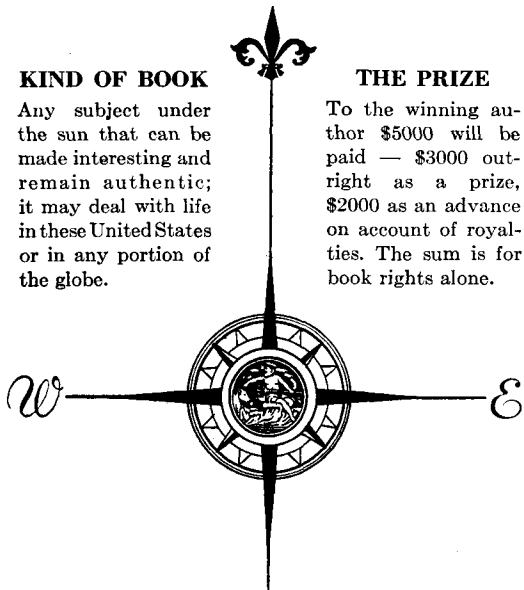
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limits. Eight years later he retired and went to live there. But the acquisitive instinct well developed in all the clan made a life of idleness out of the question. Like his uncle, he had earlier acquired a dilatory habit of buying pictures and books and had assembled a considerable though undistinguished collection of both. After withdrawing to his San Marino hilltop, the collecting fever set in in earnest. He continued, then and later, to purchase paintings, specializing in the eighteenth-century English school, but his main interest swung to books.

There followed a spending spree unique in book-collecting history. From 1910 until his death in 1927, the force and weight of his dollars dominated world markets. When H. E. set out to buy a library he followed exactly the procedure his uncle had found effective; he captured it by a direct assault, brushing aside obstacles and demolishing opposition. For fifteen years he bought *en bloc* every important library that came on the market. Dealers gave him first choice of all worth-while books that came into their hands. His agents made clean sweeps of the auction houses here and abroad. They approached the owners of noted private libraries — in America, on the Continent, mostly in England — and made offers of such size that few dared to refuse. As a result, war-swollen taxes were paid on numerous English country seats, while their library shelves were swept clean of hereditary collections, to fill shelves in Huntington's new marble library.

While this fantastic buyer was in the market, rival collectors and the great public and state libraries had to be satisfied with what Huntington did not want. When disappointed ones complained of 'the brute force of money,' H. E. smiled and continued to take what he wished, and to pay for it liberally. He had a stock answer: 'I am an old man. I have n't much time.' Unlike his uncle, he was unable to convince himself that he would

live forever. How many dollars were poured into the collection was never made public. One estimate places the total at \$30,000,000. His method was admittedly ruthless, built on a bottomless purse. But the library and art gallery he assembled and in 1919 placed in trust for public use (with an endowment of \$8,000,000) were one of the most princely gifts in history. In fifteen years he had made his San Marino ranch one of the world's important storehouses of the literature and history of the English-speaking people, a magnet that draws scholars and research workers from every civilized country.

Westerners reflected not without irony that the dollars wrested from them by a monopolistic railroad system had returned in the form of canvases by Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds, of incunabula, Elizabethan first editions, and literary and historical works of a bulk and value beyond estimating.

XXX

'A tall, well-built man, with a full beard tinged with gray, a square, resolute jaw and keen, bluish-gray eyes . . . sitting in his office chair, with a black skullcap which he usually wears in business hours pushed back on his head, he has an open, jolly, unassuming look.'

This was Collis Huntington in lighter mood, as seen in 1887 by Henry Clews, banker and co-tenant of the handsome Mills Building on Broad Street. Clews, who saw him frequently, admired his active movements and healthy appearance, qualities which he attributed to good habits of his youth and good care in later years. At that period Huntington had begun to observe that he tired easily. 'I would feel better if I did n't have to spend most of my life on trains,' he once complained, and went on to outline his weekly schedule: two days in New York, one in Boston, four in Washington. That called for four nights of travel out of every seven. The situation

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was not improved by the fact that he had to commute between New York and Washington on Tom Scott's Pennsylvania, for he and Scott were fighting to control a second transcontinental line, then building across Texas and Arizona Territory. In the circumstances, Huntington considered it unsound policy to accept passes on the Pennsylvania; twice a week the old man reluctantly bought and paid for his ticket.

But he could not avoid travel. He made trips to Europe, to quell incipient revolts of British holders of Central Pacific stock, who periodically needed to have explained to them why dividends had stopped the moment they made their investments.

On one such visit to London he crossed the Channel on a mere pleasure jaunt and took in the Paris Exposition of 1889. Paris journalists did not fail to interview the quaint American railroad baron. At home Huntington never hesitated to denounce American institutions, but abroad he proved as patriotic as a Rotarian. No, he was not much impressed by the exposition. Except for the paintings, he had seen nothing that could not be better made in America, and at less cost. He belittled the Eiffel Tower, at which the rest of the world was gaping in awe. It was 985 feet tall? Well, American engineers could build one 'a mile high' if they wanted to. Besides, what was the use of the thing? The reporters withdrew in strained silence. Huntington and his wife remained a week longer, buying furniture by the drayload for their Fifth Avenue house. No one pointed out that perhaps the latter too might have been better and less expensively made in America.

Travel for pleasure was an excellent thing if a man had leisure, but Huntington chanced to be busy. An interviewer asked if he intended to go abroad one summer in the '90s. 'I have practically promised my wife to go,' he replied, 'but I have a bridge to build over the Ohio River at Cincinnati.' Here was no sense-

less Eiffel Tower, but something practical, something to shorten the haul of his trains and increase dividends. Europe would have to wait.

His twice-yearly trips to the Pacific Coast had the same practical excuse. While his interests in the East were enlarging, his major properties still centred in California. These needed periodical inspections. Had this not been so, it is doubtful if the old man would ever have returned to the Coast. His dislike for California, and in particular for San Francisco, increased with age. He had a theory that mild climate bred weaklings; a man who did not have to fight the weather was unlikely to fight anything else. There were other reasons, less theoretical. Stanford's continued prestige on the Coast was persistently irritating, and the expense of preventing the passage or enforcement of anti-railroad legislation at Sacramento seemed to him far too high. There were also the sustained and bitter attacks on him by San Francisco newspapers, led by the *Examiner*, whose cartoonist, Homer Davenport, daily pictured Huntington with his hands in the pockets of the common people, a design of dollar signs ornamenting his enormous paunch.

Huntington never agreed that the Coast treated him and his partners with liberality and had been robbed for its pains. 'We have served California,' he announced, 'better than any other set of men have ever served any other state in the Union.' Again, of the metropolis: 'We never had a dollar's worth from San Francisco, either in money or moral support.' Of the state's lawmakers: 'California has never had anybody in Washington that has done much of anything good.'

On his San Francisco visits he had made his headquarters at the Palace Hotel, and it was there he took his second wife in the winter of 1884. The hotel was huge, ornately luxurious, and for thirty years it maintained its prestige without a sign of diminution. To live

ATLANTIC PRIZES TO COLLEGE STUDENTS

1937



1938

THE Atlantic Contests for College Students for 1937-1938 (closing date April 8) were open to all students in college classes regularly enrolled on the Atlantic College List as using the ATLANTIC in courses during the 1937-1938 term. The Judges of the contests were the editors of the Atlantic Monthly.

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C. C. Certain, *Instructor*

A Yankee Snob in a New England Mill

By PAUL L. FISHER, JR.

University of Missouri
Lura Lewis, *Instructor*

Brown Pastures

By ROBERT GEBBIE

State University of Iowa
Carrie E. Stanley, *Instructor*

Autobiography of a Bookworm

By BARBARA SEVEY

Texas State College for Women
Lila S. McMahon, *Instructor*

South Carolina Burying

By MARGARET BAILEY

University of Missouri
School of Journalism
Frances Grinstead, *Instructor*

Story Contest

The Dark Stairs

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Beloit College, Wisconsin
George C. Clancy, *Instructor*

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Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
Edith C. Johnson, *Instructor*

The Farm: 1918

By NOEL HOUSTON

University of North Carolina
Phillips Russell, *Instructor*

'Father Forgive Them . . .'

By ELIZABETH PIERCE TRUE

Emerson College, Boston, Mass.
Margaret S. Rigby, *Instructor*

The Greeks

By PAUL MARTINEAU

University of New Hampshire
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Poetry Contest

Puritan

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Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Lynchburg, Virginia
Roberta D. Cornelius, *Instructor*

Traveler and Old Sorrel

By LOUISE McNEILL

Miami University Oxford, Ohio
Walter Havighurst, *Instructor*

Tillie Sage

By LOUISE McNEILL

Miami University
Oxford, Ohio
Walter Havighurst, *Instructor*

A Voice for Edward

By GLEN BLANCH

Hamline University
St. Paul, Minnesota
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there was a badge of unquestioned eminence, for its two-acre roof sheltered positively everyone of consequence who reached the West Coast. But, for all its prestige, the Palace was too big for its time and place. Whole floors of walnut and plush bedrooms remained untenanted. Moreover, the place was noisy from the passing cable cars, the clatter of drays over the Market Street cobbles, and the procession of carriages around its central court. In the early '90s an ever-interested city learned that Huntington would stop there no longer. He had purchased the austere Colton house on Nob Hill. It was directly across Taylor Street from the fantastic redwood mansion of the Crocker, and local critics regarded the circumstance as unfortunate, for that baroque structure, it was said, tended to 'kill' its modest neighbor.

There is no doubt that the complexity of the Crocker towers and gables and art glass, the incrustations of millwork and iron, caught and held the eye, and that by contrast Huntington's new property looked as unornamental as a Central Pacific way station. The general opinion was that Huntington must have bought the place because he had got a tremendous bargain.

The house could hardly have held pleasant memories for him. It had been David Colton's residence — and Huntington's association with that gentleman had, a few years earlier, been the means of exposing his business methods and ethics to an astonished and resentful public. The matter, however, disturbed him not at all. He had recently assumed the presidency of the Southern Pacific, the Palace Hotel was noisy, a residence on the Coast seemed desirable, and among the available houses this was the one he chanced to like best.

Colton's widow moved out, and for months the place stood vacant, for Huntington had meantime returned east. In the fall of 1892, however, society columns broke out in excited paragraphs:

'It is a satisfactory certainty that Mrs. C. P. Huntington will return here in early spring. She is having her residence on California Street redecorated and the reception rooms refurnished.' Readers learned that while the furniture of the former occupant was 'very rich and gorgeous' it was 'rather old style' and that Mrs. Huntington was planning many changes. Cornices and curtains were to be removed, walls and ceilings refinished in lighter shades, and windows hung with something very new and smart: 'orange-tinted brocade with a stripe in it.' 'The mansion,' stated the society editor of the *Wave*, 'will be very swell indeed.'

XXXI

During the next eight years Huntington spent perhaps six months in the San Francisco house, for at seventy and beyond he continued to extend his activities. By the middle '90s he was a national figure, linked in the public mind with the Goulds, Vanderbilts, Hills, and other titans of transportation, to share with them the deference and abuse of a money-conscious nation. How many dollars he had accumulated became a sort of national guessing game. When, toward the end of the century, one financial writer estimated his fortune at \$70,000,000, Huntington said this might be as good a guess as any. Asked to make an estimate of his own, he refused on the ground that guessing was a waste of time. But he then controlled enough miles of railroad to connect the North and South Poles, and he had recently traveled from Newport News to San Francisco over his own rails. He had, besides, the deciding voice in a score of other enterprises: steamship lines, coal mines, timber holdings in the Northwest, huge blocks of land in Southern California, great shipyards at Newport News.

All these were directed from a cramped office, the glass door of which bore only his name. He worked at a long table-desk, perpetually piled with a mass of

1937 ATLANTIC PRIZES 1938

The Atlantic Contests for High School and Private School students (closing date April 8, 1938) were open to all students in High Schools and Private Schools regularly enrolled on The Atlantic School Lists as using *The Atlantic* in courses during the 1937-1938 term.

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FOR THE BEST STORY

Our Sweetest Songs, by *Mary Birch*

Proviso Township High School, Maywood, Illinois
Marie Baldrige, *Instructor*

FOR THE BEST POEM

I Shall Be Still, by *Jean Danielson*

Central High School, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Abigail O'Leary, *Instructor*

Private School Students

\$25

FOR THE BEST ESSAY

American Prep Schools Through English Eyes,

by *Michael R. K. Garnett*, Phillips Academy,
Andover, Massachusetts — Alan R. Blackmer, *Instructor*

FOR THE BEST STORY

A Crooked Hole, by *Houston Wallace Pratt*

The Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut
H. L. Tinker, *Instructor*

FOR THE BEST POEM

Spring Rose, by *Valerie Joan Pollberg*

Dongan Hall, Dongan Hills, Staten Island, New York
Barbara Jarrell, *Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

ESSAY CONTEST

Movie Trends and Influences,

by *Jean Claire Slegeman*, Northwestern High School
Detroit, Michigan — Beatrice Merriam, *Instructor*

Transition, by *Mary Nesalhaus*

West Seattle High School, Seattle, Washington
Belle McKenzie, *Instructor*

Tent Versus Trailer, by *Louise Wikinson*

Northwestern High School, Detroit, Michigan
Beatrice Merriam, *Instructor*

This Job of Earning a Living,

by *Margaret Donaghey*, West Seattle High School,
Seattle, Washington — Belle McKenzie, *Instructor*

Ozark Idyl, by *Julia Lott*

High School Extension Division, University of Kansas
Lottie Lesh, *Instructor*

STORY CONTEST

I Grant You Sleep, by *Mary Nesalhaus*

West Seattle High School, Seattle, Washington
Belle McKenzie, *Instructor*

Softie, by *Mary Jane Dwyer*

Mercy High School, Chicago, Illinois
Sister Mary Evelyn, R.S.M., *Instructor*

"And the Meek Shall Inherit the Earth,"

by *Jean Taylor*, Central High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Lev-Ellen Gilliam, *Instructor*

A Flicker, by *Helen Peltch*

Glenville High School, Cleveland, Ohio
Laura V. Edwards, *Instructor*

POETRY CONTEST

Christmas in Madrid, by *Jean Danielson*

Central High School, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Abigail O'Leary, *Instructor*

Christmas, 1937, by *Jean Danielson*

Central High School, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Abigail O'Leary, *Instructor*

Christ of the Mist, by *Betty Coppedge*

Senior High School, Leavenworth, Kansas
Minnie Mae Jones, *Instructor*

Undone But Undaunted, by *Waller Gyger*

West Seattle High School, Seattle, Washington
Belle McKenzie, *Instructor*

ESSAY CONTEST

We Won't Be Bothered, by *Evan W. Thomas, II*

The Kent School, Kent, Connecticut
Clifton K. Loomis, *Instructor*

Conversational Condiments,

by *Eleanor Holden Stoddard*, Kent Place School,
Summit, New Jersey — Rebecca L. Mixner, *Instructor*

More Real Than Real, by *Ruth Murphy*

Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey
Rebecca L. Mixner, *Instructor*

About Sigrid Undset, by *Jane Farwell*

St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Connecticut
Ruth P. Chandler, *Instructor*

Concerning Emily Dickinson,

by *Betty Thayer Tompkins*, St. Margaret's School,
Waterbury, Connecticut — Ruth P. Chandler, *Instructor*

STORY CONTEST

Reverse Insurance, by *Alexis P. Nason, II*

The Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut
H. L. Tinker, *Instructor*

Green Vase, by *Ruth Murphy*

Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey
Rebecca L. Mixner, *Instructor*

Alien, by *Molly Shores*

St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Connecticut
Ruth P. Chandler, *Instructor*

It's the Spirit That Counts, by *Polly Powell*

Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. A. Domineovich, *Instructor*

A Star on His Door, by *John D. Fletcher, Jr.*

The Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut
Carey C. D. Briggs, *Instructor*

POETRY CONTEST

The Moonlight Touched the Lake,

by *Valerie Joan Pollberg*, Dongan Hall, Dongan Hills,
Staten Island, New York — Barbara Jarrell, *Instructor*

Thoughts on Church and God, by *Junius Eddy*

George School, Bucks County, Pennsylvania
Rees J. Frescoln, Jr., *Instructor*

Villanelle to . . ., by *Bleecker King*

The Kent School, Kent, Connecticut
George W. Hayes, *Instructor*

Evening, by *Valerie Joan Pollberg*

Dongan Hall, Dongan Hills, Staten Island, New York
Barbara Jarrell, *Instructor*

Without Reluctance, by *Bella Strauss*

George School, Bucks County, Pennsylvania
Paul R. Evans, *Instructor*

papers, one corner clear for current business. Across that desk corner, business deals involving more than a billion dollars were worked out. 'Over it have been drawn and studied carefully, inch by inch, profiles of thousands of miles of railroad. Plans and policies and combinations have been whispered around it.' The desk with its faded red felt cover was once pronounced 'comparatively new' by Huntington himself, who went on to say that it was less than twenty years old. The office floor was uncarpeted, the windows uncurtained, the few chairs so battered and angular that when Leland Stanford's widow ended the historic feud by calling on him, in the late '90s, Huntington had to send out for a leather armchair in which the old lady might sit at ease.

He was less concerned for the comfort of other visitors, who came and went so steadily that in 1896 his secretary wondered how a man past seventy-five could continue to carry the load. 'He is the object of continual solicitation on the part of promoters who are eager to secure the influence of his name in floating new enterprises. His anteroom is the rendezvous of a multitude of people who want something. He is almost momentarily the recipient of visitors' cards. His door is continually opening to let out one caller and admit another. His morning mail is supplemented hourly, and he is bound to finish it before he goes home.'

This, in 1896, was the man who twenty-five years earlier convinced himself that overwork was ruining his health and made persistent attempts to retire. In 1899, when preparations for New York's first subway were begun, he recalled that he had planned just such a project thirty years before and had abandoned it for the opportunity to pick up, at a bargain, an uncompleted railroad in Virginia: the Chesapeake & Ohio.

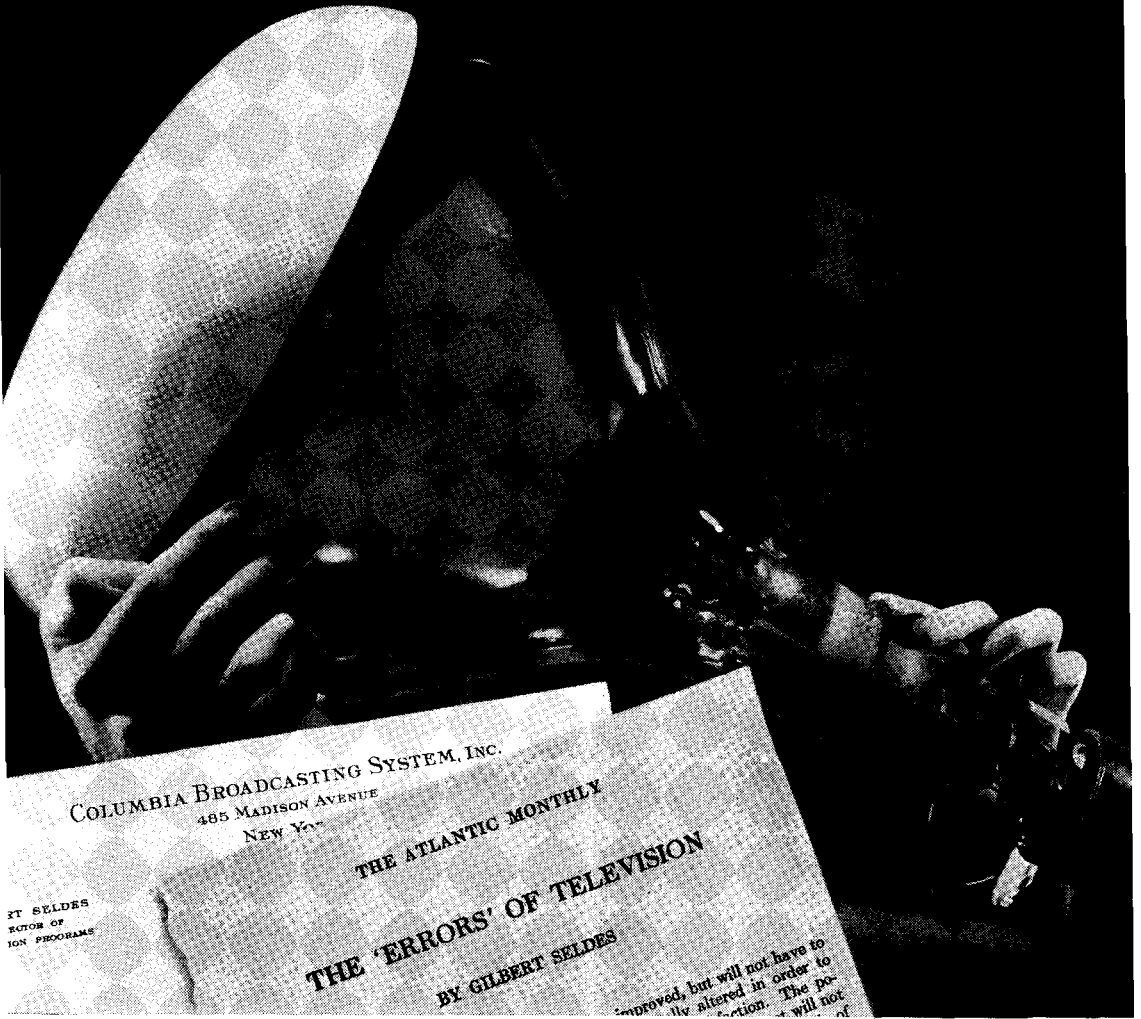
'I don't work hard,' he told one solicitous caller; 'I work easy.' He had

learned, he said, to keep troublesome business problems locked up in his office, and to carry home only those that required no concentration. Sometimes he spent a pleasant hour or two of an evening scratching his signature on checks or scribbling a score or so of confidential letters. One of the last men to whom he granted an interview came away impressed by the old man's firm belief that there was virtue in work for work's sake. Sixty years had failed to shake a conviction formed in boyhood that there was something reprehensible in the enjoyment of leisure.

Yet there were moments when he confessed that a life less weighted by responsibilities might have been pleasant. He found time to recall his youthful tramps through the South when all he owned was carried on his back. Power and possessions were pleasant, but he thought it possible that one might pay too much for them. He liked to reflect, too, on his infrequent trips out on the line when the Central Pacific was building. Once he had set off alone on horseback and spent several nights under the stars. Memory of that brief touch of Arcadia remained with him to the end: a horse and a blanket and no other possessions; freedom to roam and loaf and be brazenly idle. 'I could see how the Indians liked that kind of a life.' But Huntington was no Indian. On that same trip he came, one evening, on a group of teamsters hired by the railroad to haul ties from the Sierra foothills. They were reclining in the warmth of a huge bonfire. He drew no pleasure from that happy scene, for the crackling ties cost him and his partners eight dollars each.

As he approached eighty, he remained as vain as ever of his physical strength. When newspapers repeated some Connecticut ancient's boast that he had vanquished Huntington in a schoolyard fight, the latter made prompt and heated denial: 'No boy in school ever licked me, or ever could! I could wipe up the floor with half the boys in school all together!'

MR. GILBERT SELDES
and **COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM**
Discover a Mutual Interest



graph of cathode ray tube used in television reception. *Courtesy Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.*

, 1937, *Atlantic's* audience
 h interest a penetrating
 y Gilbert Seldes, "The
 of Television." In that
 as subscribers were execu-
 Columbia Broadcasting
 Inc. They had long rec-
 their responsibility for
 the flickering image of
 through the experi-
 ages to ultimate clarity.
 naturally the technique
 m development for this

new medium must be directed by
 an individual with an experienced
 background in the theatre, and an
 unbounded imagination.
 Until reading Mr. Seldes' chal-
 lenging article, they had been un-
 aware of his extraordinary grasp of
 this particular subject. Within ten
 days Mr. Seldes was called into
 conference with the heads of Co-
 lumbia. Shortly thereafter he as-
 sumed his new responsibilities as
 Director of Television Programs.

*Another example of the vitality of Atlantic
 audience and its breadth of interest. To adve-
 tisers, further evidence that, whether your pro-
 duct be the newest automobile or the oldest
 antique silver, a luxurious tour of the world
 a device to make home more comfortable, her
 is a group of 100,000 it pays to cultivate!*

THE *Atlantic*
 MOST QUOTED PERIODICAL IN AMERICA
 Boston · New York · Chicago · Los Angeles · San Francisco

In San Francisco the *Examiner* suggested that the two fight over again, pointing out that the public would pay well for the privilege of looking on, and that Huntington's share of the profits might be used to maintain his lobby against the Nicaragua Canal.

Observers who saw him often detected signs that the old man was slowing up. For the first time in memory he began to arrive late at his desk and to allow employees to lock up at night. He gave over more time to such frivolities as billiards and whist, though refusing to play for stakes. Until past middle life he had never smoked or used alcohol; in his seventies he became a proficient cigar smoker and admitted that he usually swallowed a slug of brandy before going to his early bed. But one drink a day was his limit; when he reached a hundred, he once said, he hoped to find time for serious drinking.

Other austerities of his youth were shunted off. No longer insistent on doing as he pleased, he ended by doing whatever was conventionally expected of a multimillionaire. Thus his adopted daughter contracted an international marriage; he dozed through interminable evenings in his Metropolitan box; he wore a Prince Albert coat during business hours. His belated taste for display found expression in a succession of 'mansions,' reaching its climax in the investment of two millions in a square, grim town house, suggestive of a country courthouse, at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street. But he disliked the place and rarely occupied it. He spent another quarter of a million for a marble mausoleum at Woodlawn, refusing even to look at it after it was built.

By then most of his time was spent at Throgs Neck or in travel; the motion and noise of trains helped him to sleep. Among his last purchases was a summer camp in the Adirondacks, a log palace on Raquette Lake called Pine Knot Camp, bought from W. West Durant, former president of the Union Pacific.

To reach it conveniently, he had a twenty-six-mile railroad built. This passed through a strip of state-owned land, and newspapers had another opportunity to belabor him for disregarding public rights. The *World* inquired if this was not government for and by, not the people, but Huntington.

He was long past worrying over such pinpricks. Toward the beginning of August 1900, he left the Fifth Avenue house (where he was afraid he might die) for a month at Raquette Lake. There, early in the morning of the fourteenth, he awoke, announced, 'I am very, very ill,' and died at once. The next morning his old enemy, the *Examiner*, could not forbear brightening a conventional obituary with its famous remark that in life he had been 'ruthless as a crocodile.' Another San Francisco paper, the *Bulletin*, ran a front-page editorial sympathizing, not with Huntington's family, but with the *Examiner*, which had lost its dearest enemy. 'Othello's occupation is gone.'

Executives on the Coast sent on a \$500 bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, and the San Francisco offices were ordered closed all the day of the funeral, while the favorite nephew, Henry E., hastened by special train from Texas. After a day of hesitation, Princess Hatzfeldt cabled from London that it would be impossible to cross the Atlantic in time for the funeral. For three days the nation's newspapers printed estimates of the dead man's wealth and conjectures as to who would succeed him, and collected a disappointingly slender sheaf of stories about his life and habits.

Six policemen were assigned to control the crowds before the Fifth Avenue mansion as the hour of the funeral approached. But summer showers kept the curious away, and the policemen, with nothing else to do, stood in the downpour, idly watching less than a score of invited guests hurry through the stone columns of the gate.

(To be concluded)